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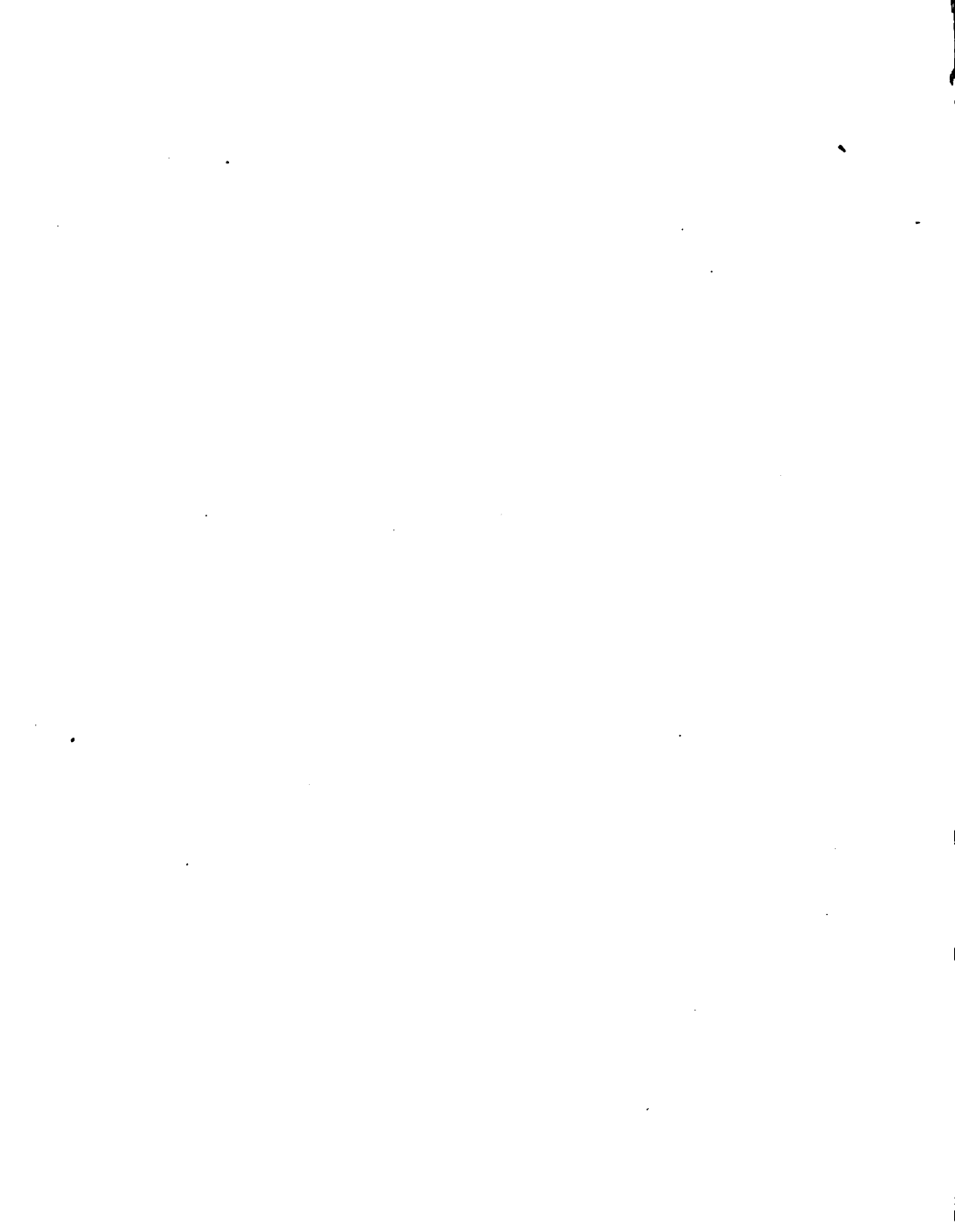
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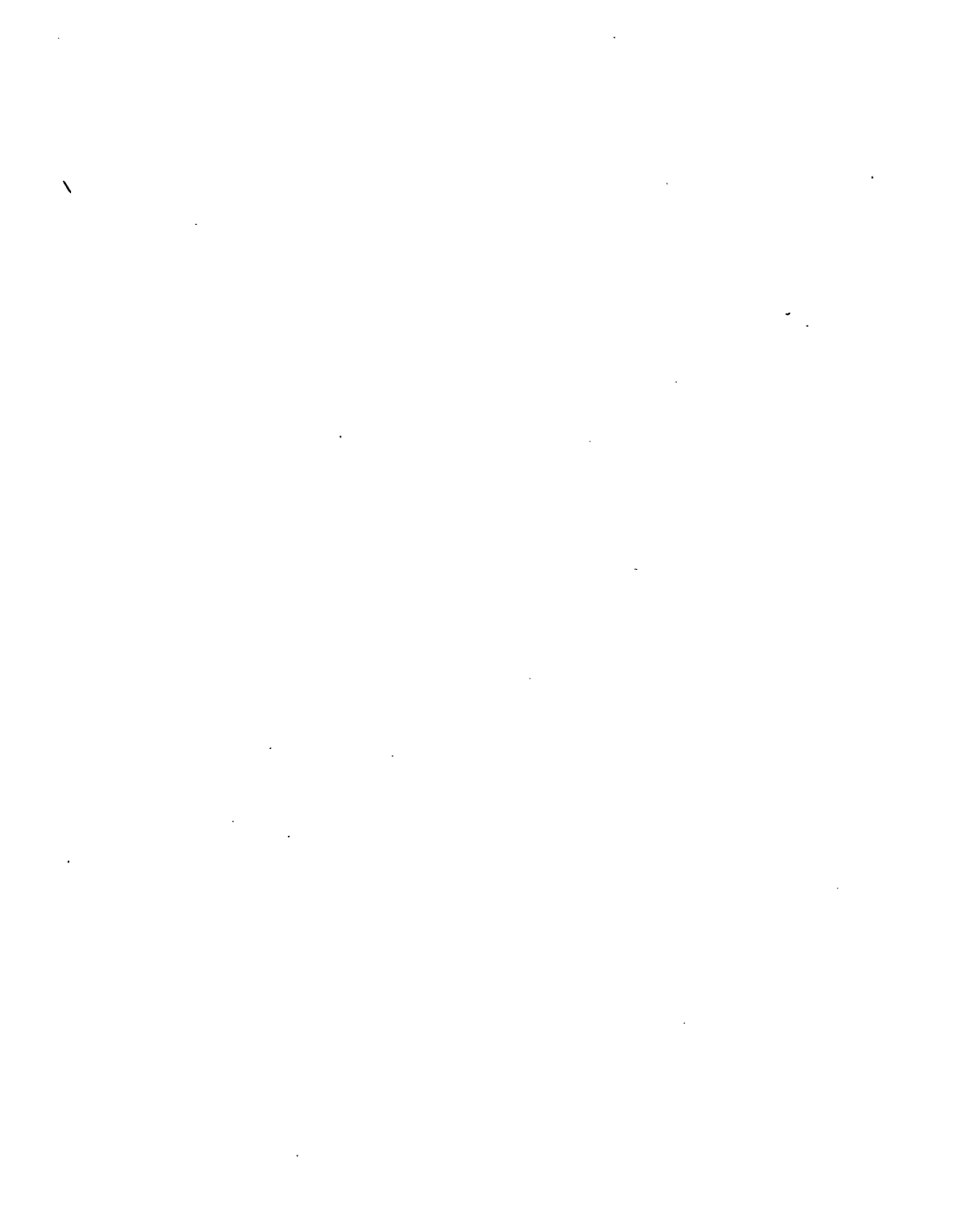


From the collection
of the
UNIVERSALIST HISTORICAL
SOCIETY





Hymns for Christian Worship



Hymns
—
FOR
Christian Worship

WITH MUSIC

COMPILED BY

L. A. B.

Louisa Adams Beal



BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

1911

BV
459
B424

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BY
LOUISA ADAMS BEAL

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PREFACE

IN making this collection, hymns have been sought, not religious poetry, so much of which has recently found its way into hymnals. Religious poems, even though beautiful in thought and excellent as literature, often lose their fine uplift if set to music. Hymns, being that portion of the service in which all may join, should be simple and stirring; they are to be sung, not read; they should be praise and prayer.

There have been hymn-writing ages, when many grand religious lyrics were given to the world. The aim, in this book, has been to gather the best from every age; but no book can contain them all.

The tunes are, as far as possible, those written for hymns, — not adaptations from operas, instrumental numbers, or love-songs, etc. In an appendix will be found some familiar tunes which may at times be wanted, though it was regarded as inadvisable to associate them with any of the hymns in the body of the work. It seemed desirable to repeat the best, rather than to make additions merely for variety.

Another appendix contains hymns to be read, — hymns which, because of their peculiar metre, or because of the nature of the thought or its expression, were not adapted to musical setting.

In selecting the music, the late Lewis S. Thompson, Mr. Benjamin L. Whelpley, Mr. William Alden Paull, and Professor Leo R. Lewis rendered valuable assistance.

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L. A. B.

Hymns for Christian Worship

THE CHURCH UNIVERSAL

NICÆA P. M.

J. B. Dykes

A-MEN.

1

- 1 Holy, holy, holy, Lord God almighty!
Early in the morning our song shall rise to thee;
Holy, holy, holy! merciful and mighty!
All thy works shall praise thy name in earth, and sky, and sea.
- 2 Holy, holy, holy! all the saints adore thee,
Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea;
Cherubim and seraphim falling down before thee,
Which wert, and art, and evermore shalt be!
- 3 Holy, holy, holy! though the darkness hide thee,
Though the eye of sinful man thy glory may not see,
Only thou art holy; there is none beside thee,
Perfect in power, in love, and purity.

Bishop Reginald Heber, 1783

THE CHURCH UNIVERSAL

ST. AGNES C. M.

J. B. Dykes



2

- 1 City of God, how broad and far
Outspread thy walls sublime!
The true thy chartered freemen are,
Of every age and clime.
- 2 One holy church, one army strong,
One steadfast high intent,
One working band, one harvest-song,
One King omnipotent!
- 3 How purely hath thy speech come down
From man's primæval youth!
How grandly hath thine empire grown
Of freedom, love, and truth!
- 4 How gleam thy watch-fires through the
night,
With never-fainting ray!
How rise thy towers, serene and bright,
To meet the dawning day!
- 5 In vain the surge's angry shock,
In vain the drifting sands;
Unharm'd, upon the eternal rock,
The eternal city stands.

Rev. Samuel Johnson, 1822

3

- 1 One holy church of God appears
Through every age and race,
Unwasted by the lapse of years,
Unchanged by changing place.
- 2 From oldest time, on farthest shores,
Beneath the pine or palm,
One unseen presence she adores,
With silence or with psalm.
- 3 Her priests are all God's faithful sons,
To serve the world raised up;
The pure in heart her baptized ones;
Love, her communion-cup.
- 4 The truth is her prophetic gift,
The soul her sacred page;
And feet on mercy's errands swift
Do make her pilgrimage.
- 5 O living church, thine errand speed;
Fulfil thy task sublime;
With bread of life earth's hunger feed;
Redeem the evil time!

Rev. Samuel Longfellow, 1819

THE CHURCH UNIVERSAL

COLCHESTER C. M.

H. Purcell



A-MEN.

4

1 O Lord of life and truth and grace,
Ere nature was begun!
Make welcome to our erring race
Thy spirit and thy Son.

2 The stone the builders set at nought
That stone has now become
The sure foundation, and the strength
Of Zion's heavenly dome.

Spirit of the Psalms

2 We hail the church, built high o'er all
The heathen's rage and scoff, —
Thy providence its fenced wall,
"The Lamb the light thereof."

6

1 O where are kings and empires now
Of old that went and came?
But, Lord, thy church is praying yet,
A thousand years the same.

3 Thy Christ hath reached his heavenly
seat,
Through sorrows and through scars:
The golden lamps are at his feet,
And in his hand the stars.

2 We mark her goodly battlements,
And her foundations strong;
We hear within the solemn voice
Of her unending song.

4 O may he walk among us here
With his rebuke and love;
A brightness o'er this lower sphere, —
A ray from worlds above!

3 For not like kingdoms of the world
Thy holy church, O God!
Tho' earthquake shocks are threaten-
And tempests are abroad; [ing her,

Rev. Nathaniel L. Frothingham, 1793

5

1 This is the day the Lord hath made:
O earth, rejoice and sing;
Let songs of triumph hail the morn,
Hosanna to our King!

4 Unshaken as eternal hills,
Immovable she stands,
A mountain that shall fill the earth,
A house not made with hands.

Rev. A. Cleveland Cox, 1818

INVOCATION

KEBLE L. M.

J. B. Dykes

7

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>1 Lord of all being, throned afar,
Thy glory flames from sun and star;
Centre and soul of every sphere,
Yet to each loving heart how near!</p> <p>2 Sun of our life, thy quickening ray
Sheds on our path the glow of day:
Star of our hope, thy softened light
Cheers the long watches of the night.</p> <p>3 Our midnight is thy smile withdrawn;
Our noontide is thy gracious dawn;</p> | <p>Our rainbow arch thy mercy's sign:
All, save the clouds of sin, are thine.</p> <p>4 Lord of all life, below, above, [is love;
Whose light is truth, whose warmth
Before thy ever-blazing throne
We ask no lustre of our own.</p> <p>5 Grant us thy truth to make us free,
And kindling hearts that burn for thee,
Till all thy living altars claim
One holy light, one heavenly flame.</p> |
|---|---|

Oliver Wendell Holmes, 1869

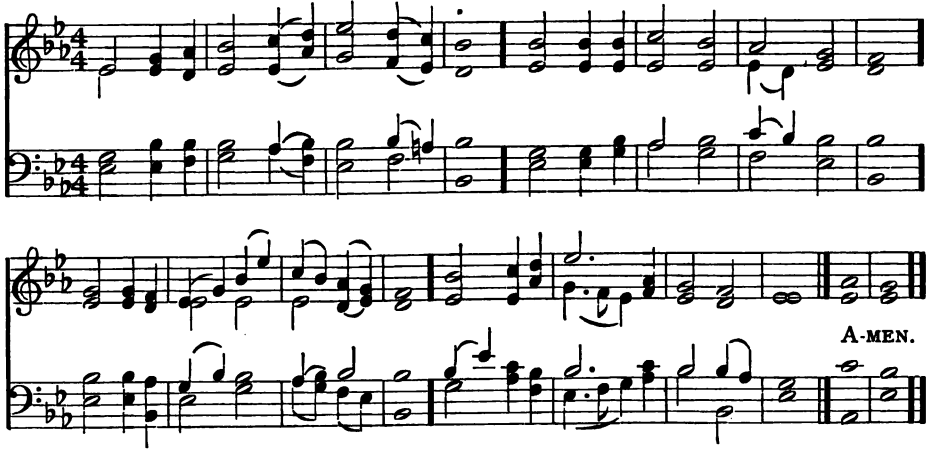
LOUVAN L. M. (Second Tune; also Hymn 10)

V. C. Taylor

INVOCATION

DUKE STREET L. M.

J. Hatton



8

1 Lo, God is here! let us adore,
And humbly bow before his face;
Let all within us feel his power,
Let all within us seek his grace.

9

1 Great God, the followers of thy Son,
We bow before thy mercy-seat,
To worship thee, the holy one,
And pour our wishes at thy feet.

2 Lo, God is here! him, day and night,
United choirs of angels sing;
To him, enthroned above all height,
Heaven's host their noblest praises
bring.

2 O grant thy blessing here to-day!
O give thy people joy and peace!
The tokens of thy love display,
And favor that shall never cease.

3 Being of beings! may our praise
Thy courts with grateful incense fill;
Still may we stand before thy face,
Still hear and do thy sovereign will.

3 We seek the truth which Jesus brought;
His path of light we long to tread;
Here be his holy doctrines taught,
And here their purest influence shed.

Tr. from Gerhard Tersteegen, 1697

Rev. Henry Ware, Jr., 1794

10 Tune, LOUVAN (See opposite page)

1 Come, blessed spirit, source of light,
Whose power and grace are uncon-
fined,
Dispel the gloomy shades of night,
The thicker darkness of the mind.

3 Thine inward teachings make me know,
The mysteries of redeeming love,
The emptiness of things below,
The excellence of things above.

2 To mine illumined eyes display
The glorious truth thy word reveals;
Cause me to run the heavenly way;
The book unfold, unloose the seals.

4 While through this dubious maze I stray,
Spread, like the sun, thy beams abroad
To show the dangers of the way,
And guide my feeble steps to God.

Rev. Benjamin Beddome, 1717

INVOCATION

DENMARK L. M.

M. Madan

11

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>1 Before Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations, bow with sacred joy;
Know that the Lord is God alone;
He can create and he destroy.</p> | <p>3 We'll crowd thy gates with thankful
songs;
High as the heavens our voices raise;
And earth, with her ten thousand
tongues, [praise.
Shall fill thy courts with sounding</p> |
| <p>2 We are his people, we his care,
Our souls and all our mortal frame:
What lasting honors shall we rear
Almighty Maker, to thy name!</p> | <p>4 Wide as the world is thy command,
Vast as eternity thy love;
Firm as a rock thy truth must stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.</p> |

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1674
Alt. Rev. John Wesley, 1703

PAX DEI 10. (Hymn 14)

J. B. Dykes

INVOCATION

GOTTSCHALK 7.

L. M. Gottschalk



12

- 1 Sovereign and transforming grace!
We invoke thy quickening power;
Reign, the spirit of this place;
Bless the purpose of this hour.
- 2 Holy and creative light!
We invoke thy kindling ray;
Dawn upon our spirits' night,
Turn our darkness into day.
- 3 Work in all; in all renew
Day by day the life divine;
All our wills to thee subdue,
All our hearts to thee incline.

Rev. Frederic H. Hedge, 1805

13

- 1 Lord, before thy presence come,
Bow we down with holy fear:
Call our erring footsteps home,
Let us feel that thou art near.
- 2 Wandering thoughts and languid powers
Come not where devotion kneels;
Let the soul expand her stores,
Glowing with the joy she feels.
- 3 At the portals of thine house,
We resign our earth-born cares:
Nobler thoughts our souls engross,
Songs of praise and fervent prayers.

John Taylor, 1750

14 Tune, PAX DEI (See opposite page)

- 1 O thou whose power o'er moving worlds presides,
Whose voice created, and whose wisdom guides!
On darkling man in pure effulgence shine,
And cheer the clouded mind with light divine.
- 2 'Tis thine alone to calm the pious breast
With silent confidence and holy rest:
From thee, great God, we spring; to thee we tend, —
Path, motive, guide, original, and end.

Boethius, 1470. Tr. by Dr. Samuel Johnson, 1709

INVOCATION

WAREHAM L. M.

W. Knapp



A-MEN.

15

- 1 O God, whose presence glows in all
Within, around us, and above!
Thy word we bless, thy name we call,
Whose word is truth, whose name is love.
- 2 That truth be with the heart believed
Of all who seek this sacred place;
With power proclaimed, in peace
received, —
Our spirits' light, thy spirit's grace.
- 3 That love its holy influence pour,
To keep us meek and make us free
And throw its binding blessing more
Round each with all, and all with thee.
- 4 Send down its angel to our side;
Send in its calm upon the breast:
For we would know no other guide,
And we can need no other rest.

Rev. Nathaniel L. Frothingham, 1793

16

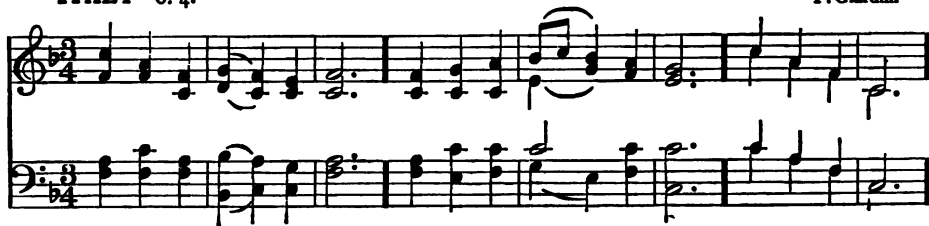
- 1 O source of uncreated light,
By whom the worlds were raised from
night:
Come, visit every pious mind;
Come, pour thy joys on human kind.
- 2 Plenteous in grace, descend from high,
Rich in thy matchless energy;
From sin and sorrow set us free,
And make us temples worthy thee.
- 3 Cleanse and refine our earthly parts,
Inflame and sanctify our hearts,
Our frailties help, our vice control,
Submit the senses to the soul.
- 4 Thrice holy fount! thrice holy fire!
Our hearts with heavenly love inspire;
Make us eternal truths receive,
Aid us to live as we believe.

Tr. John Dryden, 1631

INVOCATION

ITALY 6. 4.

F. Giardini



A - MEN.

17

- 1 Come, thou almighty King!
Help us thy name to sing;
Help us to praise!
Father all-glorious,
O'er all victorious,
Come and reign over us,
Ancient of days!

- 2 Come, thou all-gracious Lord,
By heaven and earth adored,
Our prayer attend!
Come, and thy children bless;
Give thy good word success;
Make thine own holiness
On us descend.

- 3 Never from us depart;
Rule thou in every heart,
Hence, evermore.
Thy sovereign majesty
May we in glory see,
And to eternity
Love and adore.

Anonymous

18

- 1 Lord of all power and might,
Father of love and light,
Speed on thy word:
O let the gospel sound
All the wide world around,
Wherever man is found!
God speed his word.

- 2 Hail, blessed jubilee!
Thine, Lord, the glory be;
Praise ye the Lord!
One for his truth we stand,
Strong in his own right hand,
Firm as a martyr-band;
God shield his word.

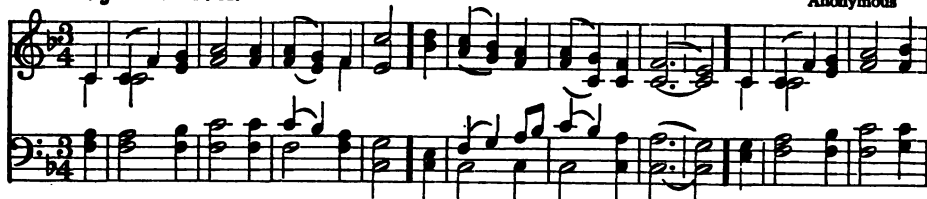
- 3 Onward shall be our course,
Despite of fraud and force;
God is before:
His word ere long shall run
Free as the noon-day sun;
His purpose must be done:
God bless his word.

Rev. Hugh Stowell, 1799

INVOCATION

ST. JOHN P. M.

Anonymous



20

1 I look to thee in every need,
And never look in vain;
I feel thy strong and tender love,
And all is well again:
The thought of thee is mightier far
Than sin and pain and sorrow are.

19

1 Lord of my life, whose tender care
Hath led me on till now,
Here lowly at the hour of prayer
Before thy throne I bow:
I bless thy gracious hand, and pray
Forgiveness for another day.

2 Discouraged in the work of life,
Disheartened by its load,
Shamed by its failures or its fears,
I sink beside the road;
But let me only think of thee,
And then new heart springs up in me.

2 O, may I daily, hourly, strive
In heavenly grace to grow;
To thee and to thy glory live,
Dead to all else below;
Tread in the path thy saints have trod,
Though thorny, yet the path to God!

3 Thy calmness bends serene above,
My restlessness to still;
Around me flows thy quickening life,
To nerve my faltering will;
Thy presence fills my solitude;
Thy providence turns all to good.

3 With prayer my humble praise I bring
For mercies day by day:
Lord, teach my heart thy love to see;
Lord, teach me how to pray!
All that I have, I am, to thee
I offer through eternity.

4 Embosomed deep in thy dear love,
Held in thy law, I stand;
Thy hand in all things I behold,
And all things in thy hand;
Thou leadest me by unsought ways,
And turn'st my mourning into praise.

Anonymous

Rev. Samuel Longfellow, 1819

INVOCATION

MOUNT CALVARY C. M.

R. P. Stewart



A-MEN.

21

- 1 How sweet, upon this sacred day,
The best of all the seven,
To cast our earthly thoughts away,
And think of God and heaven!
- 2 How sweet to be allowed to pray
Our sins may be forgiven!
With filial confidence to say,
"Father, who art in heaven!"
- 3 How sweet the words of peace to hear
From him to whom 'tis given
To wake the penitential tear,
And lead the way to heaven!
- 4 And if to make our sins depart
In vain the will has striven,
He who regards the inmost heart
Will send his grace from heaven.
- 5 Then hail, thou sacred, blessed day,
The best of all the seven,
When hearts unite their vows to pay
Of gratitude to heaven!

Mrs. Eliza L. Follen, 1787

22

- 1 The spirit breathes upon the word,
And brings the truth to sight;
Precepts and promises afford
A sanctifying light.
- 2 A glory gilds the sacred page,
Majestic like the sun!
It gives a light to every age;
It gives, but borrows none.
- 3 The hand that gave it still supplies
The gracious light and heat;
His truths upon the nations rise,
They rise, but never set.
- 4 Let everlasting thanks be thine,
For such a bright display,
As makes a world of darkness shine
With beams of heavenly day.
- 5 My soul rejoices to pursue
The steps of him I love;
Till glory break upon my view
In brighter worlds above.

William Cowper, 1732

INVOCATION

PROMISE 8. 7. D.

H. Smart



23

1 Far from mortal cares retreating,
Sordid hopes and fond desires,
Here, our willing footsteps meeting,
Every heart to heaven aspires.
From the fount of glory beaming,
Light celestial cheers our eyes;
Mercy from above proclaiming,
Peace and pardon from the skies.

2 Who may share this great salvation?
Every pure and humble mind;
Every kindred, tongue, and nation,
From the dross of guilt refined:

Blessings all around bestowing,
God withholds his care from none;
Grace and mercy ever flowing
From the fountain of his throne.

3 Every stain of guilt abhorring,
Firm and bold in virtue's cause;
Still thy providence adoring,
Faithful subjects to thy laws, —
Lord, with favor still attend us,
Bless us with thy wondrous love;
Thou, our sun and shield, defend us:
All our hope is from above.

John Taylor, 1750

INVOCATION

GERMANY L. M.

Arranged from Beethoven



A-MEN.

24

- 1 Spirit of truth, that makest bright
All souls that long for heavenly light,
Appear, and on my darkness shine;
Descend, and be my guide divine.
- 2 Spirit of power, whose might doth dwell
Full in the souls thou lovest well,
Unto this fainting heart draw near
And be my daily quickener.
- 3 Spirit of joy, that makest glad
Each broken heart by sin made sad
Pour on this mourning soul thy cheer;
Give me to bless my comforter.
- 4 Till thou shalt make me meet to bear
The sweetness of heaven's holy air,
The light wherein no darkness is,
The eternal, overflowing bliss!

Thomas H. Gill, 1819

25

- 1 O source divine, and life of all,
The fount of being's wondrous sea!
Thy depth would every heart appall
That saw not love supreme in thee.
- 2 We shrink before thy vast abyss,
Where worlds on worlds unnumbered
brood:
We know thee truly but in this, —
That thou bestowest all our good.
- 3 And so, 'mid boundless time and space,
O grant us still in thee to dwell,
And through the ceaseless web to trace
Thy presence working all things well!
- 4 Bestow on every joyous thrill
A deeper tone of reverent awe;
Make pure thy children's erring will,
And teach their hearts to love thy law.

Rev. John Sterling, 1806

WORSHIP

WOODWORTH L. M.

W. B. Bradbury



26

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>1 Another six days' work is done;
Another sabbath is begun:
Return, my soul, enjoy thy rest,
Improve the day which God hath blest.</p> | <p>3 This heavenly calm within the breast
Is the dear pledge of glorious rest,
Which for the church of God remains,
The end of cares, the end of pains.</p> |
| <p>2 O that our thoughts and thanks may rise,
As grateful incense, to the skies,
And draw from heaven that sweet re-
pose
Which none but he that feels it knows.</p> | <p>4 In holy duties let the day,
In holy pleasures, pass away:
How sweet a sabbath thus to spend,
In hope of one that ne'er shall end.</p> |

Joseph Stennett, 1663

THIRSK L. M. (Second Tune)

W. A. Wrigley



A-MEN.

WORSHIP

ST. BEES 7.

J. B. Dykes



A-MEN.

27

28

- 1 Glory be to God on high,
God whose glory fills the sky;
Peace on earth to man forgiven,
Man, the well beloved of heaven.
- 2 Favored mortals, raise the song;
Endless thanks to God belong;
Hearts, o'erflowing with his praise,
Join the hymns your voices raise.
- 3 Mark the wonders of his hand,—
Power, no empire can withstand;
Wisdom, angels' glorious theme;
Goodness, one eternal stream.
- 4 Gracious being, from thy throne
Send thy promised blessings down;
Let thy light, thy truth, thy peace
Bid our raging passions cease.

John Taylor, 1750

- 1 Let us, with a gladsome mind,
Praise the Lord, for he is kind;
For his mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.
- 2 Let us blaze his name abroad,
For of gods he is the God;
Who, with all-commanding might,
Filled the new-made world with light.
- 3 His own people he did bless,
In the wasteful wilderness;
He hath with a piteous eye
Viewed us in our misery.
- 4 Let us, then, with gladsome mind,
Praise the Lord, for he is kind;
For his mercy shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

John Milton, 1608

SOLITUDE 7.

WORSHIP

L. T. Downes

29

- | | |
|--|---|
| 1 Life of ages, richly poured,
Love of God, unspent and free,
Flowing in the prophet's word
And the people's liberty! | Nerving simplest thought and deed,
Freshening time with truth and good; |
| 2 Never was to chosen race
That unstinted tide confined:
Thine is every time and place,
Fountain sweet of heart and mind! | 4 Consecrating art and song,
Holy book and pilgrim track;
Hurling floods of tyrant wrong
From the sacred limits back, — |
| 3 Breathing in the thinker's creed,
Pulsing in the hero's blood, | 5 Life of ages, richly poured,
Love of God, unspent and free,
Flow still in the prophet's word
And the people's liberty! |

Rev. Samuel Johnson, 1822

ECKHARDTSHEIM C. M. (Hymn 31)

C. Zeuner

WORSHIP

BROCKLESBURY 8. 7.

C. A. Barnard

30

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>1 God is in his holy temple:
Earthly thoughts be silent now,
While with reverence we assemble,
And before his presence bow.</p> <p>2 He is with us now and ever,
When we call upon his name,
Aiding every good endeavor,
Guiding every upward aim.</p> | <p>3 God is in his holy temple, —
In the pure and holy mind;
In the reverent heart and simple;
In the soul from sense refined:</p> <p>4 Then let every low emotion
Banished far and silent be,
And our souls in pure devotion,
Lord, be temples worthy thee!</p> |
|---|--|

Hymns of the Spirit

31 Tune, **ECKHARDTSHEIM** (See opposite page)

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>1 Early, my God, without delay,
I haste to seek thy face;
My thirsty spirit faints away,
Without thy cheering grace.</p> <p>2 So pilgrims on the scorching sand,
Beneath a burning sky,
Long for a cooling stream at hand;
And they must drink or die.</p> | <p>3 Not life itself, with all its joys,
Can my best passions move,
Or raise so high my cheerful voice,
As thy forgiving love.</p> <p>4 Thus, till my last expiring day,
I'll bless my God and King;
Thus will I lift my hands to pray,
And tune my lips to sing.</p> |
|---|---|

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1674

WORSHIP

ST. ANNE C. M.

W. Croft



A - MEN.

32

- 1 O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home, —
- 2 Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting thou art God, —
To endless years the same.
- 3 A thousand ages, in thy sight,
Are like an evening gone;
Short as the watch that ends the night,
Before the rising sun.
- 4 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away:
They fly, forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.
- 5 O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be thou our guard while troubles last,
And our eternal home!

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1674

33

- 1 O God, we praise thee, and confess
That thou the only Lord
And everlasting Father art,
By all the earth adored!
- 2 To thee all angels cry aloud;
To thee the powers on high,
Both cherubim and seraphim,
Continually do cry, —
- 3 O holy, holy, holy Lord,
Whom heavenly hosts obey!
The world is with the glory filled
Of thy majestic sway.
- 4 The apostles' glorious company,
And prophets crowned with light,
With all the martyrs' noble host,
Thy constant praise recite.
- 5 The holy church throughout the world,
O Lord, confesses thee, —
That thou eternal Father art,
Of boundless majesty!

Tate and Brady, 1652

WORSHIP

MANOAH C. M.

Arranged from Rossini



A-MEN.

34

1 When all thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love and praise.

2 Unnumbered comforts on my soul
Thy tender care bestowed,
Before my infant heart conceived
From whom those comforts flowed.

3 When worn with sickness, oft hast thou
With health renewed my face;
And, when in sin and sorrow sunk,
Revived my soul with grace.

4 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
That tastes those gifts with joy.

5 Through every period of my life,
Thy goodness I'll pursue;
And after death, in distant worlds,
The glorious theme renew.

Joseph Addison, 1672

35

1 How sweet to be allowed to pray
To God the holy one;
With filial love and trust to say,
O God, thy will be done!

2 We in these sacred words can find
A cure for every ill:
They calm and soothe the troubled
mind,
And bid all care be still.

3 O teach my heart the blessed way
To imitate thy Son!
Teach me, O God, in truth to pray,
"Thy will, not mine, be done."

Mrs. Eliza L. Follen, 1787

WORSHIP

SILVER STREET. S. M.

I. Smith



A - MEN.

36

- 1 Teach me, my God and King,
In all things thee to see;
And what I do in anything,
To do it as for thee.
- 2 To scorn the senses' sway,
While still to thee I tend;
In all I do, be thou the way, —
In all be thou the end.
- 3 All may of thee partake:
Nothing so small can be,
But draws, when acted for thy sake,
Greatness and worth from thee.
- 4 If done to obey thy laws,
E'en servile labors shine:
Hallowed all toil if this the cause,
The meanest work divine.

Rev. George Herbert, 1593
Rev. John Wesley, 1793

37

- 1 Come, sound his praise abroad,
And hymns of glory sing;
Jehovah is the sovereign God,
The universal King.
- 2 He formed the deeps unknown;
He gave the seas their bound;
The watery worlds are all his own,
And all the solid ground.
- 3 Come, worship at his throne,
Come, bow before the Lord:
We are his works, and not our own;
He formed us by his word.
- 4 To-day attend his voice,
Nor dare provoke his rod;
Come, like the people of his choice,
And own your gracious God.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1674

WORSHIP

BELMONT C. M.

W. Gardiner

38

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>1 Blest day of God, most calm, most
The first and best of days; [bright,
The laborer's rest, the saint's delight,
The day of prayer and praise.</p> <p>2 My Saviour's face made thee to shine,
His rising thee did raise;
And made thee heavenly and divine
Beyond all other days.</p> | <p>3 The first-fruits oft a blessing prove
To all the sheaves behind;
And they who do the sabbath love,
A happy week will find.</p> <p>4 This day I must to God appear,
For, Lord, the day is thine;
Help me to spend it in thy fear,
And thus to make it mine.</p> |
|---|---|

Rev. John Mason, d. 1694

39

Tune, **SILVER STREET** (See opposite page)

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>1 Soldiers of Christ, arise,
And put your armor on; [plies
Strong in the strength which God sup-
Through his eternal Son.</p> <p>2 Strong in the Lord of hosts,
And in his mighty power;
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts,
Is more than conqueror.</p> <p>3 Stand then in his great might,
With all his strength endued;</p> | <p>And take, to arm you for the fight,
The panoply of God;</p> <p>4 Leave no unguarded place,
No weakness of the soul;
Take every virtue, every grace,
And fortify the whole;</p> <p>5 From strength to strength go on,
Wrestle, and fight, and pray;
Tread all the powers of darkness down,
And win the well-fought day.</p> |
|--|---|

Rev. Charles Wesley, 1708

WORSHIP

WINCHESTER OLD C. M.

T. Este



A - MEN.

40

- 1 Eternal life, whose love divine
Enfolds us each and all,
We know no other truth than thine,
We heed no other call.

- 2 O may we serve in thought and deed
Thy kingdom yet to be,
Till truth and righteousness and love
Shall lead all souls to thee.

Mrs. Emma E. Marcan, 1854

41

- 1 Sleep, sleep to-day, tormenting cares
Of earth and folly born!
Ye shall not dim the light that streams
From this celestial morn.

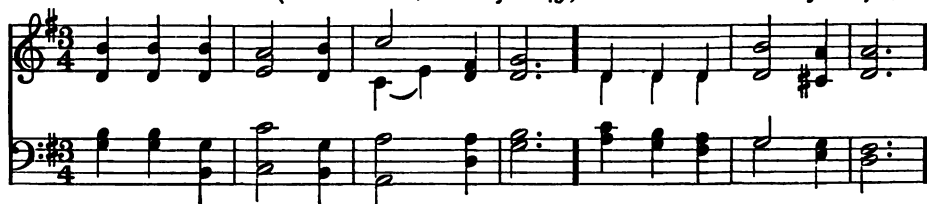
- 2 To-morrow will be time enough
To feel your harsh control;
Ye shall not violate this day,
The sabbath of my soul.

- 3 Sleep, sleep forever, guilty thoughts!
Let fires of vengeance die;
And, purged from sin, may I behold
A God of purity.

Mrs. Anna L. Barbauld, 1743

ST. AGNES C. M. (Second Tune; also Hymn 43)

J. B. Dykes



A - MEN.

WORSHIP

BEATITUDO C. M.

J. B. Dykes



A-MEN.

42

- 1 Great God, how infinite art thou!
How frail and weak are we!
Let the whole race of creatures bow,
And pay their praise to thee.
- 2 Thy throne eternal ages stood,
Ere seas or stars were made:
Thou art the ever-living God,
Were all the nations dead.
- 3 Eternity, with all its years,
Stands present in thy view:

To thee there's nothing old appears,
Great God, there's nothing new.

- 4 Our lives thro' varying scenes are drawn
And vexed with trifling cares,
While thine eternal thought moves on
Thine undisturbed affairs.
- 5 Great God, how infinite art thou!
How frail and weak are we!
Let the whole race of creatures bow,
And pay their praise to thee.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1674

43

Tune, ST. AGNES (See opposite page)

- 1 Father of light, conduct my feet
Through life's dark, dangerous road;
Let each advancing step still bring
Me nearer to my God.
- 2 Teach me in every various scene
To keep my end in sight;
And while I tread life's mazy track,
Let wisdom guide me right.

- 3 That heavenly wisdom from above
Abundantly impart;
And let it guard, and guide, and warm,
And penetrate my heart;
- 4 Till it shall lead me to thyself,
Fountain of bliss and love!
And all my darkness be dispersed
In endless light above.

Christopher Smart, 1722

WORSHIP

CHESTERFIELD C. M.

T. Haweis

44

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>1 Come, let us join with one accord
In hymns around the throne!
This is the day our rising Lord
Hath made and called his own.</p> | <p>3 Then let us in his name sing on,
And hasten to that day
When our Redeemer shall come down,
And shadows pass away.</p> |
| <p>2 This is the day which God hath blest,
The brightest of the seven,
Type of that everlasting rest
The saints enjoy in heaven.</p> | <p>4 Not one, but all our days below,
Let us in hymns employ;
And in our Lord rejoicing, go
To his eternal joy.</p> |

Rev. Charles Wesley, 1708

OTTERY S. M. (Hymn 47)

J. Baraby

A - MEN.

WORSHIP

DAY OF PRAISE S. M.

H. W. Parker

45

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>1 Come, we that love the Lord,
And let our joys be known;
Join in a song with sweet accord,
And thus surround the throne.</p> <p>2 The sorrows of the mind
Be banished from the place;
Religion never was designed
To make our pleasures less.</p> | <p>3 The men of grace have found
Glory begun below:
Celestial fruits, on earthly ground,
From faith and hope may grow.</p> <p>4 Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry:
We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground,
To fairer worlds on high.</p> |
|---|---|

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1674

46

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>1 To-morrow, Lord, is thine,
Lodged in thy sovereign hand;
And if its sun arise and shine,
It shines by thy command.</p> | <p>2 The present moment flies,
And bears our life away;
O make thy servants truly wise,
That they may live today!</p> |
|---|---|

Rev. Philip Doddridge, 1702

47

Tune, OTTERY (See opposite page)

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>1 Welcome, sweet day of rest,
That saw the Lord arise;
Welcome to this reviving breast,
And these rejoicing eyes!</p> <p>2 The King himself comes near,
And feasts his saints to-day;
Here we may sit, and see him here,
And love, and praise, and pray.</p> | <p>3 One day of prayer and praise
His sacred courts within,
Is sweeter than ten thousand days
Of pleasurable sin.</p> <p>4 My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
And wait to hail the brighter day
Of everlasting bliss.</p> |
|---|--|

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1674

WORSHIP

ARLINGTON C. M.

Dr. Arne

48

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>1 How lovely are thy dwellings fair!
O Lord of hosts, how dear
The pleasant tabernacles are
Where thou dost dwell so near!</p> <p>2 My soul doth long and almost die
Thy courts, O Lord, to see;
My heart and flesh aloud do cry,
O living God, for thee.</p> | <p>3 Happy who in thy house reside,
Where thee they ever praise;
Happy whose strength in thee doth bide,
And in their hearts thy ways.</p> <p>4 They journey on from strength to strength,
With joy and gladsome cheer,
Till all before our God at length
In Zion do appear.</p> |
|--|--|

John Milton, 1608

EAGLEY C. M. (Hymn 50)

J. Walch

WORSHIP

TOPLADY 7. 6l.

T. Hastings

A - MEN.

49

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>1 Safely through another week
 God has brought us on our way:
 Let us now a blessing seek,
 Waiting in his courts to-day, —
 Day of all the week the best,
 Emblem of eternal rest.</p> | <p>3 Here we come thy name to praise,
 Let us feel thy presence near;
 May thy glory meet our eyes,
 While we in thy house appear!
 Here afford us, Lord, a taste
 Of our everlasting feast.</p> |
| <p>2 While we seek supplies of grace,
 Through the dear Redeemer's name,
 Show thy reconciling face;
 Take away our sin and shame;
 From our worldly cares set free,
 May we rest this day in thee!</p> | <p>4 May the gospel's joyful sound
 Conquer sinners, comfort saints,
 Make the fruits of grace abound,
 Bring relief from all complaints:
 Thus let all our sabbaths prove,
 Till we join the church above.</p> |

Rev. John Newton, 1725

50

Tune, **EAGLEY** (See opposite page)

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>1 Father divine! before thy view
 All worlds, all creatures lie;
 No distance can elude thy search,
 No action 'scape thine eye.</p> | <p>3 What'er we do, where'er we turn,
 Thy ceaseless bounty flows; [faints,
 Oppressed with woe, when nature
 Thine arm is our repose.</p> |
| <p>2 From thee our vital breath we drew,
 Our childhood was thy care,
 And vigorous youth and feeble age
 Thy kind protection share.</p> | <p>4 To thee we look, thou power supreme!
 O still our wants supply!
 Safe in thy presence may we live,
 And in thy favor die.</p> |

John Taylor, 1750

WORSHIP

FEDERAL STREET L. M.

H. K. Oliver



51

- 1 Give to our God immortal praise;
Mercy and truth are all his ways:
Wonders of grace to God belong;
Repeat his mercies in your song.
- 2 Give to the Lord of lords renown;
The King of kings with glory crown:
His mercies ever shall endure,
When lords and kings are known no more.
- 3 He built the earth, he spread the sky,
And fixed the starry lights on high:
Wonders of grace to God belong;
Repeat his mercies in your song.
- 4 He fills the sun with morning light;
He bids the moon direct the night:
His mercies ever shall endure,
When suns and moons shall shine no more.
- 5 He sent his Son with power to save
From guilt, and darkness, and the grave:
Wonders of grace to God belong;
Repeat his mercies in your song.

- 6 Through this vain world he guides our feet,
And leads us to his heavenly seat:
His mercies ever shall endure,
When this vain world shall be no more.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1674

52

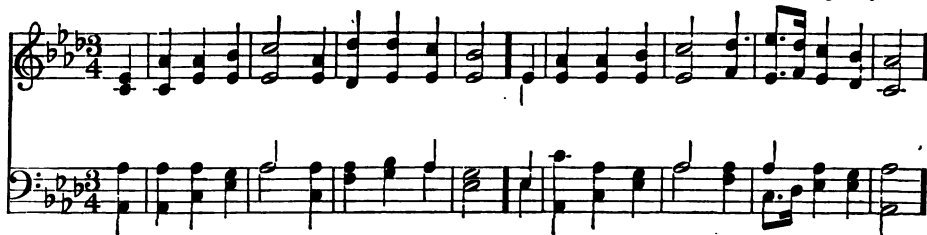
- 1 We bless thee for this sacred day, —
Thou who hast every blessing given, —
Which sends the dreams of earth away,
And yields a glimpse of op'ning heav'n.
- 2 Rich day of holy, thoughtful rest,
May we improve thy calm repose,
And, in God's service truly blest,
Forget the world, its joys, its woes!
- 3 Lord, may thy truth upon the heart
Now fall and dwell as heavenly dew,
And flowers of grace in freshness start
Where once the weeds of error grew!
- 4 May prayer now lift her sacred wings,
Contented with that aim alone
Which bears her to the King of kings,
And rests her at his sheltering throne!

Caroline Gilman, 1794

WORSHIP

LYONS P. M.

F. J. Haydn



A-MEN.

58

- 1 O worship the King, all-glorious above!
O gratefully sing his power and his love!
Our shield and defender, the ancient of days,
Pavilioned in splendor, and girded with praise.
- 2 O tell of his might, O sing of his grace,
Whose robe is the light, whose canopy space!
His chariots of wrath the deep thunder-clouds form,
And dark is his path on the wings of the storm.
- 3 Thy bountiful care what tongue can recite?
It breathes in the air, it shines in the light,
It streams from the hills, it descends to the plains,
And sweetly distils in the dew and the rains.
- 4 Frail children of dust, and feeble as frail,
In thee do we trust, nor find thee to fail;
Thy mercies how tender, how firm to the end,
Our maker, defender, redeemer, and friend!

Sir Robert Grant, 1785

WORSHIP

CONISTON C. M.

J. Barnby



54

- 1 I worship thee, sweet will of God!
And all thy ways adore;
And every day I live I seem
To love thee more and more.
- 2 I have no cares, O blessèd will
For all my cares are thine;
I live in triumph, Lord! for thou
Hast made thy triumphs mine.
- 3 When obstacles and trials seem
Like prison walls to be,
I do the little I can do,
And leave the rest to thee.
- 4 And when it seems no chance or change
From grief can set me free,
Hope finds its strength in helplessness,
And gaily waits on thee.
- 5 Ride on, ride on triumphantly,
Thou glorious will! ride on;
Faith's pilgrim-sons behind thee take
The road that thou hast gone.
- 6 Ill that God blesses is our good,
And unblest good is ill;
And all is right that seems most wrong,
If it be his sweet will.

Rev. Frederick W. Faber, 1814

55

- 1 Eternal source of life and light,
Supremely good and wise!
To thee we bring our grateful vows,
To thee lift up our eyes.
- 2 Our dark and erring minds illumine
With truth's celestial rays;
Inspire our hearts with sacred love,
And tune our lips to praise.
- 3 Safely conduct us, by thy grace,
Through life's perplexing road;
And place us, when that journey's o'er
At thy right hand, O God!

Rev. John P. Estlin, 1747

WORSHIP

PARK STREET L. M.

F. M. A. Venua

A-MEN.

56

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>1 O come, loud anthems let us sing,
Hosannas to the almighty King,
And high our grateful voices raise,
As our salvation's rock we praise.</p> <p>2 Into his presence let us haste
To thank him for his favors past;
To him address, in joyful songs,
The praise that to his name belongs.</p> <p>3 For God the Lord, enthroned in state,
Is with unrivalled glory great;
The depths of earth are in his hand,
Her secret wealth at his command.</p> <p>4 O let us to his courts repair,
And bow with adoration there;
Low on our knees with reverence fall,
And on the Lord our maker call.</p> | <p>2 My heart grows warm with holy fire,
And kindles with a pure desire
To see thy grace, to taste thy love,
And feel thine influence from above.</p> <p>3 When I can say that God is mine,
When I can see thy glories shine,
I tread the world beneath my feet,
And all that men call rich and great.</p> <p>4 Send comfort down from thy right hand,
To cheer me in this barren land;
And in thy temple let me know
The joys that from thy presence flow.</p> |
|--|---|

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1674

58

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>1 Far from my thoughts, vain world, be-
gone;
Let my religious hours alone;
From flesh and sense I would be free,
And hold communion, Lord, with thee.</p> | <p>1 Almighty Father, bless the word
Which thro' thy grace we now have
heard;
O may the precious seed take root,
Spring up, and bear abundant fruit.</p> <p>2 We praise thee for the means of grace,
Thus in thy courts to seek thy face:
Grant, Lord, that we who worship here
May all, at last, in heaven appear.</p> |
|---|---|

Anonymous

WORSHIP

MISSIONARY CHANT L. M.

C. Zeuner



59

1 When Israel, of the Lord beloved,
Out from the land of bondage came,
Her fathers' God before her moved,
An awful guide, in smoke and flame.

2 By day, along the astonished lands,
The cloudy pillar glided slow;
By night, Arabia's crimsoned sands
Returned the fiery column's glow.

3 But present still, though now unseen,
When brightly shines the prosperous
day,
Be thoughts of thee a cloudy screen
To temper the deceitful ray.

4 And O, when stoops on Judah's path,
In shade and storm, the frequent
night,
Be thou, long-suffering, slow to wrath,
A burning and a shining light.

Sir Walter Scott, 1771

60

1 O render thanks to God above,
The fountain of eternal love;
Whose mercy firm through ages past
Has stood, and shall forever last.

2 Who can his mighty deeds express,
Not only vast, but numberless?
What mortal eloquence can raise
His tribute of immortal praise?

3 Extend to me that favor, Lord,
Thou to thy chosen dost afford:
When thou return'st to set them free
Let thy salvation visit me.

4 Then render thanks to God above,
And praise him by a life of love;
They praise him best, who best obey,
And never from his precepts stray.

Tate and Brady, 1652

WORSHIP

RAMOTH 7. D.

J. B. Calkin

61

- 1 Father of our feeble race,
Wise, beneficent, and kind;
Spread o'er nature's ample face,
Flows thy goodness unconfined.
Musing in the silent grove
Or the busy walks of men,
Still we trace thy wondrous love
Claiming large returns again.
- 2 Lord, what offering shall we bring,
At thine altars when we bow?
Hearts, the pure unsullied spring
Whence the kind affections flow;

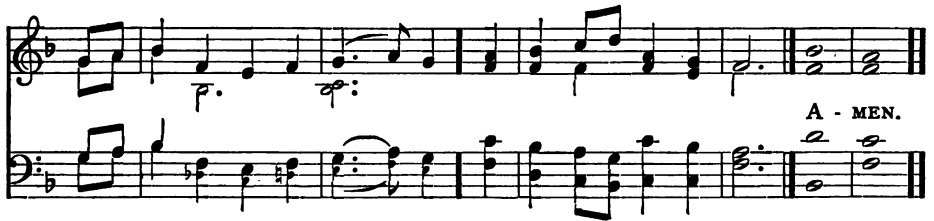
- Soft compassion's feeling soul,
By the melting eye expressed;
Sympathy, at whose control
Sorrow leaves the wounded breast;
- 3 Willing hands to lead the blind,
Bind the wounded, feed the poor;
Love, embracing all our kind;
Charity, with liberal store.
Teach us, O thou heavenly King,
Thus to show our grateful mind,
Thus the accepted offering bring,
Love to thee and all mankind.

John Taylor, 1750

WORSHIP

DAY OF REST 7. 6. D.

J. W. Elliott



62

- 1 O day of rest and gladness,
O day of joy and light,
O balm of care and sadness,
Most beautiful, most bright;
On thee, the high and lowly,
Through ages joined in tune,
Sing "holy, holy, holy"
To the great God alone.
- 2 Thou art a port protected
From storms that round us rise;
A garden intersected
With streams of Paradise;

Thou art a cooling fountain
In life's dry dreary sand;
From thee, like Pisgah's mountain,
We view our promised land.

- 3 To-day on weary nations
The heavenly manna falls;
To holy convocations
The silver trumpet calls,
Where gospel-light is glowing,
With pure and radiant beams
And living water flowing
With soul-refreshing streams.

Rev. Christopher Wordsworth, 1807

WORSHIP

SEFTON L. M.

J. B. Calkin



63

1 Thou Lord of hosts, whose guiding
hand
Has brought us here, before thy face!
Our spirits wait for thy command,
Our silent hearts implore thy peace.

2 Those spirits lay their noblest powers
As offerings on thy holy shrine:
Thine was the strength that nourished
ours;
The soldiers of the cross are thine.

3 And now with hymn and prayer we
stand,
To give our strength to thee, great
God!
We would redeem thy holy land,
That land which sin so long has trod.

4 Send us where'er thou wilt, O Lord!
Through rugged toil and wearying
fight:
Thy conquering love shall be our sword,
And faith in thee our truest might.

5 Send down thy constant aid, we pray;
Be thy pure angels with us still;
Thy truth, be that our firmest stay;
Our only rest, to do thy will.

Rev. Octavius B. Frothingham, 1822

64

1 Now to the Lord a noble song!
Awake, my soul, awake, my tongue!
Hosanna to the eternal name,
And all his boundless love proclaim.

2 The spacious earth and spreading flood
Proclaim the wise, the powerful God;
And thy rich glories from afar
Sparkle in every rolling star.

3 But in the gospel of thy Son
Are all thy mightiest works outdone;
The light it pours upon our eyes
Outshines the wonders of the skies.

4 Our spirits kindle in its beam:
It is a sweet, a glorious theme:
Ye angels, dwell upon the sound!
Ye heavens, reflect it to the ground!

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1674

WORSHIP

DARWELL P. M.

J. Darwell

A-MEN.

65

1 Lord of the worlds above,
How pleasant and how fair
The dwellings of thy love,
Thine earthly temples, are!
To thine abode my heart aspires,
With warm desires to see my God.

2 O happy souls that pray
Where God appoints to hear!
O happy men that pray

Their constant service there!
They praise thee still; and happy they
That love the way to Zion's hill.

3 They go from strength to strength,
Through this dark vale of tears.
Till each arrives at length,
Till each in heaven appears:
O glorious seat, when God, our King,
Shall thither bring our willing feet!

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1674

Arranged from Weber

CHATHAM 7. (Hymn 68)

A-MEN.

WORSHIP

ROCKINGHAM L. M.

E. Miller



66

- 1 When, as returns this solemn day,
Man comes to meet his maker, God,
What rites, what honors, shall he pay?
How spread his sovereign's praise
abroad?
- 2 From marble domes and gilded spires
Shall curling clouds of incense rise,
And gems and gold and garlands deck
The costly pomp of sacrifice?
- 3 Vain, sinful man, creation's Lord
Thy golden offerings well may spare;
But give thy heart, and thou shalt find
Here dwells a God who heareth
prayer.

Mrs. Anna L. Barbauld, 1743

67

- 1 From every stormy wind that blows,
From every swelling tide of woes,
There is a calm, a sure retreat:
'Tis found beneath the mercy-seat.
- 2 There is a scene where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with
friend;
Though sundered far, by faith they meet
Around one common mercy-seat.
- 3 There, there on eagle wings we soar,
And sense and sin molest no more,
And heaven comes down our souls to
greet,
And glory crowns the mercy-seat.

Rev. Hugh Stowell, 1799

68

Tune, **CHATHAM** (See opposite page)

- 1 When before thy throne we kneel,
Filled with awe and holy fear,
Teach us, O our God, to feel
All thy sacred presence near.
- 2 Check each proud and wandering
thought,
When on thy great name we call:
Man is naught, is less than naught;
Thou, our God, art all in all.
- 3 Weak, imperfect creatures, we
In this vale of darkness dwell,
Yet presume to look to thee
'Midst thy light ineffable.
- 4 O receive the praise that dares
Seek thy heaven-exalted throne!
Bless our offerings, hear our prayers,
Infinite and holy one!

Sir John Bowring, 1792

WORSHIP

ELMHURST C. M.

J. Stainer



69

- 1 The ocean looketh up to heaven,
As 'twere a living thing;
The homage of its waves is given
In ceaseless worshipping.
- 2 They kneel upon the sloping sand,
As bends the human knee;
A beautiful and tireless band,
The priesthood of the sea.
- 3 The mists are lifted from the rills,
Like the white wing of prayer;
They kneel above the ancient hills,
As doing homage there.
- 4 The forest-tops are lowly cast
O'er breezy hill and glen,
As if a prayerful spirit passed
On nature as on men.
- 5 The sky is as a temple's arch:
The blue and wavy air
Is glorious with the spirit-march
Of messengers at prayer.

John G. Whittier, 1807

70

- 1 We pray no more, made lowly wise,
For miracle and sign;
Anoint our eyes to see within
The common, the divine.
- 2 "Lo here! lo there!" no more we cry,
Dividing with our call
The mantle of the presence, Lord,
That seamless covers all.
- 3 We turn from seeking thee afar,
And in unwonted ways,
To build from out our daily lives
The temples of thy praise.
- 4 And if thy casual comings, Lord,
To hearts of old were dear,
What joy shall dwell within the faith
That feels thee ever near!
- 5 And nobler yet shall duty grow,
And more shall worship be,
When thou art found in all our life,
And all our life in thee.

Rev. Frederick L. Hosmer, 1840

WORSHIP

ST. THOMAS S. M.

A. Williams

A-MEN.

71

- 1 My soul, repeat his praise,
Whose mercies are so great,
Whose anger is so slow to rise,
So ready to abate.
- 2 High as the heavens are raised
Above the ground we tread,
So far the riches of his grace
Our highest thoughts exceed.
- 3 His power subdues our sins;
And his forgiving love,
Far as the east is from the west,
Doth all our guilt remove.
- 4 Our days are as the grass,
Or like the morning flower:
If one sharp blast sweep o'er the field,
It withers in an hour:
- 5 But thy compassions, Lord,
To endless years endure;
And children's children ever find
Thy words of promise sure.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1674

72

- 1 This is the day of light!
Let there be light to-day!
O dayspring, rise upon our night,
And chase its gloom away.
- 2 This is the day of rest!
Our failing strength renew;
On weary brain and troubled breast
Shed thou thy freshening dew.
- 3 This is the day of peace!
Thy peace our spirits fill!
Bid thou the blasts of discord cease,
The waves of strife be still.
- 4 This is the day of prayer!
Let earth to heaven draw near;
Lift up our hearts to seek thee there:
Come down to meet us here.
- 5 This is the first of days!
Send forth thy quickening breath,
And wake dead souls to love and
praise,
O vanquisher of death!

Rev. John Ellerton, 1826

GOD THE FATHER

ST. GEORGE'S 7. D.

G. J. Elvey



73

1 Father, thy paternal care
Has my guardian been, my guide;
Every hallowed wish and prayer
Has thy hand of love supplied:
Thine is every thought of bliss,
Left by hours and days gone by;
Every hope thy offspring is,
Beaming from futurity.

2 Every sun of splendid ray;
Every moon that shines serene;
Every morn that welcomes day;
Every evening's twilight scene;

Every hour which wisdom brings;
Every incense at thy shrine, —
These, and all life's holiest things,
And its fairest, — all are thine.

3 And, for all, my hymns shall rise
Daily to thy gracious throne:
Thither let my asking eyes
Turn, unwearied, righteous one.
Through life's strange vicissitude,
There reposing all my care;
Trusting still, through ill and good,
Fixed and cheered and counselled
there!

Sir John Bowring, 1792

GOD THE FATHER

AUTUMN 8. 7. D.

F. H. Barthélémon

74

- 1 Guide me, O thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim thro' this barren land,
I am weak, but thou art mighty,
Hold me with thy powerful hand.
Open now the crystal fountains
Whence the living waters flow;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through.

Rev. William Williams, 1717

75

- 1 God is love: his mercy brightens
All the path in which we rove;
Bliss he wakes, and woe he lightens:
God is wisdom, God is love.
Chance and change are busy ever;
Man decays, and ages move;
But his mercy waneth never:
God is wisdom, God is love.
- 2 E'en the hour that darkest seemeth
Will his changeless goodness prove;
From the gloom his brightness stream-
eth:
God is wisdom, God is love.
He with earthly cares entwineth
Hope and comfort from above;
Everywhere his glory shineth:
God is wisdom, God is love.

Sir John Bowring, 1792

GOD THE FATHER

DENNIS S. M.

Arranged by L. Mason



A - MEN.

76

- 1 How gentle God's commands!
How kind his precepts are!
Come, cast your burdens on the Lord,
And trust his constant care.
- 2 While providence supports,
Let saints securely dwell:
The hand which bears all nature up
Shall guide his children well.
- 3 Why should this anxious load
Press down your weary mind?
Haste to your heavenly Father's throne,
And sweet refreshment find.
- 4 His goodness stands approved
Down to the present day:
I'll drop my burden at his feet,
And bear a song away.

Rev. Philip Doddridge, 1702

77

- 1 Give to the winds thy fears,
Hope, and be undismayed:
God hears thy sighs and counts thy tears,
God shall lift up thy head.
- 2 Through waves, through clouds and
storms,
He gently clears thy way:
Wait thou his time; so shall the night
Soon end in joyous day.
- 3 He everywhere hath sway,
And all things serve his might;
His every act pure blessing is,
His path unsullied light.
- 4 Thou comprehend'st him not:
Yet earth and heaven tell
God sits as sovereign on the throne;
He ruleth all things well.

Rev. Paul Gerhardt, 1607
Tr. Rev. John Wesley, 1703

GOD THE FATHER

DUKE STREET L. M.

J. Hutton



A-MEN.

78

- 1 Up to the hills I lift mine eyes, —
The eternal hills beyond the skies;
Thence all her help my soul derives;
There my almighty refuge lives.
- 2 He lives, the everlasting God,
That built the world, that spread the
flood;
The heavens with all their hosts he made,
And the dark regions of the dead.
- 3 He guides our feet, he guards our way;
His morning smiles bless all the day;
He spreads the evening veil, and keeps
The silent hours while Israel sleeps.
- 4 Israel, — a name divinely blest, —
May rise secure, securely rest;
Thy holy guardian's wakeful eyes
Admit no slumber nor surprise.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1674

79

- 1 There seems a voice in every gale,
A tongue in every opening flower,
Which tells, O Lord! the wondrous tale
Of thy indulgence, love and power.
- 2 The birds that rise on soaring wing
Appear to hymn their Maker's praise,
And all the mingling sounds of spring
To thee a general pæan raise.
- 3 And shall my voice, great God, alone
Be mute 'midst nature's loud acclaim?
O let my heart with answering tone
Breathe forth in praise thy holy name.
- 4 And nature's debt is small to mine;
Thou bad'st her being bounded be;
But—matchless proof of love divine—
Thou gav'st immortal life to me.

Mrs. Amelia A. Opie, 1769

GOD THE FATHER

ST. ANSELM 7. 6. D.

J. Barnby

80

- 1 The heavens declare thy glory,
The firmament thy power;
Day unto day the story
Repeats from hour to hour;
Night unto night replying,
Proclaims in every land,
O Lord, with voice undying,
The wonders of thy hand.
- 2 O'er every tribe and nation
That music strange is poured;
The song of all creation
To thee, creation's Lord.
All heaven on high rejoices
To do its Maker's will;
The stars with solemn voices
Resound thy praises still.

Rev. Thomas R. Birks, 1810

81

- 1 God is my strong salvation:
What foe have I to fear?
In darkness and temptation,
My light, my help, is near.
Though hosts encamp around me,
Firm in the fight I stand:
What terror can confound me
With God at my right hand?
- 2 Place on the Lord reliance,
My soul, with courage wait;
His truth be thine affiance,
When faint and desolate.
His might thy heart shall strengthen,
His love thy joy increase,
Mercy thy days shall lengthen,
The Lord will give thee peace

James Montgomery, 1777

GOD THE FATHER

ST. PETER C. M.

A. R. Reinagle



82

1 Yet, in the maddening maze of things,
And tossed by storm and flood,
To one fixed stake my spirit clings,—
I know that God is good.

2 Not mine to look where cherubim
And seraphs may not see;
But nothing can be good to him,
Which evil is in me.

3 The wrong that pains my soul below
I dare not throne above;
I know not of his hate,— I know
His goodness and his love.

4 And thou, O Lord, by whom are seen
Thy creatures as they be,
Forgive me, if too close I lean
My human heart on thee.

John G. Whittier, 1807

83

1 Go not, my soul, in search of him;
Thou wilt not find him there,
Or in the depths of shadow dim,
Or heights of upper air.

2 For not in far-off realms of space
The spirit hath its throne;
In every heart it findeth place,
And waiteth to be known.

3 O gifts of gifts, O grace of grace,
That God should condescend
To make thy heart his dwelling-place,
And be thy daily friend.

4 Then go not thou in search of him,
But to thyself repair;
Wait thou within the silence dim
And thou shalt find him there.

Rev. Frederick L. Hosmer, 1840

GOD THE FATHER

SOLITUDE 7.

L. T. Downes



84

- 1 Heavenly Father, God of love!
Send thy blessing from above;
Light and life to all impart;
Shine on each believing heart.
- 2 Kindly comfort all who mourn;
Into joy their sorrow turn,
Joy which none can take away,
Joy that shall for ever stay.
- 3 Glorious in thy sons appear;
Plant thy heavenly kingdom here,
All thy kingdom from above,
All the blessedness of love.
- 4 Plant in us an humble mind,
Patient, pitiful, and kind;
Meek and lowly let us be,
Full of goodness, full of thee.
- 5 Let us in thy spirit prove
All the depths of lowly love;
Let us in our lives express
All the heights of holiness.

Rev. Charles Wesley, 1708

85

- 1 Let my life be hid in thee,
Life of life and Light of light!
Love's illimitable sea!
Depth of peace, of power the height!
- 2 Let my life be hid in thee
From vexation and annoy;
Calm in thy tranquillity,
All my mourning turned to joy.
- 3 Let my life be hid in thee
When alarms are gathering round,
Covered with thy panoply,
Safe within thy holy ground.
- 4 Let my life be hid in thee
When my strength and health shall fail;
Let thine immortality
In my dying hour prevail.
- 5 Let my life be hid in thee,
In the world and yet above;
Hid in thine eternity,
In the ocean of thy love.

Rev. John Bull, 1777

GOD THE FATHER

HURSLEY L. M.

P. Ritter



A-MEN.

86

1 Mysterious presence, source of all,—
The world without, the soul within!
Fountain of life, O hear our call,
And pour thy living waters in!

2 Thou breakest in the rushing wind,
Thy spirit stirs in leaf and flower;
Nor wilt thou from the willing mind
Withhold thy light and love and
power.

3 Thy hand, unseen, to accents clear
Awoke the Psalmist's trembling lyre;
And touched the lips of holy seer
With flame from thine own altar fire.

4 That touch divine still, Lord, impart,
Still give the prophet's burning word;
And, vocal in each waiting heart,
Let living psalms of praise be heard.

Rev. Seth C. Beach, 1837

87

1 Father and friend, thy light, thy love,
Beaming through all thy works, we
see;

Thy glory gilds the heavens above,
And all the earth is full of thee.

2 Thy voice we hear, thy presence feel,
While thou, too pure for mortal sight,
Involved in clouds, invisible,
Reignest the Lord of life and light.

3 We know not in what hallowed part
Of the wide heavens thy throne may
be;
But this we know, that where thou art
Strength, wisdom, goodness, dwell
with thee.

4 Thy children shall not faint nor fear,
Sustained by this delightful thought,
Since thou, their God, art everywhere
They cannot be where thou art not.

Sir John Bowring, 1792

GOD THE FATHER

CANONBURY L. M.

R. Schumann



88

- 1 God of the earth, the sky, the sea;
Of all above and all below, —
Creation lives and moves in thee;
Thy present life through all doth flow.
- 2 Thy love is in the sunshine's glow,
Thy life is in the quickening air:
When lightnings flash and storm-winds
blow,
There is thy power; thy law is there.
- 3 We feel thy calm at evening's hour,
Thy grandeur in the march of night;
And, when the morning breaks in power,
We hear thy word, "Let there be
light."
- 4 But higher far, and far more clear,
Thee in man's spirit we behold;
Thine image and thyself are there, —
Th' indwelling God, proclaimed of old.

Rev. Samuel Longfellow, 1810

89

- 1 Through all the various shifting scene
Of life's mistaken ill or good,
Thy hand, O God! conducts, unseen,
The beautiful vicissitude.
- 2 Thou givest with paternal care,
Howe'er unjustly we complain,
To all their necessary share
Of joy and sorrow, health and pain.
- 3 All things on earth, and all in heaven,
On thine eternal will depend;
And all for greater good were given,
Would man pursue th' appointed
end.
- 4 Be this our care: to all beside
Indifferent let our wishes be;
Passion be calm, and dumb be pride,
And fixed our souls, great God, on
thee.

Samuel Collett, 1725 (?)

GOD THE FATHER

CHRISTMAS C. M.

G. F. Handel



90

- 1 The Lord descended from above,
And bowed the heavens most high,
And underneath his feet he cast
The darkness of the sky.
- 2 On cherubim and seraphim
Full royally he rode,
And on the wings of mighty winds
Came flying all abroad.
- 3 He sat serene upon the floods,
Their fury to restrain;
And he as sovereign Lord and King
For evermore shall reign.

Thomas Sternhold, 1549

91

- 1 Since all the varying scenes of time
God's watchful eye surveys,
O, who so wise to choose our lot,
Or to appoint our ways!
- 2 Good, when he gives, supremely good,
Nor less when he denies;
E'en crosses, from his sovereign hand,
Are blessings in disguise.
- 3 Why should we doubt a Father's love,
So constant and so kind?
To his unerring, gracious will
Be every wish resigned.

Rev. James Hervey, 1714

92

Tune, **CANONBURY** (See opposite page)

- 1 My God, accept my heart this day,
And make it always thine;
That I from thee no more may stray,
No more from thee decline.
- 2 Anoint me with thy heavenly grace,
And seal me for thine own;
- 3 Let every thought and work and word
To thee be ever given:
Then life shall be thy service, Lord,
And death the gate of heaven.

Matthew Bridges, 1800

GOD THE FATHER

MANOAH C. M.

Arranged from Rossini



93

- 1 Thou grace divine, encircling all,
A shoreless, soundless sea,
Wherein at last our souls must fall,—
O love of God most free!
- 2 When over dizzy heights we go,
One soft hand blinds our eyes,
The other leads us safe and slow,—
O love of God most wise!
- 3 And though we turn us from thy face,
And wander wide and long,
Thou hold'st us still in thine embrace,—
O love of God most strong!
- 4 The saddened heart, the restless soul,
The toil-worn frame and mind,
Alike confess thy sweet control,—
O love of God most kind!
- 5 And, filled and quickened by thy
breath,
Our souls are strong and free
To rise o'er sin and fear and death,
O love of God, to thee!

Eliza Scudder, 1821

94

- 1 Our Father, God! thy gracious power
On every hand we see;
O may the blessings of each hour
Lead all our thoughts to thee!
- 2 If, on the wings of morn, we speed
To earth's remotest bound,
Thy hand will there our footsteps lead,
Thy love our path surround.
- 3 Thy power is in the ocean deeps,
And reaches to the skies;
Thine eye of mercy never sleeps,
Thy goodness never dies.
- 4 From morn till noon, till latest eve,
The hand of heaven we see;
And all the blessings we receive
Proceed, O God, from thee!
- 5 In all the varying scenes of time,
On thee our hopes depend,
Through every age, in every clime,
Our Father and our friend!

James Thomson, 1834

GOD THE FATHER

MELITA L. M. 61.

J. B. Dykes



95

- 1 Leave God to order all thy ways,
And hope in him whate'er betide;
Thou'lt find him, in the evil days,
Thy all-sufficient strength and guide;
Who trusts in God's unchanging love,
Builds on the rock that nought can
move.

- 2 What can these anxious cares avail,
These never-ceasing moans and sighs?
What can it help us to bewail
Each painful moment as it flies?
Our cross and trials do but press
The heavier for our bitterness.
- 3 Only thy restless heart keep still,
And wait in cheerful hope; content
To take whate'er his gracious will,
His all-discerning love hath sent.
Doubt not our inmost wants are
known
To him who chose us for his own.

- 4 Sing, pray, and swerve not from his
ways,
But do thine own part faithfully; -
Trust his rich promises of grace,
So shall they be fulfilled in thee:
God never yet forsook at need
The soul that trusted him indeed.

Georg Neumark, 1621
Tr. Catherine Winkworth, 1829

96

- 1 The Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a shepherd's care;
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye;
My noonday walks he shall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.
- 2 Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
For thou, O Lord, art with me still:
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
And guideme thro' the dreadful shade.

Joseph Addison, 1672

GOD THE FATHER

WELLESLEY 8. 7.

L. S. Tourjée

A - MEN.

97

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>1 There's a wideness in God's mercy,
Like the wideness of the sea;
There's a kindness in his justice,
Which is more than liberty.</p> <p>2 For the love of God is broader
Than the measures of man's mind,
And the heart of the eternal
Is most wonderfully kind.</p> | <p>3 But we make his love too narrow
By false limits of our own;
And we magnify his strictness
With a zeal he will not own.</p> <p>4 If our love were but more simple,
We should take him at his word;
And our lives would be all sunshine
In the sweetness of our Lord.</p> |
|--|--|

Rev. Frederick W. Faber, 1814

SAMSON L. M. (Hymns 99 and 100)

Arranged from Händel

A - MEN.

GOD THE FATHER

ELVEN L. M.

St. Alban's Tune Book



98

- 1 Ere mountains reared their forms sub-
lime,
Or heaven and earth in order stood;
Before the birth of ancient time;
From everlasting, — thou art God.
- 2 A thousand ages, in their flight,
With thee are as a fleeting day:
Past, present, future, to thy sight
At once their various scenes display.
- 3 But our brief life's a shadowy dream,
A passing thought that soon is o'er;
That fades with morning's earliest
beam,
And fills the musing mind no more.
- 4 To us, O Lord, the wisdom give
Each passing moment so to spend
That we at length with thee may live
Where life and bliss shall never end.

Harriet Auber, 1773

99 Tune, **SAMSON** (See opposite page)

100

- 1 There's nothing bright, above, below,
From flowers that bloom to stars that
glow,
But in its light my soul can see
Some feature of the Deity.
- 2 There's nothing dark, below, above,
But in its gloom I trace thy love,
And meekly wait the moment when
Thy touch shall make all bright again.
- 3 The heavens, the earth, where'er I look,
Shall be one pure and shining book,
Where I may read, in words of flame,
The glories of thy wondrous name.
- 1 O love divine, whose constant beam
Shines on the eyes that will not see,
And waits to bless us while we dream
Thou leav'st us when we turn from
thee!
- 2 All souls that struggle and aspire,
All hearts of prayer, by thee are lit;
And, dim or clear, thy tongues of fire
On dusky tribes and centuries sit.
- 3 Nor bounds, nor clime, nor creed thou
know'st;
Wide as our need thy favors fall;
The white wings of the Holy Ghost
Stoop, unseen, o'er the heads of all.

Thomas Moore, 1779

John G. Whittier, 1807

GOD THE FATHER

GRACE CHURCH L. M.

I. Playel

101

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>1 Wait on the Lord, ye heirs of hope,
And let his word support your souls;
Well can he bear your courage up,
And all your foes and fears control.</p> <p>2 He waits his own well-chosen hour
The intended mercy to display;
And his paternal pities move,
While wisdom dictates the delay.</p> | <p>3 Blest are the humble souls that wait
With sweet submission to his will;
Harmonious all their passions move,
And in the midst of storms are still,—</p> <p>4 Still, till their Father's well-known voice
Wakens their silence into songs;
Then earth grows vocal with his praise,
And heaven the grateful shout pro-
longs.</p> |
|---|---|

Rev. Philip Doddridge, 1702

SOHO C. M. (Hymn 103)

J. Barnby

A - MEN.

GOD THE FATHER

CLOISTERS II. 5.

J. Barnby

A - MEN.

102

- 1 Lord of our life, and God of our salvation,
Star of our night, and hope of every nation,
Hear and receive thy people's supplication,
Lord God almighty.
- 2 Grant us thy help till foes are backward driven,
Grant them thy truth, that they may be forgiven,
Grant peace on earth, and, after we have striven,
Peace in thy heaven.
- 3 Peace in our hearts our evil thoughts assuaging,
Peace in thy church, where brothers are engaging,
Peace, when the world its busy war is waging,
Send us, O Father.

Philip Pusey, Tr., 1799

103 Tune, SOHO (See opposite page)

- 1 To thee, my God, whose presence fills
The earth, and seas, and skies,
To thee, whose name, whose heart is
love,
With all my powers I rise.
- 2 Troubles in long succession roll;
Wave rushes upon wave;
Pity, O pity my distress!
Thy child, thy suppliant, save!
- 3 To thee, my God, alone I look,
On thee alone confide;
Thou never hast deceived the soul
That on thy grace relied.
- 4 Though oft thy ways are wrapped in
clouds
Mysterious and unknown,
Truth, righteousness, and mercy stand
The pillars of thy throne.

Rev. Thomas Gibbons, 1720

GOD THE FATHER

LOVE DIVINE 8. 7. D.

G. F. Le Jeune

104

- 1 Take my heart, O Father! take it;
Make and keep it all thine own;
Let thy spirit melt and break it —
This proud heart of sin and stone.
Heavenly Father, deign to mould it
In obedience to thy will;
And, as ripening years unfold it,
Keep it meek and childlike still.

- 2 Father, make it pure and lowly,
Fond of peace and far from strife;
Turning from the paths unholy
Of this vain and sinful life.
Ever let thy grace surround it,
Strengthen it with power divine,
Till thy cords of love have bound it;
Made it to be wholly thine.

Wesleyan

105

- 1 Praise to thee, thou great creator,
Praise be thine from every tongue;
Join, my soul, with every creature,
Join the universal song.
Father, source of all compassion,
Pure, unbounded grace is thine:
Hail the God of our salvation,
Praise him for his love divine.
- 2 For ten thousand blessings given,
For the hope of future joy,
Sound his praise thro' earth and heaven,
Sound Jehovah's praise on high.
Joyfully on earth adore him,
Till in heaven our song we raise;
There, enraptured, fall before him,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

Rev. John Fawcett, 1739

GOD THE FATHER

HENLEY II. 10.

L. Mason



A-MEN.

106

- 1 Father, in thy mysterious presence kneeling,
Fain would our souls feel all thy kindling love;
For we are weak, and need some deep revealing
Of trust and strength and calmness from above.
- 2 Lord, we have wandered forth through doubt and sorrow,
And thou hast made each step an onward one;
And we will ever trust each unknown morrow,—
Thou wilt sustain us till its work is done.
- 3 In the heart's depths a peace serene and holy
Abides, and when pain seems to have its will,
Or we despair, O may that peace rise slowly,
Stronger than agony, and we be still!
- 4 Now, Father, now, in thy dear presence kneeling,
Our spirits yearn to feel thy kindling love:
Now make us strong, we need thy deep revealing
Of trust and strength and calmness from above.

Rev. Samuel Johnson, 1822

GOD THE FATHER

AUSTRIA 8. 7. D.

F. J. Haydn

107

- 1 Hear what God, the Lord, hath spoken:
O my people, faint and few,
Comfortless, afflicted, broken,
Fair abodes I build for you.
Scenes of heartfelt tribulation
Shall no more perplex your ways:
You shall name your walls "salvation,"
And your gates shall all be "praise."
- 2 There, like streams that feed the garden,
Pleasures without end shall flow;
For the Lord, your faith rewarding,
All his bounty shall bestow.

Still in undisturbed possession
Peace and righteousness shall reign;
Never shall you feel oppression,
Hear the voice of war again.

- 3 Ye, no more your suns descending,
Waning moons no more shall see;
But, your griefs forever ending,
Find eternal noon in me.
God shall rise, and, shining o'er you,
Change to day the gloom of night:
He, the Lord, shall be your glory,
God your everlasting light.

William Cowper, 1731

GOD THE FATHER

EIN' FESTE BURG. P. M.

Martin Luther



A - MEN.

108

1 A mighty fortress is our God,
A bulwark never failing;
Our helper he amid the flood
Of mortal ills prevailing.
For still our ancient foe
Doth seek to work us woe;
His craft and power are great;
And, armed with cruel hate,
On earth is not his equal.

2 That word above all earthly powers —
No thanks to them — abideth;
The spirit and the gifts are ours,
Through him who with us sideth.
Let goods and kindred go,
This mortal life also;
The body they may kill,
God's truth abideth still;
His kingdom is forever.

Martin Luther, 1483

Tr. Rev. Frederic H. Hedge, 1805

GOD THE FATHER

ALDERSGATE S. M.

G. P. Merrick

A - MEN.

109

1 "My times are in thy hand:"
My God, I'd have them there:
My life, my friends, my soul, I leave
Entirely to thy care.

3 "My times are in thy hand:"
Why should I doubt or fear?
My Father's hand will never cause
His child a needless tear.

2 "My times are in thy hand:"
Whatever they may be,—
Pleasing or painful, dark or bright,
As best may seem to thee.

4 "My times are in thy hand:"
I'll always trust in thee;
And, after death, at thy right hand
May I for ever be.

William F. Lloyd, 1791

ST. AGNES C. M. (Hymn 111)

J. B. Dykes

A - MEN.

GOD THE FATHER

CHURCH TRIUMPHANT L. M.

J. W. Elliott



110

- 1 The heavens declare thy glory, Lord!
In every star thy wisdom shines;
But when our eyes behold thy word,
We read thy name in fairer lines.
- 2 The rolling sun, the changing light,
And nights and days, thy power confess;
But the blest volume thou hast writ
Reveals thy justice and thy grace.
- 3 Nor shall thy spreading gospel rest
Till through the world thy truth has run
- Till Christ has all the nations blest,
That see the light, or feel the sun.
- 4 Great sun of righteousness, arise,
Bless the dark world with heavenly light.
Thy gospel makes the simple wise;
Thy laws are pure, thy judgments right.
- 5 Thy noblest wonders here we view,
In souls renewed, and sins forgiven:
Lord, cleanse my sins, my soul renew,
And make thy word my guide to heaven.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1674

111 Tune, ST. AGNES (See opposite page)

- 1 Father of me and all mankind,
And all the hosts above,
Let every understanding mind
Unite to praise thy love.
- 2 Thy kingdom come, with power and grace,
To every heart of man;
Thy peace and joy and righteousness
In all our bosoms reign, —
- 3 The righteousness that never ends,
But makes an end of sin;
The joy that human thought transcends
Into our souls bring in;
- 4 The kingdom of established peace,
Which can no more remove;
The perfect powers of godliness,
The omnipotence of love.

Rev. Charles Wesley, 1708

GOD THE FATHER

VICARIA L. M.

J. R. Fairlamb



112

1 Lord, when I quit this earthly stage,
Where shall I fly but to thy breast?
For I could find no other home,
For I have learned no other rest.

2 I cannot live contented here
Without some glimpses of thy face;
And heav'n, without thy presence there,
Would be a dark and tiresome place.

3 When earthly cares engross the day,
And hold my thoughts aside from thee,
The shining hours of cheerful light
Are like long, tedious years to me.

4 And if no evening visit's paid
Between my Saviour and my soul,
How dull the night! how sad the shade!
How mournfully the minutes roll!

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1674

113

1 O thou, to whose all-searching sight
The darkness shineth as the light!
Search, prove my heart; it pants for thee:
O burst these bonds, and set it free!

2 If in this darksome wild I stray,
Be thou my light, be thou my way:
No foes, no violence, I fear;
No ill, while thou, my God, art near.

3 When rising floods my soul o'erflow,
When sinks my heart in waves of woe,
O God, thy timely aid impart,
And raise my head and cheer my heart.

4 If rough and thorny be the way,
My strength proportion to my day:
Till toil and grief and pain shall cease,
Where all is calm and joy and peace.

Gerhard Tersteegen, 1697
Tr. Rev. John Wesley, 1703

GOD THE FATHER

HUMILITY L. M.

S. P. Tuckerman



114

1 Father of lights, we sing thy name,
Who kindlest up the lamp of day:
Wide as he spreads his golden flame,
His beams thy power and love display.

2 Fountain of good, from thee proceed
The copious drops of genial rain,
Which, o'er the hill and through the mead,
Revive the grass and swell the grain.

3 O let not our forgetful hearts
O'erlook the tokens of thy care;
But what thy liberal hand imparts
Still own in praise, still ask in prayer.

4 So shall our suns more grateful shine,
And showers in sweeter drops shall fall,

When all our hearts and lives are thine,
And thou, O God, enjoyed in all!
Rev. Philip Doddridge, 1702

115

1 High in the heavens, eternal God,
Thy goodness in full glory shines;
Thy truth shall break through every cloud
That veils and darkens thy designs.

2 Forever firm thy justice stands,
As mountains their foundations keep;
Wise are the wonders of thy hands;
Thy judgments are a mighty deep.

3 Life, like a fountain, rich and free,
Springs from the presence of my Lord;
And in the light our souls shall see
The glories promised in thy word.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1674

116

Tune, **VICARIA** (See opposite page) or **HUMILITY**

1 My God, how endless is thy love!
Thy gifts are every evening new;
And morning mercies from above
Gently distil like early dew.

2 Thou spread'st the curtains of the night,
Great guardian of my sleeping hours!

Thy sovereign word restores the light,
And quickens all my drowsy powers.

3 I yield my powers to thy command;
To thee I consecrate my days;
Perpetual blessings from thy hand
Demand perpetual songs of praise.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1674

GOD THE FATHER

WARD L. M.

Scotch Melody



117

- 1 O thou who hast at thy command
The hearts of all men in thy hand!
Our wayward, erring hearts incline
To have no other will but thine.
- 2 Our wishes, our desires, control;
Mould every purpose of the soul;
O'er all may we victorious be
That stands between ourselves and
thee.
- 3 Thrice blest will all our blessings be,
When we can look through them to
thee;
When each glad heart its tribute pays
Of love and gratitude and praise.
- 4 And while we to thy glory live,
May we to thee all glory give;
Until the final summons come,
That calls thy willing servants home.

Mrs. Jane Cotterill, 1790

118

- 1 To thine eternal arms, O God,
Take us, thine erring children, in;
From dangerous paths too boldly trod,
From wandering thoughts and
dreams of sin.
- 2 Those arms were round our childish
ways,
A guard thro' helpless years to be;
O leave not our maturer days,
We still are helpless without thee!
- 3 We trusted hope and pride and
strength: [was vain,
Our strength proved false, our pride
Our dreams have faded all at length,—
We come to thee, O Lord, again!
- 4 A guide to trembling steps yet be,
Give us of thine eternal powers!
So shall our paths all lead to thee,
And life smile on like childhood's
hours.

Thomas Wentworth Higginson, 1823

GOD THE FATHER

SHIPLAKE 10.

E. Hulton



119

- 1 Father, thy wonders do not singly stand,
Nor far removed where feet have seldom strayed:
Around us ever lies the enchanted land,
In marvels rich to thine own sons displayed.
- 2 In finding thee are all things round us found;
In losing thee are all things lost beside;
Ears have we, but in vain sweet voices sound,
And to our eyes the vision is denied.
- 3 Open our eyes that we that world may see,
Open our ears that we thy voice may hear,
And in the spirit-land may ever be,
And feel thy presence with us always near.
- 4 No more to wander 'mid the things of time,
No more to suffer death or earthly change,
But with the Christian's joy and faith sublime
Through all thy vast eternal scenes to range.

Rev. Jones Very, 1813

GOD THE FATHER

DEDHAM C. M.

W. Gardiner



120

- 1 When I survey life's varied scene,
Amid the darkest hours
Sweet rays of comfort shine between,
And thorns are mixed with flowers.

- 5 "Let the sweet hope that thou are mine
My path of life attend,
Thy presence through my journey shine,
And bless its happy end."

Anne Steele, 1716

121

- 2 Is health and ease my happy share?
O may I bless my God!
Thy kindness let my songs declare,
And spread thy praise abroad.

- 1 Father! the dearest, holiest name
That men or angels know!
Fountain of life, that had no fount
From which itself could flow!

- 3 And O, whate'er of earthly bliss
Thy sovereign hand denies,
Accepted at thy throne of grace,
Let this petition rise, —

- 2 From thee are drawn the worlds of life,
From thee our living souls;
And undiminished still thy sea
Of calmest glory rolls.

- 4 "Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
From every murmur free,
The blessings of thy grace impart,
And let me live to thee;

- 3 All wills are held within thy will,
All things in thee possessed;
To labor for thee is our work,
To think of thee our rest.

Rev. Frederick W. Faber, 1814

GOD THE FATHER

HANFORD 8. 4.

A. S. Sullivan



A - MEN.

122

1 My God, my Father, while I stray,
Far from my home, on life's rough way,
O teach me from my heart to say,
"Thy will be done!"

2 Though dark my path and sad my lot,
Let me be still and murmur not,
Or breathe the prayer divinely taught, —
"Thy will be done!"

3 Though thou hast called me to resign
What most I prized, it ne'er was mine:
I have but yielded what was thine, —
"Thy will be done!"

4 Should grief or sickness waste away
My life in premature decay,
My Father, still I strive to say,
"Thy will be done!"

5 Let but my fainting heart be blest
With thy sweet spirit for its guest,
My God, to thee I leave the rest, —
"Thy will be done!"

6 Renew my will from day to day;
Blend it with thine, and take away
All that now makes it hard to say
"Thy will be done!"

Charlotte Elliott, 1789

123

1 I cannot always trace the way
Where thou, almighty one, dost move;
But I can always, always say
That God is love.

2 When fear her chilling mantle flings
O'er earth, my soul to heaven above,
As to her native home, upsprings;
For God is love.

3 When mystery clouds my darkened path,
I'll check my dread, my doubts reprove;
In this my soul sweet comfort hath,
That God is love.

4 O may this truth my heart employ,
Bid every gloomy thought remove,
And turn all tears, all woes, to joy:
Thou, God, art love.

Sir John Bowring, 1792

GOD THE FATHER

HUMMEL C. M.

C. Zeuner

124

- | | |
|--|---|
| 1 I sing the almighty power of God,
That made the mountains rise,
That spread the flowing seas abroad,
And built the lofty skies. | He formed the creatures with his word,
And then pronounced them good. |
| 2 I sing the wisdom that ordained
The sun to rule the day;
The moon shines full at his command,
And all the stars obey. | 4 There's not a plant or flower below,
But makes thy glories known;
And clouds arise, and tempests blow,
By order from thy throne. |
| 3 I sing the goodness of the Lord,
That filled the earth with food; | 5 Creatures that borrow life from thee
Are subject to thy care;
There's not a place where we can flee,
But God is present there. |

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1674

MELCOMBE L. M. (Hymn 126)

S. Webbe

GOD THE FATHER

ST. LEONARD C. M. D.

H. Hiles

125

- 1 God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform:
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.
Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up his bright designs,
And works his sovereign will.

- 2 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take:
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.
Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace:
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

- 3 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour:
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.
Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain:
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain.

William Cowper, 1731

126 Tune, **MELCOMBE** (See opposite page)

- 1 Thou one in all, thou all in one, [days,
Source of the grace that crowns our
For all thy gifts 'neath cloud or sun,
We lift to thee our grateful praise.
- 2 We bless thee for the life that flows,
A pulse in every grain of sand,
A beauty in the blushing rose, [hand.
A thought and deed in brain and
- 3 For life that thou hast made a joy, [thine,
For strength to make our lives like
For duties that our hands employ—
We bring our offerings to thy shrine.
- 4 Be thine to give and ours to own
The truth that sets thy children free,
The law that binds us to thy throne,
The love that makes us one with thee.

GOD THE FATHER

CONISTON C. M.

J. Barnby



A - MEN.

127

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>1 Great ruler of all nature's frame,
We own thy power divine,
We hear thy breath in every storm,
For all the winds are thine.</p> <p>2 Wide as they sweep their sounding way,
They work thy sovereign will;
And, awed by thy majestic voice,
Confusion shall be still.</p> | <p>3 Thy mercy tempers every blast
To those who seek thy face;
And mingles, with the tempest's roar,
The whispers of thy grace.</p> <p>4 Those gentle whispers let me hear,
Till all the tumult cease,
And gales of Paradise shall lull
My weary soul to peace.</p> |
|---|---|

Rev. Philip Doddridge, 1702

128

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>1 O thou, in all thy might so far,
In all thy love so near,
Beyond the range of sun and star,
And yet beside me here:</p> <p>2 What heart can comprehend thy name,
Or, searching, find thee out,
Who art, within, a quickening flame,
A presence round about?</p> <p>3 Yet though I know thee but in part,
I ask not, Lord, for more:</p> | <p>Enough for me to know thou art,
To love thee and adore!</p> <p>4 O sweeter far than aught besides,
The tender mystery
That like a veil of shadow hides
The light I may not see!</p> <p>5 And dearer than all things I know
The childlike faith shall be,
That makes the darkest way I go
An open path to thee.</p> |
|--|---|

Rev. Frederick L. Hosmer, 1840

GOD THE FATHER

LYONS P. M.

F. J. Haydn



129

- 1 My soul, praise the Lord, speak good of his name!
His mercies record, his bounties proclaim:
To God, their creator, let all creatures raise
The song of thanksgiving, the chorus of praise!
- 2 Though hid from man's sight, God sits on his throne,
Yet here by his works their author is known:
The world shines a mirror its maker to show,
And heaven views its image reflected below.
- 3 By knowledge supreme, by wisdom divine,
God governs this earth with gracious design;
O'er beast, bird, and insect, his providence reigns,
Whose will first created, whose love still sustains.
- 4 And man, his last work, with reason endued,
Who, falling through sin, by grace is renewed;
To God, his creator, let man ever raise
The song of thanksgiving, the chorus of praise!

Thomas Park, 1760

GOD THE FATHER

BEATITUDO C. M.

J. B. Dykes



130

1 How large the promise, how divine,
To Abraham and his seed!
"I'll be a God to thee and thine,
Supplying all their need."

2 The words of his extensive love
From age to age endure;
The angel of the covenant proves,
And seals the blessings sure.

3 Jesus the ancient faith confirms
To our great fathers given;
He takes young children in his arms,
And calls them heirs of heaven.

4 Our God! — how faithful are his ways!
His love endures the same;
Nor from the promise of his grace
Blots out our children's name.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1674

2 Ye shall not faint, ye shall not fail,
Made in the spirit strong;
Each task divine ye still shall hail,
And blend it with a song.

Thomas H. Gill, 1819

132

1 The Lord our God is full of might,
The winds obey his will;
He speaks, and in his heavenly height
The rolling sun stands still.

2 Rebel, ye waves! and o'er the land
With threatening aspect roar;
The Lord uplifts his awful hand,
And chains you to the shore.

3 Howl, winds of night! your force combine;
Without his high behest,
Ye shall not in the mountain pine
Disturb the sparrow's nest.

131

1 Walk with your God, along the road, 4 Ye nations all, in reverence bend,
Your strength he will renew; Ye monarchs, wait his nod,
Wait on the everlasting God, And bid the choral song ascend
And he will work with you. To celebrate our God!

Henry K. White, 1785

GOD THE FATHER

DIX 7. 6l.

C. Kocher

133

- 1 God of mercy, God of grace,
Show the brightness of thy face;
Shine upon us, Father, shine,
Fill us with thy light divine;
And thy saving health extend
Unto earth's remotest end.
- 2 Let the people praise thee, Lord!
Let thy love on all be poured;
Let awakened nations sing
Glory to their heavenly King,
At thy feet their tribute pay,
And thy holy will obey.
- 3 Let the people praise thee, Lord!
Earth shall then her fruits afford,
God to man his blessing give,
Man to God devoted live;

All below, and all above,
One in joy and light and love.

Rev. Henry F. Lyte, 1793

134

- 1 As the hart, with eager looks,
Panteth for the water-brooks,
So my soul, athirst for thee,
Pants the living God to see.
When, O when, with filial fear,
Lord, shall I to thee draw near?
- 2 Why art thou cast down, my soul?
God, thy God, shall make thee whole;
Why art thou disquieted?
God shall lift thy fallen head,
And his countenance benign
Be the saving health of thine.

James Montgomery, 1771

GOD THE FATHER

FEDERAL STREET L. M.

H. K. Oliver

135

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>1 Eternal and immortal King!
Thy peerless splendors none can bear;
But darkness veils seraphic eyes,
When God with all his glory's there.</p> <p>2 Yet faith can pierce the awful gloom,
The great invisible can see;
And with its tremblings mingle joy,
In fixed regard, great God, to thee.</p> <p>3 Then every tempting form of sin,
Shamed in thy presence, disappears;
And all the glowing, raptured soul,
The likeness it contemplates, wears.</p> <p>4 O ever conscious to my heart,
Witness to its supreme desire!</p> | <p>Behold, it presseth on to thee,
For it hath caught the heavenly fire.</p> <p>5 This one petition would it urge, —
To bear thee ever in its sight;
In life, in death, in worlds unknown,
Its only portion and delight!</p> |
|--|--|

Rev. Philip Doddridge, 1702

136

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>1 God of our fathers! in whose sight
The thousand years that sweep away
Man and the traces of his might,
Are but the break and close of day!</p> <p>2 Grant us that love of truth sublime,
That love of goodness and of thee,
Which makes thy children in all time
To share thine own eternity.</p> | |
|--|--|

Rev. John Pierpont, 1785

J. B. Dykes

ST. BEES 7. (Hymn 138)

A-MEN.

GOD THE FATHER

PARTING 10.

E. J. Hopkins



137

- 1 Almighty former of creation's plan,
Faintly reflected in thine image, man;
Holy and just, — the greatness of whose name
Fills and supports this universal frame: —
- 2 Whose spirit fills the infinitude of space, —
Who art thyself thine own vast dwelling-place; —
Soul of our soul, whom yet no sense of ours
Discerns, eluding our most active powers: —
- 3 Encircling shades attend thine awful throne,
That veil thy face, and keep thee still unknown;
Unknown, tho' dwelling in our inmost part,
Lord of the thoughts, and sovereign of the heart!

Mme. de la Motte-Guyon, 1648

Tr. William Cowper, 1731

138 Tune, ST. BEES (See opposite page)

- 1 Father, at thy footstool see
Those who now are one in thee!
Each to each unite, and bless;
Keep us in thy perfect peace.
- 2 Lord of our supreme desire!
Fill us now with heavenly fire:
Nobly may we bear the strife,
Keep the holiness, of life;
- 3 Still forget the things behind, —
Follow Christ in heart and mind;
To the mark unwearied press,
Seize the crown of righteousness.
- 4 Father, fill us with thy love;
Never from our souls remove;
Dwell with us, and we shall be
Thine through all eternity.

Rev. Charles Wesley, 1708

CHRIST

ST. ANDREW S. M.

J. Barnby

A-MEN.

139

1 Ye servants of the Lord,
Each in your office, wait,
Observant of his heavenly word,
And watchful at his gate.

3 Watch! 'tis your Lord's command,
And while we speak he's near;
Mark the first signal of his hand,
And ready all appear.

2 Let all your lamps be bright,
And trim the golden flame;
Gird up your loins as in his sight,
For awful is his name.

4 O happy servant he
In such a posture found;
He shall his Lord with rapture see,
And be with honor crowned.

Rev. Philip Doddridge, 1702

DOMINUS REGIT ME 8. 7. (Hymn 141)

J. B. Dykes

A-MEN.

CHRIST

HAMBURG L. M.

Arranged by L. Mason



140

- 1 Jesus shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.
- 2 People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on his love with sweetest song,
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on his name.
- 3 Blessings abound where'er he reigns;
The prisoner leaps to loose his chains,
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.
- 4 Let every creature rise, and bring
Peculiar honors to our King;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the long amen.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1674

141

Tune, DOMINUS REGIT ME (See opposite page)

- 1 The King of love my shepherd is,
Whose goodness faileth never;
I nothing lack if I am his,
And he is mine forever.
- 2 Where streams of living water flow
My ransomed soul he leadeth.
And, where the verdant pastures grow,
With food celestial feedeth.
- 3 Perverse and foolish oft I strayed,
But yet in love he sought me,
And on his shoulder gently laid,
And home, rejoicing, brought me.
- 4 In death's dark vale I fear no ill
With thee, dear Lord, beside me:
Thy rod and staff my comfort still,
Thy cross before to guide me.
- 5 Thou spread'st a table in my sight;
Thy unction grace bestoweth;
And O what transport of delight
From thy pure chalice floweth!
- 6 And so through all the length of days,
Thy goodness faileth never:
Good shepherd, may I sing thy praise
Within thy house for ever.

Sir Henry W. Baker, 1821

CHRIST

ST. DROSTANE L. M.

J. B. Dykes

142

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>1 Ride on, ride on in majesty:
In lowly pomp ride on to die:
O Christ, thy triumphs now begin,
O'er captive death and conquered sin.</p> | <p>3 Ride on, ride on in majesty;
The winged squadrons of the sky
Look down with sad and wondering eyes
To see the approaching sacrifice.</p> |
| <p>2 Ride on, ride on in majesty;
Hark! all the tribes "Hosanna" cry:
Thy humble beast pursues his road,
With palms and scattered garments
strewed.</p> | <p>4 Ride on, ride on in majesty;
Thy last and fiercest strife is nigh:
Bow thy meek head to mortal pain,
Then take, O Christ, thy power, and
reign.</p> |

Dean Henry H. Milman, 1791

FEDERAL STREET L. M. (Hymn 144)

H. K. Oliver

CHRIST

ST. BEES 7.

J. B. Dykes



143

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>1 Hark! my soul! it is the Lord:
'Tis thy Saviour, hear his word;
Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee,
Speaks to each one, "Lov'st thou me?"</p> <p>2 He delivered thee when bound,
And when wounded, healed thy wound;
Sought thee wandering, set thee right,
Turned thy darkness into light.</p> <p>3 Can a woman's tender care
Cease towards the child she bare?
Yes, she may forgetful be;
Yet will he remember thee.</p> | <p>4 His is an unchanging love,
Higher than the heights above,
Deeper than the depths beneath,
Free and faithful, strong as death.</p> <p>5 We shall see his glory soon.
When the work of grace is done;
Partners of his throne shall be;
Hear him asking, "Lov'st thou me?"</p> <p>6 Lord, it is my chief complaint
That my love is weak and faint;
Yet I love thee and adore;
O for grace to love thee more!</p> |
|---|--|

William Cowper, 1731

144 Tune, FEDERAL STREET (See opposite page)

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>1 Thou, Lord, who rear'st the mountain's
height, [bright,
And mak'st the cliffs with sunshine
O grant that we may own thy hand,
No less in every grain of sand.</p> <p>2 With forests huge, of dateless time,
Thy will has hung each peak sublime;
But withered leaves beneath the tree
Have tongues that tell as loud of thee.</p> | <p>3 Teach us that not a leaf can grow,
Till life from thee within it flow;
That not a grain of dust can be,
O fount of being! save by thee;—</p> <p>4 That every human word and deed,
Each flash of feeling, will, or creed,
Hath solemn meaning from above,
Begun and ended all in love.</p> |
|--|--|

Rev. John Sterling, 1806

CHRIST

PENITENTIA 10.

E. Dearie

The musical score is written for two parts, Treble and Bass, in 4/4 time with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). It consists of three systems of staves. The first system has a treble staff with a melody and a bass staff with a harmonic accompaniment. The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The third system concludes with a double bar line and the text 'A - MEN.' written below the bass staff.

145

- 1 O thou great friend to all the sons of men,
Who once appeared in humblest guise below,
Sin to rebuke, to break the captive's chain,
And call thy brethren forth from want and woe!
- 2 Thee would I sing: thy truth is still the light
Which guides the nations, groping on their way,
Stumbling and falling in disastrous night,
Yet hoping ever for the perfect day.
- 3 Yes: thou art still the life; thou art the way
The holiest know, — light, life, and way of heaven;
And they who dearest hope, and deepest pray,
Toil by the light, life, way, which thou hast given.

Rev. Theodore Parker, 1810

CHRIST

SAXONY L. M.

Old German



146

1 Jesus, where'er thy people meet,
There they behold thy mercy-seat;
Where'er they seek thee, thou art found,
And ev'ry place is hallowed ground.

2 For thou, within no walls confined,
Inhabitest the humble mind;
Such ever bring thee where they come,
And going, take thee to their home.

3 Great Shepherd of thy chosen few,
Thy former mercies here renew;
Here to our waiting hearts proclaim
The sweetness of thy saving name.

4 Here may we prove the power of prayer
To strengthen faith, and sweeten care,
To teach our faint desires to rise,
And bring all heaven before our eyes.

5 Lord, we are few, but thou art near:
Nor short thine arm, nor deaf thine ear;
O, rend the heavens, come quickly
down,
And make a thousand hearts thine own.

William Cowper, 1731

147

1 Jesus, and can it ever be, —
A mortal man ashamed of thee?
Scorned be the thought by rich and
poor;
My soul shall scorn it more and more.

2 Ashamed of Jesus! that dear friend
On whom my hopes of heaven depend?
No! when I blush, be this my shame, —
That I no more revere his name.

3 Ashamed of Jesus! yes, I may
When I've no sins to cast away,
No tears to wipe, no joys to crave,
And no immortal soul to save.

Rev. Joseph Grigg, 1723



148

1 In the cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.

2 When the woes of life o'ertake me,
Hopes deceive, and fears annoy,
Never shall the cross forsake me;
Lo, it glows with peace and joy.

3 When the sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon my way,
From the cross the radiance streaming
Adds more lustre to the day.

4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
By the cross are sanctified;

Peace is there, that knows no measure,
Joys that through all time abide.

5 In the cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.

Sir John Bowring, 1792

149

1 Israel's shepherd, guide me, feed me
Through my pilgrimage below,
And beside the waters lead me,
Where thy flock rejoicing go.

2 Lord, thy guardian presence ever,
Meekly kneeling, I implore;
I have found thee, and would never,
Never wander from thee more.

Rev. Edward H. Bickersteth, 1825

HEATH S. M. (Hymn 151)

R. Schumann



A-MEN.

CHRIST

CORONATION C. M.

O. Holden

150

1 All hail the power of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all.

2 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him Lord of all;
To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him Lord of all.

Rev. Edward Perronet, 1726

151 Tune, **HEATH** (See opposite page)

1 How beautiful are their feet,
Who stand on Zion's hill;
Who bring salvation on their tongues,
And words of peace reveal!
2 How charming is their voice,
How sweet the tidings are!
Zion, behold thy Saviour king:
He reigns and triumphs here.
3 How happy are our ears
That hear the joyful sound,

Which kings and prophets waited for,
And sought, but never found!

4 How blessed are our eyes,
That see this heavenly light!
Prophets and priests desired it long,
But died without the sight.

5 The watchmen join their voice,
And tuneful notes employ:
Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,
And deserts learn the joy.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1674

CHRIST

REGENT SQUARE 8. 7. 6l.

H. Smart



A - MEN.

152

- 1 Christ is made the sure foundation,
Christ the head and corner-stone,
Chosen of the Lord, and precious,
Binding all the church in one;
Holy Zion's help forever,
And her confidence alone.
- 2 To this temple, where we call thee,
Come, O Lord of hosts, to-day:
With thy wonted loving-kindness,

Hear thy servants as they pray;
And thy fullest benediction
Shed within its walls alway.

- 3 Here vouchsafe to all thy servants
What they ask of thee to gain,
What they gain from thee, forever
With the blessed to retain,
And hereafter in thy glory
Evermore with thee to reign.

Tr. Rev. John M. Neale, 1818

CHRIST

LUX PRIMA 7. 6l.

C. Gounod



A - MEN.

153

1 Christ whose glory fills the skies,
Christ, the true, the only light,
Sun of righteousness, arise!
Triumph o'er the shades of night;
Day-spring from on high, be near;
Day-star, in my heart appear.

2 Dark and cheerless is the morn
Unaccompanied by thee;
Joyless is the day's return,

Till thy mercy's beams I see;
Till thou inward light impart,
Glad my eyes, and warm my heart.

3 Visit then this soul of mine;
Pierce the gloom of sin and grief;
Fill me, radiancy divine;
Scatter all my unbelief;
More and more thyself display,
Shining to the perfect day.

Rev. Charles Wesley, 1708

CHRIST

TUNBRIDGE L. M.

R. Redhead



154

- 1 My dear Redeemer and my Lord,
I read my duty in thy word;
But in thy life the law appears,
Drawn out in living characters.
- 2 Such was thy truth and such thy zeal,
Such deference to thy Father's will,
Such love and meekness so divine,—
I would transcribe, and make them
mine.
- 3 Cold mountains and the midnight air
Witnessed the fervor of thy prayer;
The desert thy temptations knew,
Thy conflict and thy victory, too.
- 4 Be thou my pattern: may I bear
More of thy gracious image here!
Then God, the judge, shall own my
name
Amongst the followers of the Lamb.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1674

155

- 1 How sweetly flowed the gospel's sound
From lips of gentleness and grace,
When listening thousands gathered
round,
And joy and reverence filled the place!
- 2 From heaven he came, of heaven he
spoke,
To heaven he led his followers' way;
Dark clouds of gloomy night he broke,
Unveiling an immortal day.
- 3 "Come, wanderers, to my Father's
home;
Come, all ye weary ones, and rest."
Yes, sacred teacher, we will come,
Obey thee, love thee, and be blest.
- 4 Decay, then, tenements of dust;
Pillars of earthly pride, decay:
A nobler mansion waits the just,
And Jesus has prepared the way.

Sir John Bowring, 1792



156

- | | |
|--|---|
| 1 Immortal love, forever full,
Forever flowing free,
Forever shared, forever whole,
A never-ebbing sea! | 4 But warm, sweet, tender, even yet
A present help is he;
And faith has still its Olivet,
And love its Galilee. |
| 2 Our outward lips confess the name
All other names above;
Love only knoweth whence it came,
And comprehendeth love. | 5 The healing of his seamless dress
Is by our beds of pain;
We touch him in life's throng and press,
And we are whole again. |
| 3 We may not climb the heavenly steep
To bring the Lord Christ down;
In vain we search the lowest deeps,
For him no depths can drown: | 6 Thro' him the first fond prayers are said
Our lips of childhood frame;
The last low whispers of our dead
Are burdened with his name. |

John G. Whittier, 1807

157 Tune, TUNBRIDGE (See opposite page)

- | | |
|--|--|
| 1 Forth in thy name, O Lord, I go,
My daily labor to pursue;
Thee, only thee, resolved to know,
In all I think, or speak, or do. | 3 Give me to bear thine easy yoke,
And every moment watch and pray;
And still to things eternal look,
And hasten to thy glorious day. |
| 2 The task thy wisdom hath assigned,
O let me cheerfully fulfill!
In all my works thy presence find,
And prove thy good and perfect will. | 4 Fain would I still for thee employ
Whate'er thy bounteous grace hath
given,
And run my course with even joy,
And closely walk with thee to heaven. |

Rev. Charles Wesley, 1708

CHRIST

CHRISTMAS C. M.

G. F. Händel

158

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>1 Awake, my soul; stretch every nerve,
And press with vigor on:
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.</p> <p>2 A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey:
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.</p> | <p>3 'Tis God's all-animating voice
That calls thee from on high;
'Tis his own hand presents the prize
To thine aspiring eye,—</p> <p>4 That prize, with peerless glories bright
Which shall new lustre boast
When victors' wreaths and monarchs' gems
Shall blend in common dust.</p> |
|--|--|

Rev. Philip Doddridge, 1702

HOLY CROSS P. M. (Hymn 160)

J. E. West

CHRIST

HANFORD 8. 4.

A. S. Sullivan



159

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>1 Jesus, my Saviour, look on me,
For I am weary and oppress;
I come to cast myself on thee,—
Thou art my rest.</p> <p>2 Look down on me, for I am weak;
I feel the toilsome journey's length;
Thine aid omnipotent I seek,—
Thou art my strength.</p> <p>3 I am bewildered on my way;
Dark and tempestuous is the night;
O send thou forth some cheering ray,—
Thou art my light.</p> | <p>4 I hear the storms around me rise;
But when I dread the impending shock,
My spirit to the refuge flies,—
Thou art my rock.</p> <p>5 Standing alone on Jordan's brink,
In that tremendous latest strife,
Thou wilt not suffer me to sink,—
Thou art my life.</p> <p>6 Thou wilt my every want supply,
E'en to the end, whate'er befall;
Through life, in death, eternally,
Thou art my all.</p> |
|--|--|

Charlotte Elliott, 1789

160

Tune, HOLY CROSS (See opposite page)

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>1 Heal me, O my Saviour, heal;
Heal me as I suppliant kneel;
Heal me, and my pardon seal.</p> <p>2 Fresh the wounds that sin hath made;
Hear the prayers I oft have prayed,
And in mercy send me aid.</p> <p>3 Helpless, none can help me now;
Cheerless, none can cheer but thou;
Suppliant, Lord, to thee I bow.</p> | <p>4 Thou the true physician art;
Thou, O Christ, canst health impart,
Binding up the bleeding heart.</p> <p>5 Other comforters are gone;
Thou canst heal, and thou alone,
Thou for all my sin atone.</p> <p>6 Heal me, then, my Saviour, heal;
Heal me, as I suppliant kneel;
To thy mercy I appeal.</p> |
|---|---|

Rev. Godfrey Thring, 1823

CHRIST

ST. PETER C. M.

A. R. Reinagle



161

- 1 The Lord be with us as we bend
His blessing to receive;
His gift of peace upon us send,
Before his courts we leave.
- 2 The Lord be with us as we walk
Along our homeward road;
In silent thought or friendly talk
Our hearts be still with God.
- 3 The Lord be with us till the night
Shall close the day of rest;
Be he of every heart the light,
Of every home the guest.
- 4 And when our nightly prayers we say,
His watch he still shall keep,
Crown with his peace his own blest day,
And guard his people's sleep.

Rev. John Ellerton, 1826

162

- 1 O help us, Lord; each hour of need
Thy heavenly succor give.
Help us in tho't, in word, and deed,
Each hour on earth we live!
- 2 O help us, when our spirits cry
With contrite anguish sore;
And when our hearts are cold and dry,
O help us, Lord, the more!
- 3 O help us through the prayer of faith
More firmly to believe!
For still the more the servant hath
The more shall he receive.
- 4 O help us, Saviour, from on high:
We have no help but thee.
O help us so to live and die
As thine in heaven to be!

Dean Henry H. Milman, 1791

CHRIST

ST. AGNES C. M.

J. B. Dykes



A - MEN.

163

- 1 Walk in the light! so shalt thou know
That fellowship of love
His spirit only can bestow,
Who reigns in light above.

- 2 Walk in the light! and thou shalt find
Thy heart made truly his,
Who dwells in cloudless light enshrined,
In whom no darkness is.

- 3 Walk in the light! and thou shalt own
Thy darkness passed away;
Because that light hath on thee shone
In which is perfect day.

- 4 Walk in the light! and e'en the tomb
No fearful shade shall wear;
Glory shall chase away its gloom,
For Christ hath conquered there.

- 5 Walk in the light! and thine shall be
A path, though thorny, bright;
For God, by grace, shall dwell in thee,
And God himself is light.

Bernard Barton, 1784

164

- 1 Come, holy spirit, heavenly dove,
With all thy quickening powers:
Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours.

- 2 In vain we tune our formal songs,
In vain we strive to rise;
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.

- 3 Come, holy spirit, heavenly dove,
With all thy quickening powers:
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1674

CHRIST

ST. JAMES C. M.

R. Courteville

165

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>1 Behold where, in a mortal form,
Appears each grace divine!
The virtues, all in Jesus met,
With mildest radiance shine.</p> <p>2 To spread the rays of heavenly light,
To give the mourner joy,
To preach glad tidings to the poor,
Was his divine employ.</p> <p>3 'Midst keen reproach and cruel scorn,
Patient and meek he stood:</p> | <p>His foes, ungrateful, sought his life;
He labored for their good.</p> <p>4 In the last hour of deep distress,
Before his Father's throne,
With soul resigned he bowed, and said,
"Thy will, not mine, be done."</p> <p>5 Be Christ our pattern and our guide;
His image may we bear!
O may we tread his holy steps,
His joy and glory share!</p> |
|--|---|

Rev. William Enfield, 1741

ARIEL 8. 8. 6. (Second Tune for Hymn 166)

Arranged from Mozart

CHRIST

HABAKKUK 8. 8. 6.

E. Hodges

A-MEN.

166

1 O could we speak the matchless worth,
O could we sound the glories forth,
Which in our Saviour shine! —
We'd soar and touch the heavenly
strings,
And vie with Gabriel, while he sings
In notes almost divine.

2 We'd sing the characters he bears,
And all the forms of love he wears,
Exalted on his throne:

In loftiest songs of sweetest praise,
We would, to everlasting days,
Make all his glories known.

3 O the delightful day will come,
When Christ, our Lord, will bring us
home,
And we shall see his face!
Then, with our Saviour, brother, friend,
A blest eternity we'll spend,
Triumphant in his grace.

Rev. Samuel Medley, 1738

ARIEL (Continued)

A-MEN.

CHRIST

REDHEAD 7. 6l.

R. Redhead



A -MEN.

167

- 1 It is finished, — glorious word
From thy lips, our suffering Lord;
Word of high, triumphant might,
Ere thy spirit takes its flight.
It is finished: all is o'er;
Pain and scorn oppress no more.
- 2 Now no more foreboding dread
Shades the path thy feet must tread;
No more fear lest, in thine hour,
Pain should patience overpower.
On the perfect sacrifice
Not a stain of weakness lies.
- 3 Champion, lay thine armor by;
'Tis thine hour of victory.
All thy toils are now o'erpast;
Thou hast found thy rest at last:
All hath faithfully been done,
And the world's salvation won.

Rev. Stephen G. Bulfinch, 1809

168

- 1 Go to dark Gethsemane,
Ye that feel the tempter's power;
Your Redeemer's conflict see,
Watch with him one bitter hour;
Turn not from his griefs away,
Learn of Jesus Christ to pray.
- 2 Follow to the judgment-hall;
View the Lord of life arraigned;
O the wormwood and the gall!
O the pangs his soul sustained!
Shun not suffering, shame, or loss;
Learn of him to bear the cross.
- 3 Calvary's mournful mountain climb;
There, adoring at his feet,
Mark the miracle of time,
God's own sacrifice complete;
"It is finished!" hear him cry;
Learn of Jesus Christ to die.

James Montgomery, 1771

CHRIST

WINDSOR 11. 10. .

J. Barnby



169

- 1 Come unto me, when shadows darkly gather,
When the sad heart is weary and distressed;
Seeking for comfort from your heavenly Father,
Come unto me, and I will give you rest:
- 2 Ye who have mourned when the spring flowers were taken,
When the ripe fruit fell richly to the ground;
When the loved slept, in brighter homes to waken,
Where their pale brows with spirit-wreaths are crowned.
- 3 Large are the mansions in the Father's dwelling ;
Glad are the homes that sorrows never dim;
Sweet are the harps in holy music swelling;
Soft are the tones which raise the heavenly hymn.
- 4 There, like an Eden blossoming in gladness,
Bloom the fair flowers the earth too rudely pressed:
Come unto me, all ye who droop in sadness,
Come unto me, and I will give you rest.

Mrs. Catherine H. Esling, 1812

CHRIST

ELY L. M.

T. Turton

170

1 Be with me, Lord, where'er I go; [do ;
Teach me what thou wouldst have me
Suggest whate'er I think or say;
Direct me in the narrow way.

2 Prevent me, lest I harbor pride,
Lest I in my own strength confide;

Show me my weakness; let me see
I have my power, my all from thee.

3 Assist and teach me how to pray;
Incline my nature to obey;
What thou abhorrest, let me flee,
And only love what pleases thee.

Rev. John Cennick, 1718

NATIVITY C. M. (Hymn 173)

H. Lahee

CHRIST

TALLIS'S ORDINAL C. M.

T. Tallis



172

A-MEN.

1 Bright was the guiding star that led,
With mild, benignant ray,
The Gentiles to the lowly shed
Where the Redeemer lay.

171

1 Beneath the shadow of the cross,
As earthly hopes remove,
His new commandment Jesus gives, —
His blessed word of love.

2 O bond of union, strong and deep!
O bond of perfect peace!
Not even the lifted cross can harm,
If we but hold to this.

3 Then, Jesus, be thy spirit ours;
And swift our feet shall move
To deeds of pure self-sacrifice,
And the sweet tasks of love.

Rev. Samuel Longfellow, 1819

2 But, lo! a brighter, clearer light,
Now points to his abode:
It shines through sin and sorrow's night,
To guide us to our Lord.

3 O haste to follow where it leads!
The gracious call obey,
Be rugged wilds or flowery meads
The Christian's destined way.

4 O gladly tread the narrow path,
While light and grace are given!
Who meekly follow Christ on earth
Shall reign with him in heaven.

Harriet Auber, 1773

178

Tune, NATIVITY (See opposite page)

1 Jesus, the very thought of thee
With sweetness fills my breast;
But sweeter far thy face to see,
And in thy presence rest.

2 Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame,
Nor can the memory find
A sweeter sound than thy blest name,
O Saviour of mankind!

3 O hope of every contrite heart,
O joy of all the meek,
To those who fall, how kind thou art!
How good to those who seek!

4 Jesus, our only joy be thou,
As thou our prize wilt be:
In thee be all our glory now,
And through eternity.

St. Bernard of Cluny, 1100 (?)
Tr. Rev. Edward Caswall, 1814

CHRIST

ST. AMBROSE 6. 4.

W. H. Monk



174

1 My faith looks up to thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Saviour divine!
Now hear me while I pray;
Take all my guilt away;
O let me, from this day,
Be wholly thine!

3 While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be thou my guide;
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From thee aside.

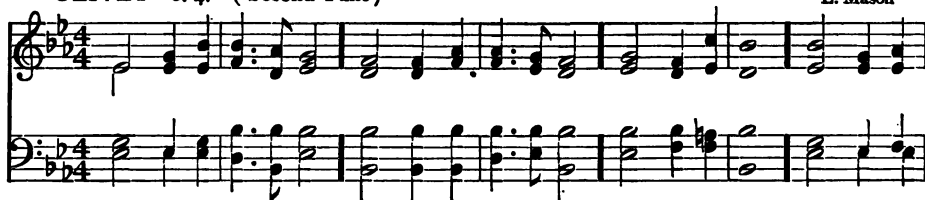
2 May thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire!
As thou hast died for me,
O may my love to thee
Pure, warm and changeless be, —
A living fire!

4 When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold, sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll,
Blest Saviour! then, in love,
Fear and distrust remove;
O bear me safe above,
A ransomed soul!

Rev. Ray Palmer, 1808

OLIVET 6. 4. (Second Tune)

L. Mason



CHRIST

HORTON 7.

Arranged by L. Mason



175

1 Come, said Jesus' sacred voice, —
Come, and make my paths your choice;
I will guide you to your home:
Weary pilgrim, hither come.

2 Thou who, houseless, sole, forlorn,
Long hast borne the proud world's
scorn,
Long hast roamed the barren waste,
Weary pilgrim, hither haste.

3 Ye who, tossed on beds of pain,
Seek for ease, but seek in vain;

Ye whose swollen and sleepless eyes
Watch to see the morning rise;

4 Ye, by fiercer anguish torn,
In remorse for guilt who mourn, —
Here repose your heavy care:
Let the Lord the burden bear.

5 Hither come; for here is found
Balm that flows for every wound,
Peace that ever shall endure,
Rest eternal, sacred, sure.

Mrs. Anna L. Barbauld, 1743

OLIVET, continued



CHRIST

AURELIA 7. 6. D.

S. S. Wesley

176

1 Hail to the Lord's anointed, —
Great David's greater Son!
Hail, in the time appointed,
His reign on earth begun!
He comes to break oppression,
To set the captive free,
To take away transgression,
And rule in equity.

2 He comes, with succor speedy,
To those who suffer wrong;
To help the poor and needy,
And bid the weak be strong;
To give them songs for sighing,
Their darkness turn to light,
Whose souls, condemned and dying,
Were precious in his sight.

3 He shall come down like showers
Upon the fruitful earth;
And love, joy, hope, like flowers,
Spring in his path to birth.
Before him on the mountains
Shall peace, the herald, go;
And righteousness, in fountains,
From hill to valley flow.

4 O'er every foe victorious,
He on his throne shall rest,
From age to age more glorious,
All-blessing and all-blest:
The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove;
His name shall stand forever;
That name to us is — Love.

James Montgomery, 1771

CHRIST

ZOAN 7. 6. D. (Second Tune)

W. H. Havergal

A - MEN.

176 (See also opposite page)

- 1 Hail to the Lord's anointed, —
Great David's greater Son!
Hail, in the time appointed,
His reign on earth begun!
He comes to break oppression,
To set the captive free,
To take away transgression,
And rule in equity.
- 2 He comes, with succor speedy,
To those who suffer wrong;
To help the poor and needy,
And bid the weak be strong;
To give them songs for sighing,
Their darkness turn to light,
Whose souls, condemned and dying,
Were precious in his sight.

- 3 He shall come down like showers
Upon the fruitful earth;
And love, joy, hope, like flowers,
Spring in his path to birth.
Before him on the mountains
Shall peace, the herald, go;
And righteousness, in fountains,
From hill to valley flow.
- 4 O'er every foe victorious,
He on his throne shall rest,
From age to age more glorious,
All-blessing and all-blest:
The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove;
His name shall stand forever;
That name to us is — Love.

James Montgomery, 1771

CHRIST

WESLEY 7. D.

Hayter's Collection



177

1 Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high.
Hide me, O my Saviour! hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide;
O receive my soul at last!

2 Other refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on thee;
Leave, O leave me not alone!
Still support and comfort me.

All my trust on thee is stayed,
All my help from thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of thy wing.

3 Plenteous grace with thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound,
Make and keep me pure within:
Thou of life the fountain art;
Freely let me take of thee;
Spring thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

Rev. Charles Wesley, 1708

CHRIST

HOLLINGSIDE 7. D. (Second Tune)

J. B. Dykes



A - MEN.

177 (See also opposite page)

- 1 Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high.
Hide me, O my Saviour! hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide;
O receive my soul at last!
- 2 Other refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on thee;
Leave, O leave me not alone!
Still support and comfort me.

All my trust on thee is stayed,
All my help from thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of thy wing.

- 3 Plenteous grace with thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound,
Make and keep me pure within:
Thou of life the fountain art;
Freely let me take of thee;
Spring thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

Rev. Charles Wesley, 1708

CHRIST

MORNING STAR II. 10.

J. P. Harding



178

- 1 Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid;
Star of the east, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.
- 2 Cold on his cradle the dew-drops are shining,
Low lies his head with the beasts of the stall,
Angels adore him in slumber reclining,
Chosen of God, the Redeemer of all.
- 3 Say, shall we yield him, in costly devotion,
Odors of Edom, and offerings divine?
Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest, or gold from the mine?
- 4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation;
Vainly with gifts would his favors secure:
Richer by far is the heart's adoration;
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.
- 5 Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid;
Star of the east, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

Bishop Reginald Heber, 1783

PRAYER AND PRAISE

BERLIN 11. 10.

Arranged from Mendelssohn

A-MEN.

179

- 1 Father, to us thy children, humbly kneeling,
Conscious of weakness, ignorance, sin, and shame,
Give such a force of holy thought and feeling,
That we may live to glorify thy name;
- 2 That we may conquer base desire and passion,
That we may rise from selfish thought and will,
O'ercome the world's allurements, threat, and fashion,
Walk humbly, gently, leaning on thee still.
- 3 Let all thy goodness by our minds be seen,
Let all thy mercy on our souls be sealed:
Lord, if thou wilt, thy power can make us clean;
O speak the word, thy servants shall be healed!

Rev. James Freeman Clarke, 1810

PRAYER AND PRAISE

TO PRAYER, TO PRAYER P. M.

Arranged from Haydn

(1 and 2)

The musical score is written for two staves, Treble and Bass, in a 4/4 time signature with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The piece is arranged from Haydn's work. It consists of six systems of two staves each. The first system is marked '(1 and 2)'. The second system has a repeat sign at the end of the bass line. The third system has a repeat sign at the end of the bass line. The fourth system has a repeat sign at the end of the bass line. The fifth system is marked '(3)'. The sixth system has a repeat sign at the end of the bass line. The music features a variety of note values, including eighth, sixteenth, and thirty-second notes, as well as rests and accidentals.

PRAYER AND PRAISE



A- MEN.

180

- 1 To prayer, to prayer! for the morning breaks,
And earth in her Maker's smile awakes;
His light is on all below and above, —
The light of gladness, of life, and of love.
O then on the breath of this early air,
Send up the incense of grateful prayer.

- 2 To prayer! for the day that God hath blest
Comes tranquilly on with its welcome rest.
It speaks of creation's early bloom;
It speaks of the Prince who burst the tomb:
Then summon the spirit's exalted powers,
And devote to heaven the hallowed hours.

- 3 To prayer! when the glorious sun is gone,
And the gathering darkness of night comes on:
Like a curtain from God's kind hand it flows,
To shade the couch where his children repose.
Then kneel, while the watching stars are bright,
And give your last thoughts to the guardian of night.

Rev. Henry Ware, Jr., 1794

PRAYER AND PRAISE

TRISTITIA L. M. 61.

J. Barnby

A-MEN.

181

- 1 O draw me, Father, after thee!
So shall I run and never tire;
With gracious words still comfort me;
Be thou my hope, my sole desire:
Free me from every weight; nor fear
Nor sin can come, if thou art here.

- 2 From all eternity, with love
Unchangeable thou hast me viewed;
Ere knew this beating heart to move,
Thy tender mercies me pursued:
Ever with me may they abide,
And close me in on every side!

- 3 In suffering be thy love my peace,
In weakness be thy love my power,
And when the storms of life shall cease
My God, in that important hour,

In death as life be thou my guide,
And bear me through death's whelming
tide.

Moravian

182

- 1 Forth from the dark and stormy sky,
Lord, to thine altar's shade we fly;
Forth from the world, its hope and fear,
Father, we seek thy shelter here:
Weary and weak, thy grace we pray;
Turn not, O Lord, thy guests away.
- 2 Long have we roamed in want and pain,
Long have we sought thy rest in vain;
Wildered in doubt, in darkness lost,
Long have our souls been tempest-tost:
Low at thy feet our sins we lay;
Turn not, O Lord, thy guests away!

Bishop Reginald Heber, 1783

PRAYER AND PRAISE

STATE STREET S. M.

J. C. Woodman



183

- 1 Our heavenly Father, hear
The prayer we offer now!
Thy name be hallowed far and near,
To thee all nations bow.
- 2 Thy kingdom come; thy will
On earth be done in love,
As saints and seraphim fulfil
Thy perfect law above.
- 3 Our daily bread supply,
While by thy word we live;
The guilt of our iniquity
Forgive as we forgive.
- 4 From dark temptation's power
Our feeble hearts defend;
Deliver in the evil hour,
And guide us to the end.
- 5 Thine, then, for ever be
Glory and power divine;
The sceptre, throne, and majesty
Of heaven and earth are thine.

James Montgomery, 1771

184

- 1 Come to the house of prayer,
O thou afflicted, come;
The God of peace shall meet thee there;
He makes that house his home.
- 2 Come to the house of praise,
Ye who are happy now;
In sweet accord your voices raise,
In kindred homage bow.
- 3 Ye aged, hither come,
For ye have felt his love;
Soon shall ye lift a holier song
In fairer courts above.
- 4 Ye young, before his throne,
Come, bow; your voices raise;
Let not your hearts his praise disown
Who gives the power to praise.
- 5 Thou, whose benignant eye
In mercy looks on all;
Who seest the tear of misery,
And hear'st the mourner's call,—
- 6 Up to thy dwelling-place
Bear our frail spirits on,
Till they outstrip time's tardy pace,
And heaven on earth be won.

Emily Taylor, 1795

PRAYER AND PRAISE

RATHBUN 8. 7.

I. Conkey



185

1 Father, hear the prayer we offer,
Not for ease that prayer shall be;
But the strength that we may ever
Live our lives courageously.

2 Not forever in green pastures
Do we ask our way to be;
But the steep and rugged pathway
May we tread rejoicingly.

3 Not forever by still waters
Would we idly quiet stay;
But would smite the living fountains
From the rocks along our way.

4 Be our strength in hours of weakness;
In our wanderings be our guide;
Through endeavor, failure, danger,
Father, be thou at our side!

Hymns of the Spirit

Arranged from Weber

CHATHAM 7.



186

1 Day by day the manna fell:
O to learn this lesson well!
Still by constant mercy fed,
Give me, Lord, my daily bread.

2 Day by day, the promise reads,
"Daily strength for daily needs:
Cast foreboding fears away;
Take the manna of to-day."

3 Lord, my times are in thy hand:
All my sanguine hopes have planned,
To thy wisdom I resign,
And would mould my will to thine.

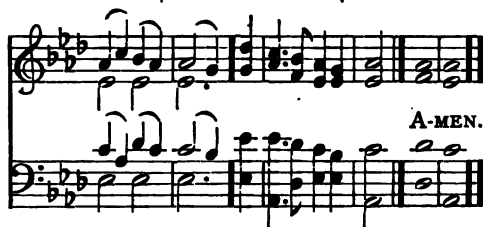
4 Thou my daily task shalt give;
Day by day to thee I live;
So shall added years fulfil
Not my own, my Father's will.

Josiah Conder, 1789

PRAYER AND PRAISE

HUMMEL C. M.

C. Zeuner



187

- 1 One prayer I have, all prayers in one,
When I am wholly thine:
Thy will, my God, thy will be done;
And let that will be mine.

- 2 All-wise, almighty, and all-good,
In thee I firmly trust;
Thy ways, unknown or understood,
Are merciful and just.

- 3 Thy gifts are only then enjoyed,
When used as talents lent;
Those talents only well employed,
When in thy service spent.

- 4 And, though thy wisdom takes away,
Shall I arraign thy will?
No: let me bless thy name, and say,
"The Lord is gracious still."

James Montgomery, 1771

STOCKWELL 8. 7.

D. E. Jones



188

- 1 Praise the Lord! ye heavens, adore him,
Praise him, angels, in the height;
Sun and moon, rejoice before him,
Praise him, all ye stars of light:

- 2 Praise the Lord, for he hath spoken;
Worlds his mighty voice obeyed;
Laws, which never shall be broken,
For their guidance he hath made.

- 3 Praise the Lord! for he is glorious;
Never shall his promise fail;
God hath made his saints victorious,
Sin and death shall not prevail.

- 4 Praise the God of our salvation;
Hosts on high, his power proclaim!
Heaven and earth, and all creation,
Praise and magnify his name.

Rev. John Kemphorne, 1775

PRAYER AND PRAISE

ST. BEES 7.

J. B. Dykes



189

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>1 All ye nations, praise the Lord!
 All ye lands, your voices raise;
 Heaven and earth, with loud accord,
 Praise the Lord, forever praise!</p> <p>2 For his truth and mercy stand,
 Past and present and to be,</p> | <p>Like the years of his right hand,
 Like his own eternity.</p> <p>3 Praise him, ye who know his love!
 Praise him, from the depths beneath!
 Praise him, in the heights above!
 Praise your maker, all that breathe!</p> |
|---|--|

James Montgomery, 1771

NOX PRECESSIT C. M.

J. B. Calkin



190

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>1 Lord, teach us how to pray aright,
 With reverence and with fear;
 Though dust and ashes in thy sight,
 We may, we must, draw near.</p> <p>2 Burdened with guilt, convinced of sin,
 In weakness, want, and woe,
 Fightings without and fears within,
 Lord, whither shall we go?</p> <p>3 God of all grace, we bring to thee
 A broken, contrite heart;
 Give what thine eye delights to see, —
 Truth in the inward part.</p> | <p>4 Give deep humility; the sense
 Of godly sorrow give;
 A strong, desiring confidence
 To hear thy voice and live; —</p> <p>5 Patience to watch, and wait, and weep,
 Though mercy long delay;
 Courage, our fainting souls to keep,
 And trust thee, though thou slay.</p> <p>6 Give these, and then thy will be done;
 Thus, strengthened with all might,
 We, by thy spirit and thy Son,
 Shall pray, and pray aright.</p> |
|--|--|

James Montgomery, 1771

PRAYER AND PRAISE

BOYLSTON S. M.

L. Mason



A - MEN.

191

- 1 My Maker and my King,
To thee my all I owe:
Thy sovereign bounty is the spring
Whence all my blessings flow.
- 2 Thou ever good and kind,
A thousand reasons move,
A thousand obligations bind,
My heart to grateful love.

- 3 The creature of thy hand,
On thee alone I live:
My God, thy benefits demand
More praise than tongue can give.

- 4 O let thy grace inspire
My soul with strength divine;
Let all my powers to thee aspire,
And all my days be thine!

Anne Steele, 1716

192

- 1 Let every creature join
To praise the eternal God;
Ye heavenly hosts, the song begin,
And sound his name abroad.
- 2 Thou sun with golden beams,
And moon with paler rays,
Ye starry lights, ye twinkling flames,
Shine to your Maker's praise.
- 3 Ye vapors, when ye rise,
Or fall in showers, or snow,

Ye thunders, murmuring round the skies,
His power and glory show.

- 4 Wind, hail, and flashing fire,
Agree to praise the Lord,
When ye in dreadful storms conspire
To execute his word.

- 5 By all his works above
His honors be expressed;
But they who know his heavenly love
Should sing his praises best.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1674

PRAYER AND PRAISE

CHANT

L. Mason



A - MEN.

193

- 1 From the recesses of a lowly spirit,
Our humble prayer ascends; O | Father, | hear it, |
Borne on the trembling wings of awe and meekness;
For-| give its | weak-| ness!
- 2 We see thy hand; it leads us, it supports us:
We hear thy voice; it counsels | and it | courts us: |
And then we turn away; and still thy kindness
For-| gives our | blind-| ness.
- 3 Father and Saviour, plant within each bosom
The seeds of holiness; and | bid them | blossom |
In fragrance and in beauty bright and vernal,
And | spring e-| ter-| nal.
- 4 Then place them in thine everlasting gardens,
Where angels walk, and seraphs | are the | wardens;
Where every flower, escaping through death's portal,
Be-| comes im-| mor-| tal.

Sir John Bowring, 1792

CLOISTERS 11. 5. (Second Tune)

J. Barnby



A - MEN.

PRAYER AND PRAISE

ANGELUS L. M.

J. G. W. Scheffler

194

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>1 Amidst a world of hopes and fears,
A wild of cares and toils and tears,
Where foes alarm, and dangers threat,
And pleasures kill, and glories cheat;</p> <p>2 Shed, Lord of light, a heavenly ray
To guide me in the doubtful way;
And o'er me hold thy shield of power
To guard me in the dangerous hour.</p> | <p>3 Each sacred principle impart, —
The faith that sanctifies the heart,
Hope that to heaven's high-vault
aspires,
And love that warms with holy fires.</p> <p>4 Afflicted, may I not repine,
My will submissive bend to thine;
And through this maze of mortal ill,
Safe lead me to thy heavenly hill.</p> |
|---|--|

Rev. Henry Moore, 1732

Arranged by L. Mason

HAMBURG L. M.

195

- | | |
|--|--|
| | <p>1 Kingdoms and thrones to God belong;
Crown him, ye nations, in your song:
His wondrous name and power rehearse;
His honors shall enrich your verse.</p> <p>2 Proclaim him king, pronounce him blest;
He's your defence, your joy, your rest:
When terrors rise, and nations saint,
God is the strength of every saint.</p> |
|--|--|

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1674

PRAYER AND PRAISE

WILSON C. M. D.

S. Thalberg

196 Tune, WILSON; also BEATITUDO (See opposite page)

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>1 Prayer is the soul's sincere desire,
Uttered or unexpressed;
The motion of a hidden fire,
That trembles in the breast.
Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear;
The upward glancing of the eye,
When none but God is near.</p> <p>2 Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try;
Prayer the sublimest strains that reach
The majesty on high.</p> | <p>Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice,
Returning from his ways;
While angels in their songs rejoice
And cry, "Behold, he prays!"</p> <p>3 Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air;
His watchword at the gates of death:
He enters heaven with prayer.
O thou by whom we come to God, —
The life, the truth, the way!
The path of prayer thyself hast trod:
Lord, teach us how to pray.</p> |
|---|--|

James Montgomery, 1771

J. B. Dykes

FAITH C. M. (Hymn 198)

PRAYER AND PRAISE

BEATITUDO C. M.

J. B. Dykes

197

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>1 God of our fathers, by whose hand
Thy people still are blest,
Be with us through our pilgrimage,
Conduct us to our rest.</p> <p>2 Through each perplexing path of life
Our wandering footsteps guide;
Give us each day our daily bread,
And raiment fit provide.</p> | <p>3 O spread thy sheltering wings around,
Till all our wanderings cease;
And, at our Father's loved abode,
Our souls arrive in peace.</p> <p>4 Such blessings, from thy gracious hand,
Our humble prayers implore;
And thou, the Lord, shalt be our God
And portion evermore.</p> |
|---|--|

Rev. Philip Doddridge, 1702

198 Tune, **FAITH** (See opposite page) or **BEATITUDO**

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>1 Now that the day-star glimmers bright,
We suppliantly pray
That he, the uncreated light,
May guide us on our way.</p> <p>2 No sinful word, nor deed of wrong,
Nor thoughts that idly rove,</p> | <p>But simple truth be on our tongue,
And in our hearts be love.</p> <p>3 And grant that to thine honor, Lord,
Our daily toil may tend,
That we begin it at thy word,
And in thy favor end.</p> |
|---|---|

Cardinal John H. Newman, 1801

FAITH, continued

PRAYER AND PRAISE

RAPTURE 7. D.

Arranged from Haydn

199

- 1 Praise the Lord! his glories show,
 Saints within his courts below,
 Angels round his throne above,
 All that see and share his love;
 Earth to heaven, and heaven to earth
 Tell his wonders, sing his worth;
 Age to age and shore to shore
 Praise him, praise him evermore.

- 2 Praise the Lord! his mercies trace;
 Praise his providence and grace:
 All that he for man hath done,
 All he sends us through his Son.
 Strings and voices, hands and hearts
 In the concert bear your parts;
 All that breathe your Lord adore,
 Praise him, praise him evermore.

Rev. Henry F. Lyte, 1793

200

- 1 Light of life, seraphic fire,
 Love divine, thyself impart;
 Every fainting soul inspire;
 Enter every drooping heart:
 Every mournful spirit cheer;
 Scatter all our doubt and gloom;
 Father, in thy grace appear,
 To thy human temples come!

- 2 Come, in this accepted hour,
 Bring thy heavenly kingdom in;
 Fill us with thy glorious power,
 Rooting out the seeds of sin:
 Nothing more can we require,
 We can rest in nothing less;
 Be thou all our hearts' desire,
 All our joy and all our peace.

Rev. Charles Wesley, 1708

PRAYER AND PRAISE

SPOHR C. M.

L. Spohr



A - MEN.

201

- 1 Almighty God, in humble prayer
To thee our souls we lift;
Do thou our waiting minds prepare
For thy most needful gift.
- 2 We ask not golden streams of wealth
Along our path to flow;
We ask not undecaying health,
Nor length of years below;
- 3 We ask not honors which an hour
May bring and take away;
We ask not pleasure, pomp, nor power,
Lest we should go astray.
- 4 We ask for wisdom: Lord, impart
The knowledge how to live;
A wise and understanding heart
To all before thee give.
- 5 The young remember thee in youth,
Before the evil days;
The old are guided by thy truth,
In wisdom's pleasant ways.

James Montgomery, 1771

202

- 1 I love to steal awhile away
From every cumbering care,
And spend the hours of setting day
In humble, grateful prayer.
- 2 I love in solitude to shed
The penitential tear,
And all his promises to plead
When none but God can hear.
- 3 I love to think on mercies past,
And future good implore,
And all my cares and sorrows cast
On him whom I adore.
- 4 I love by faith to take a view
Of brighter scenes in heaven;
The prospect doth my strength renew,
While here by tempests driven.
- 5 Thus, when life's toilsome day is o'er,
May its departing ray
Be calm as this impressive hour,
And lead to endless day!

Mrs. Phoebe H. Brown, 1783

PRAYER AND PRAISE

BRATTLE STREET C. M. D.

Arranged from Pleyel

208

- 1 While thee I seek, protecting power,
Be my vain wishes stilled;
And may this consecrated hour
With better hopes be filled.
Thy love the powers of thought be-
stowed,
To thee my thoughts would soar;
Thy mercy o'er my life has flowed,
That mercy I adore.
- 2 In each event of life, how clear
Thy ruling hand I see!
Each blessing to my soul more dear,
Because conferred by thee.

In every joy that crowns my days,
In every pain I bear,
My heart shall find delight in praise,
Or seek relief in prayer.

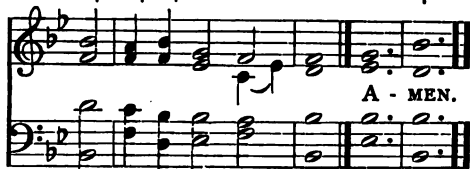
- 3 When gladness wings my favored hour,
Thy love my thoughts shall fill;
Resigned, when storms of sorrow lower,
My soul shall meet thy will.
My lifted eye, without a tear,
The lowering storm shall see;
My steadfast heart shall know no fear,
That heart will rest on thee.

Helen M. Williams, 1762

PRAYER AND PRAISE

OLMUTZ S. M.

Arranged by L. Mason



205

- 1 O bless the Lord, my soul!
Let all within me join,
And aid my tongue, to bless his name
Whose favors are divine.

204

- 1 The fountain in its source
No drought of summer fears;
The farther it pursues its course,
The nobler it appears.
- 2 But shallow cisterns yield
A scanty, short supply;
The morning sees them amply filled;
At evening they are dry.
- 3 The cisterns I forsake,
O fount of bliss, for thee;
My thirst with living waters slake,
And drink eternity.

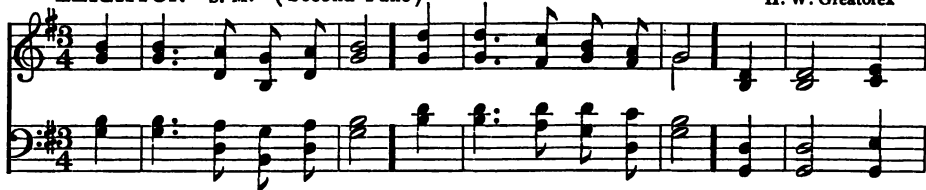
Mme. de la Motte-Guyon, 1648
Tr. William Cowper, 1731

- 2 O bless the Lord, my soul!
Nor let his mercies lie
Forgotten in unthankfulness,
And without praises die.
- 3 'Tis he forgives thy sins;
'Tis he relieves thy pain;
'Tis he that heals thy sicknesses,
And makes thee strong again.
- 4 He crowns thy life with love;
He rescues from the grave:
He that redeemed my soul from death
Hath sovereign power to save.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1674

LEIGHTON S. M. (Second Tune)

H. W. Greatorex



A - MEN.

THE COMMUNION

HUNTINGDON C. M.

J. Barnby

206

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>1 The saints on earth and those above
But one communion make;
Joined to their Lord in bonds of love,
All of his grace partake.</p> <p>2 One family, we dwell in him:
One church above, beneath;
Though now divided by the stream,
The narrow stream of death.</p> | <p>3 One army of the living God,
To his command we bow;
Part of the host have crossed the flood,
And part are crossing now.</p> <p>4 O God, be thou our constant guide!
Then, when the word is given,
Bid death's cold flood its waves divide,
And land us safe in heaven.</p> |
|--|--|

Rev. Charles Wesley, 1708

PLEYEL 7. (Hymns 208 and 209)

I. Pleyel

THE COMMUNION

GWEEEDORE P. M.

S. S. Wesley



207

1 Author of life divine
Who hast a table spread
Furnished with mystic wine
And everlasting bread,
Preserve the life thyself hast given,
And feed and train us up to heaven.

2 Our needy souls sustain
With fresh supplies of love,
Till all thy life we gain,
And all thy fullness prove,
And, strengthened by thy perfect grace,
Behold without a veil thy face.

Rev. Charles Wesley, 1708

208

Tune, PLEYEL (See opposite page)

1 When the Paschal evening fell,
Deep on Kedron's hallowed dell,
When around the festal board
Sate the apostles with their Lord,
2 Then his parting word he said,
Blessed the cup and brake the bread.
"This whene'er ye do or see,
Evermore remember me!"
3 Years have passed, in every clime,
Changing with the changing time,
Varying through a thousand forms,
Torn by factions, rocked by storms;
4 Still the sacred table spread,
Flowing cup and broken bread,
With that parting word agree,
"Drink and eat; remember me."

5 Then, O friend of human kind,
Make us true and firm of mind,
Pure of heart, in spirit free,
Thus may we remember thee.

Dean Arthur P. Stanley, 1815

209

1 Bread of heaven, on thee we feed,
For thy flesh is meat indeed:
Ever let our souls be fed
With this true and living bread.
2 Vine of heaven, thy blood supplies
This blest cup of sacrifice:
Lord, thy wounds our healing give;
To thy cross we look and live.
3 Day by day with strength supplied,
Through the life of him who died;
Lord of life, O let us be
Rooted, grafted, built on thee!

Josiah Conder, 1789

THE COMMUNION

SACRAMENT 9. 8.

E. J. Hopkins

210

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>1 Bread of the world, in mercy broken,
Wine of the soul, in mercy shed,
By whom the words of life were spoken,
And in whose death our sins are dead;</p> | <p>2 Look on the heart by sorrow broken,
Look on the tears by sinners shed;
And be thy feast to us the token
That by thy grace our souls are fed.</p> |
|---|---|

Bishop Reginald Heber, 1783

ST. THOMAS S. M.

A. Williams

211

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>1 Our heavenly Father calls,
And Christ invites us near:
With both our friendship shall be sweet,
And our communion dear.</p> | <p>2 God pities all my griefs,
He pardons every day;
Almighty to protect my soul,
And wise to guide my way.</p> |
| <p>3 Here fix my roving heart,
Here wait my warmest love,
Till the communion be complete
In nobler scenes above.</p> | |

Rev. Philip Doddridge, 1702

THE COMMUNION

MANOAH C. M.

Arranged from Rossini



218

1 O here, if ever, God of love,
Let strife and hatred cease;
And every heart harmonious move,
And every thought be peace.

2 Not here, where met to think of him
Whose latest thoughts were ours,
Shall mortal passions come to dim
The prayer devotion pours.

3 No, gracious Master, not in vain
Thy life of love hath been;
The peace thou gav'st may yet
remain,
Though thou no more art seen.

4 "Thy kingdom come:" we watch, we
wait,
To hear thy cheering call,
When heaven shall ope its glorious
gate,
And God be all in all.

212

1 A holy air is breathing round,
A fragrance from above;
Be every soul from sense unbound,
Be every spirit love.

2 O God, unite us heart to heart,
In sympathy divine;
That we be never drawn apart,
And love not thee nor thine;

3 But, by the cross of Jesus taught,
And all thy gracious word,
Be nearer to each other brought,
And nearer to the Lord.

Rev. Abiel A. Livermore, 1811

Emily Taylor, 1795

AMEN.

1

2

3

4

ELMHURST C. M. (Second Tune)

J. Stainer



A- MEN.

THE COMMUNION

ST. PETER C. M.

A. R. Reinagle



214

- 1 "Remember me," the Master said,
On that forsaken night,
When from his side the nearest fled,
And death was close in sight.
- 2 Through all the following ages' track,
The world remembers yet;
With love and worship gazes back,
And never can forget.
- 3 But none of us has seen his face,
Or heard the words he said;
And none can now his looks retrace
In breaking of the bread.
- 4 O blest are they who have not seen,
And yet believe him still;
They know him, when his praise they
mean,
And when they do his will.
- 5 We hear his word along our way;
We see his light above;
Remember when we strive and pray,
Remember when we love.

Rev. Nathaniel L. Frothingham, 1793

215

- 1 According to thy gracious word,
In meek humility,
This will I do, my dying Lord, —
I will remember thee.
- 2 Thy body, broken for my sake,
My bread from heaven shall be;
Thy testamental cup I take,
And thus remember thee.
- 3 Remember thee, and all thy pains,
And all thy love to me!
Yea, while a breath, a pulse, remains,
Will I remember thee.

James Montgomery, 1771

THE COMMUNION

SICILY 8. 7.

Sicilian Melody



216

- 1 From the table now retiring,
Which for us the Lord hath spread,
May our souls, refreshment finding,
Grow in all things like our Head!
- 2 His example by beholding,
May our lives his image bear!
- Him our Lord and Master calling,
His commands may we revere!
- 3 Love to God and man displaying,
Walking steadfast in his way,
Joy attend us in believing,
Peace from God through endless day.

Rev. John Rowe, 1764

217

- 1 May the grace of Christ our Saviour,
And the Father's boundless love,
With the Holy Spirit's favor,
Rest upon us from above.
- 2 Thus may we abide in union
With each other and the Lord,
And possess, in sweet communion,
Joys which earth cannot afford.

Rev. John Newton, 1725

218 Tune, ST. PETER (See opposite page)

- 1 O God, accept the sacred hour
Which we to thee have given;
And let this hallowed scene have
power
To raise our souls to heaven.
- 2 Still let us hold, till life departs,
The precepts of thy Son;
- Nor let our thoughtless, thankless
hearts
Forget what he has done.
- 3 His true disciples may we live,
From all corruption free;
And humbly learn, like him, to give
Our powers, our wills, to thee.

Rev. Samuel Gilman, 1791

THE COMMUNION

LANGRAN 10.

J. Langran



219

- 1 Not worthy, Lord, to gather up the crumbs
With trembling hand that from thy table fall,
A weary, heavy-laden sinner comes
To plead thy promise, and obey thy call.
- 2 I am not worthy to be thought thy child,
Nor sit the last and lowest at thy board;
Too long a wanderer and too oft beguiled,
I only ask one reconciling word.
- 3 My praise can only breathe itself in prayer,
My prayer can only lose itself in thee;
Dwell thou forever in my heart, and there,
Lord! let me sup with thee; sup thou with me.

Rev. Edward H. Bickersteth, 1825

THE COMMUNION

COLCHESTER C. M.

H. Purcell



A-MEN.

220

- 1 "No, not for these alone I pray,"
The dying Master said;
Though on his breast that moment lay
The loved disciple's head;
- 2 Though to his eye that moment sprung
The kind, the pitying tear
For those that eager round him hung,
His words of love to hear.
- 3 No, not for these alone, he prayed;
For all of mortal race,
Whene'er their fervent prayer is made,
Where'er their dwelling-place.
- 4 Sweet is the thought, when thus we meet
His feast of love to share;
And 'mid the toils of life, how sweet
The memory of his prayer.

Emily Taylor, 1795

221

- 1 Ye followers of the Prince of peace,
Who round his table draw!
Remember what his spirit was,
What his peculiar law.
- 2 The love, which all his bosom filled,
Did all his actions guide;
Inspired by love, he lived and taught;
Inspired by love he died.
- 3 Let each the sacred law fulfil;
Like his be every mind:
Be every temper formed by love,
And every action kind.
- 4 Let none who call themselves his
friends
Disgrace his honored name;
But by a near resemblance prove
The title which they claim.

Birmingham Collection

DEVOUT ASPIRATION

MORNINGTON S. M.

Lord Mornington



222

- 1 To keep the lamp alive,
With oil we fill the bowl;
'Tis water makes the willow thrive,
And grace that feeds the soul.
- 2 The Lord's unsparing hand
Supplies the living stream;
It is not at our own command,
But still derived from him.
- 3 Man's wisdom is to seek
His strength in God alone;
And even an angel would be weak
Who trusted in his own.
- 4 Retreat beneath his wings,
And in his grace confide;
This more exalts the King of kings,
Than all your works beside.

- 5 In God is all our store,
Grace issues from his throne;
Whoever says, "I want no more,"
Confesses he has none.

William Cowper, 1731

223

- 1 How glorious is the hour
When first our souls awake,
And thro' thy spirit's quickening power
Of the new life partake!
- 2 With richer beauty glows
The world before so fair;
Her holy light religion throws,
Reflected everywhere.
- 3 Amid repentant tears,
We feel sweet peace within;
We know the God of mercy hears,
And pardons every sin.

Rev. Stephen G. Bulfinch, 1809

DEVOUT ASPIRATION

EVAN C. M.

W. H. Havergal



224

- 1 As shadows, cast by cloud and sun,
Flit o'er the summer grass,
So, in thy sight, almighty one!
Earth's generations pass.
- 2 And while the years, an endless host,
Come pressing swiftly on, [boast
The brightest names that earth can
Just glisten, and are gone.
- 3 Yet doth the star of Bethlehem shed
A lustre pure and sweet;
And still it leads, as once it led,
To the Messiah's feet.
- 4 O Father, may that holy star
Grow every year more bright,
And send its glorious beams afar
To fill the world with light.

William Cullen Bryant, 1794

225

- 1 The offerings to thy throne which rise,
Of mingled praise and prayer,
Are but a worthless sacrifice,
Unless the heart is there.
- 2 Upon thine all-discerning ear
Let no vain words intrude;
No tribute but the vow sincere, —
The tribute of the good.
- 3 My offerings will indeed be blest,
If sanctified by thee;
If thy pure spirit touch my breast
With its own purity.
- 4 O may that spirit warm my heart
To piety and love,
And to life's lowly vale impart
Some rays from heaven above!

Sir John Bowring, 1793

DEVOUT ASPIRATION

MELCOMBE L. M.

S. Webbe



226

- 1 My God, permit me not to be
A stranger to myself and thee:
Amidst a thousand thoughts I rove,
Forgetful of my highest love.
- 2 Why should my passions mix with
earth,
And thus debase my heavenly birth?
Why should I cleave to things below,
And let my God, my Saviour, go?
- 3 Call me away from flesh and sense, —
One sovereign word can draw me
thence:
I would obey the voice divine,
And all inferior joys resign.
- 4 Be earth, with all her scenes, with-
drawn;
Let noise and vanity be gone;
In secret silence of the mind,
My heaven, and there my God, I find.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1674

227

- 1 Like shadows gliding o'er the plain,
Or clouds that roll successive on,
Man's busy generations pass;
And, while we gaze, their forms are
gone.
- 2 "He lived,— he died!" behold the sum,
The abstract, of the historian's page!
Alike in God's all-seeing eye
The infant's day, the patriarch's
age.
- 3 O Father, in whose mighty hand
The boundless years and ages lie!
Teach us thy boon of life to prize,
And use the moments as they fly;
- 4 To crowd the narrow span of life
With wise designs and virtuous deeds:
So shall we wake from death's dark
night,
To share the glory that succeeds.

John Taylor, 1750

DEVOUT ASPIRATION

AURELIA 7. 6. D.

S. S. Wesley

228

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>1 Go forward, Christian soldier,
 Beneath his banner true:
 The Lord himself, thy leader,
 Shall all thy foes subdue.
 His love foretells thy trials,
 He knows thine hourly need;
 He can, with bread of heaven,
 Thy fainting spirit feed.</p> | <p>3 Go forward, Christian soldier,
 Nor dream of peaceful rest,
 Till Satan's host is vanquished
 And heaven is all possessed;
 Till Christ himself shall call thee
 To lay thine armor by,
 And wear, in endless glory,
 The crown of victory.</p> |
| <p>2 Go forward, Christian soldier,
 Fear not the secret foe;
 Far more are o'er thee watching
 Than human eyes can know.
 Trust only Christ, thy captain,
 Cease not to watch and pray;
 Heed not the treacherous voices
 That lure thy soul astray.</p> | <p>4 Go forward, Christian soldier,
 Fear not the gathering night:
 The Lord has been thy shelter,
 The Lord will be thy light.
 When morn his face revealeth,
 Thy dangers all are past;
 O pray that faith and virtue
 May keep thee to the last!</p> |

Rev. Laurence Tuttle, 1825

DEVOUT ASPIRATION

MELITA L. M. 6l.

J. B. Dykes

229

- 1 Thou hidden love of God, whose height,
Whose depth unfathomed no man knows,
I see from far thy beauteous light,
Inly I sigh for thy repose.
My heart is pained; nor can it be
At rest, till it find rest in thee.
- 2 Thy secret voice invites me still
The sweetness of thy yoke to prove:
And fain I would; but though my will
Seem fixed, yet wide my passions rove;
Yet hindrances strew all the way;
I aim at thee, yet from thee stray.
- 3 'Tis mercy all, that thou has brought
My mind to seek her peace in thee;
Yet, while I seek, but find thee not,
No peace my wandering soul shall see.
O when shall all my wanderings end,
And all my steps to thee-ward tend!
- 4 Is there a thing beneath the sun,
That strives with thee my heart to share?
Ah! tear it thence, and reign alone,
The Lord of every motion there.
Then shall my heart from earth be free,
When it hath found repose in thee.

Gerhard Tersteegen, 1697
Tr. Rev. John Wesley, 1703

DEVOUT ASPIRATION

SAWLEY C. M.

J. Walch



A - MEN.

230

- 1 Out of the depths I cry to thee,
Lord God: O hear my prayer!
Incline a gracious ear to me,
And bid me not despair.
- 2 My hope I rest on thee, O Lord!
My works I count but dust:

I build not there, but on thy word,
And in thy goodness trust.

- 3 Tho' great my sins, and sore my wounds,
And deep and dark my fall,
Thy helping mercy hath no bounds;
Thy love surpasseth all.

Martin Luther, 1483

231 Tune, MELITA (See opposite page) 232

- 1 Peace, troubled soul. Thou need'st
not fear;
Thy great protector still is near:
He who has fed, will feed thee still;
Be calm, and sink into his will:
Who hears the ravens when they cry
Will all his children's needs supply.

- 2 Peace, doubting heart; distrust not God: 2
Though dark the valley, steep the way,
Still lean upon his staff and rod,
Still make his providence thy stay:
A sudden calm thy soul shall fill, —
'Tis God, who whispers, Peace; be still.

Samuel Ecking, 1757

- 1 Great God, this sacred day of thine
Demands our souls' collected powers.
May we employ in work divine
These solemn, these devoted hours;
O may our souls, adoring, own
The grace which calls us to thy throne.

- 2 Thy spirit's powerful aid impart!
O may thy word with life divine
Engage the ear and warm the heart.
Then shall the day indeed be thine;
Then shall our souls, adoring, own
The grace which calls us to thy throne.

Anne Steele, 1716

DEVOUT ASPIRATION

HERVEY 7. D.
Voices in unison

F. A. J. HERVEY

A-MEN.

233

- 1 Lord, have mercy when we pray
Strength to seek a better way;
When our wakening thoughts begin
First to loathe their cherished sin;
When our weary spirits fail,
And our aching brows are pale;
When our tears bedew thy word,—
Then, O then, have mercy, Lord!
- 2 Lord, have mercy when we know
First how vain this world below;
When its darker thoughts oppress,
Doubts perplex, and fears distress;

When the earliest gleam is given
Of the bright but distant heaven,—
Then thy fostering grace afford;
Then, O then, have mercy, Lord!

- 3 Lord, have mercy when we lie
On the restless bed, and sigh,—
Sigh for death, yet fear it still,
From the thought of former ill;
When the dim, advancing gloom
Tells us that our hour has come;
When is loosed the silver cord,—
Then, O then, have mercy, Lord!

Dean Henry H. Milman, 1791

DEVOUT ASPIRATION

LOVE DIVINE 8. 7. D.

G. F. Le Jeune

234

- 1 Love divine, all love excelling,
Joy of heaven, to earth come down;
Fix in us thy humble dwelling,
All thy faithful mercies crown.
Father, thou art all compassion,—
Pure unbounded love thou art;
Visit us with thy salvation,
Enter every longing heart.

Rev. Charles Wesley, 1708

235

- 1 Years are coming—speed them onward!
When the sword shall gather rust,
And the helmet, lance, and falchion
Sleep at last in silent dust!
Earth has heard too long of battle,
Heard the trumpet's voice too long;
But another age advances,
Seers foretold in ancient song.
- 2 Years are coming when, forever,
War's dread banner shall be furled,
And the angel peace be welcomed,
Regent of the happy world.
Hail with song that glorious era,
When the sword shall gather rust,
And the helmet, lance, and falchion
Sleep at last in silent dust.

Anonymous

DEVOUT ASPIRATION

AMSTERDAM P. M.

J. Nares

236

1 Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings,
Thy better portion trace;
Rise, from transitory things,
Towards heaven, thy native place:
Sun and moon and stars decay,
Time shall soon this earth remove;
Rise, my soul, and haste away
To seats prepared above.

2 Rivers to the ocean run,
Nor stay in all their course;
Fire ascending seeks the sun, —
Both speed them to their source:
So my soul, derived from God,
Pants to view his glorious face,
Upward tends to his abode,
To rest in his embrace.

Rev. Robert Seagrave, 1693

TRISTITIA L. M. 61. (Hymn 238)

J. Barnby

DEVOUT ASPIRATION

BOARDMAN C. M.

Devereux
Arr. by George Kingsley



237

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>1 My heart is resting, O my God!
I will give thanks and sing;
My heart is at the secret source
Of every precious thing.</p> <p>2 I thirst for springs of heavenly life,
And here all day they rise;
I seek the treasure of thy love,
And close at hand it lies.</p> <p>3 Glory to thee for strength withheld,
For want and weakness known, —
The fear that sends me to thy breast
For what is most mine own.</p> | <p>4 Mine be the reverent listening love
That waits all day on thee;
The service of a watchful heart
Which no one else can see;</p> <p>5 The faith that, in a hidden way
No other eye may know,
Finds all its daily work prepared,
And loves to have it so.</p> <p>6 My heart is resting, O my God!
My heart is in thy care;
I hear the voice of joy and praise
Resounding everywhere.</p> |
|---|--|

Anna L. Waring, 1820

238

Tune, **TRISTITIA** (See opposite page)

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>1 I want the spirit of power within,
Of love and of a healthful mind,
Of power to conquer every sin,
Of love to God and all mankind;
Of health that pain and death defies
Most vigorous when the body dies.</p> | <p>2 O that the comforter would come,
Nor visit as a transient guest,
But fix in me his constant home,
And keep possession of my breast;
And make my soul his loved abode,
The temple of indwelling God!</p> |
|--|--|

Rev. Charles Wesley, 1708

DEVOUT ASPIRATION

CHALVEY S. M. D.

L. G. Hayne

The musical score is written in 4/4 time. The first system consists of two staves (treble and bass) with chords. The second system also consists of two staves with chords. The third system consists of two staves with chords, ending with a double bar line and the text 'A - MEN.' above the final chord.

239

- 1 My God, my strength, my hope,
On thee I cast my care,
With humble confidence look up,
And know thou hear'st my prayer.
Give me on thee to wait,
Till I can all things do, —
On thee, almighty to create,
Almighty to renew.
- 2 I want a sober mind,
A self-renouncing will,
That tramples down and casts behind
The baits of pleasing ill;

A soul inured to pain,
To hardship, grief, and loss;
Bold to take up, firm to sustain,
The consecrated cross.

- 3 I want a godly fear,
A quick-discerning eye,
That looks to thee when sin is near,
And sees the tempter fly;
A spirit still prepared,
And armed with jealous care,
For ever standing on its guard,
And watching unto prayer.

Stanzas 4 and 5 on opposite page

DEVOUT ASPIRATION

ST. CUTHBERT P. M.

J. B. Dykes



240

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>1 Our blest Redeemer, ere he breathed
His tender, last farewell,
A guide, a comforter, bequeathed
With us to dwell.</p> <p>2 He came in tongues of living flame,
To teach, convince, subdue;
All powerful as the wind he came,
As viewless too.</p> <p>3 He came sweet influence to impart,
A gracious, willing guest,
While he can find one humble heart
Wherein to rest.</p> | <p>4 And his that gentle voice we hear,
Soft as the breath of even, [each fear,
That checks each fault, that calms
And speaks of heaven.</p> <p>5 And every virtue we possess,
And every victory won,
And every thought of holiness,
Are his alone.</p> <p>6 Spirit of purity and grace,
Our weakness pitying see,
O make our hearts thy dwelling place,
And worthier thee.</p> |
|---|---|

Harriet Auber, 1773

Hymn 239, continued

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>4 I want a true regard,
A single, steady aim,
Unmoved by threatening or reward,
To thee and thy great name;
A zealous, just concern
For thine immortal praise;
A pure desire that all may learn,
And glorify thy grace.</p> | <p>5 I rest upon thy word;
The promise is for me:
My succor and salvation, Lord,
Shall surely come from thee.
But let me still abide,
Nor from my hope remove,
Till thou my patient spirit guide
Into thy perfect love.</p> |
|--|---|

Rev. Charles Wesley, 1708

DEVOUT ASPIRATION

AMERTON S. M.

W. Haynes



241

1 O everlasting light!
Giver of dawn and day,
Dispeller of the ancient night
In which creation lay!

2 O everlasting health!
Flow through life's inmost springs;
The heart's best bliss, the soul's best
wealth,
What life thy presence brings!

3 O everlasting truth!
The soul of all that's true,
Sure guide alike of age and youth,
Lead me and teach me too.

4 O everlasting might!
My broken life repair;
Nerve thou my will and clear my sight;
Give strength to do and bear.

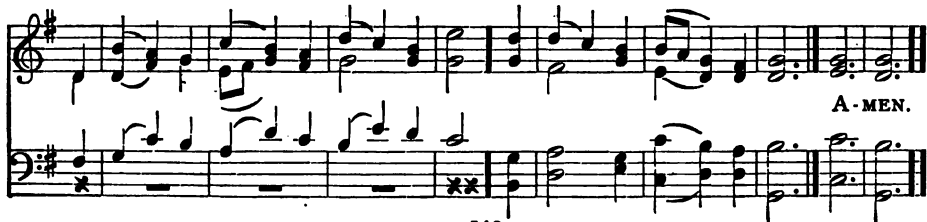
5 O everlasting love!
Wellspring of grace and peace;
Pour down thy fulness from above,
Bid doubt and trouble cease!

6 O everlasting rest,
Lift off life's load of care,
Relieve, revive this burdened breast,
And every sorrow bear!

Rev. Horatius Bonar, 1808

CHESTERFIELD C. M. (Hymn 243)

T. Haweis



DEVOUT ASPIRATION

NORTHAMPTON C. M.

W. Croft



A - MEN.

242

- 1 All as God wills! who wisely heeds
To give or to withhold,
And knoweth more of all my needs
Than all my prayers have told.
- 2 Enough, that blessings undeserved
Have marked my erring track;
That, wheresoe'er my feet have
swerved,
Thy chastening turned me back;
- 3 That more and more a Providence
Of love is understood,
Making the springs of time and sense
Bright with eternal good;
- 4 That death seems but a covered way
Which opens into light,
Wherein no blinded child can stray
Beyond the Father's sight;
- 5 That all the jarring notes of life
Seem blending in a psalm,
And all the angles of its strife
Slow rounding into calm.
- 6 And so the shadows fall apart,
And so the west winds play;
And all the windows of my heart
I open to the day.

John G. Whittier, 1807

243

Tune, CHESTERFIELD (See opposite page)

- 1 The bird let loose in eastern skies,
When hastening fondly home,
Ne'er stoops to earth her wing, nor flies
Where idle warblers roam;
- 2 But high she shoots thro' air and light,
Above all low delay, [flight,
Where nothing earthly bounds her
Nor shadow dims her way.
- 3 So grant me, God, from every care
And stain of passion free,
Aloft, through virtue's purer air,
To hold my course to thee, —
- 4 No sin to cloud, no lure to stay
My soul as home she springs,
Thy sunshine on her joyful way,
Thy freedom in her wings!

Thomas Moore, 1779

DEVOUT ASPIRATION

OBERLIN L. M.

F. Mendelssohn



A - MEN.

244

- 1 Awake, my soul: lift up thine eyes, —
See where thy foes against thee rise,
In long array, a numerous host!
Awake, my soul, or thou art lost.
- 2 Thou tread'st upon enchanted ground;
Perils and snares beset thee round:
Beware of all; guard every part,
But most the traitor in thy heart.
- 3 Come, then, my soul: now learn to
wield
The weight of thine immortal shield;
Put on the armor from above,
Of heavenly truth and heavenly love.
- 4 The terror and the charm repel,
And powers of earth, and powers of
hell:
The man of Calvary triumphed
here, —
Why should his faithful followers fear?

Mrs. Anna L. Barbauld, 1743

245

- 1 The winds that o'er my ocean run
Reach thro' all worlds beyond the sun;
Thro' life and death, thro' fate, thro'
time, [lime.
Grand breaths of God they sweep sub-
- 2 A thread of law runs thro' my prayer
Stronger than iron cables are;
And love and longing towards her goal
Are pilots sweet to guide the soul.
- 3 O thou, God's mariner, heart of mine,
Spread canvas to the airs divine;
Spread sail, and let thy fortune be
Forgotten in thy destiny.
- 4 The wind ahead? The wind is free;
For evermore it favoureth me:
To shores of God still blowing fair,
O'er seas of God my bark doth bear.
- 5 For life must live, and soul must sail,
And unseen over seen prevail;
And all God's argosies come to shore,
Let ocean smile, or rage, or roar.

D. A. Wasson, 1823

DEVOUT ASPIRATION

ROCKINGHAM L. M.

E. Miller



246

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>1 Come, gracious spirit, heavenly dove,
With light and comfort from above;
Be thou our guardian, thou our guide,
O'er every thought and step preside.</p> <p>2 The light of truth to us display,
And make us know and choose thy way;
Plant holy fear in every heart,
That we from thee may ne'er depart.</p> | <p>3 Lead us to Christ, the living way,
Nor let us from his precepts stray;
Lead us to holiness, the road
That we must take to dwell with God.</p> <p>4 Lead us to heaven, that we may share
Fullness of joy for ever there;
Lead us to God, our final rest,
To be with him for ever blest.</p> |
|--|---|

Rev. Simon Browne, 1680

247

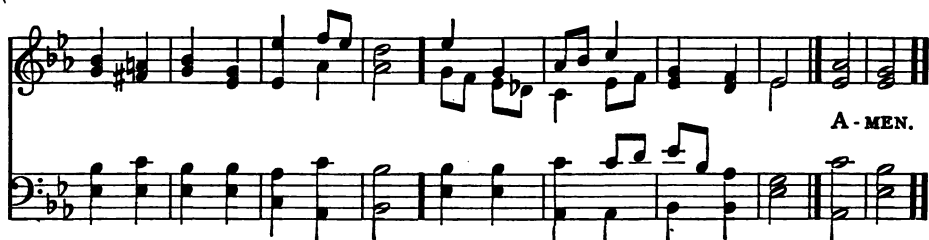
- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>1 Awake, our souls; away, our fears, —
Let every trembling thought be gone;
Awake, and run the heavenly race,
And put a cheerful courage on.</p> <p>2 True, 'tis a strait and thorny road,
And mortal spirits tire and faint;
But they forget the mighty God,
That feeds the strength of every saint,</p> <p>3 The mighty God, whose matchless power
Is ever new and ever young,</p> | <p>And firm endures, while endless years
Their everlasting circles run.</p> <p>4 Swift as an eagle cuts the air,
We'll mount aloft to thine abode;
On wings of love our souls shall fly,
Nor tire amidst the heavenly road.</p> <p>5 From thee, the ever-flowing spring,
Our souls shall drink a fresh supply,
While such as trust their native strength
Shall melt away, and droop, and die.</p> |
|---|---|

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1674

DEVOUT ASPIRATION

SOLITUDE 7.

L. T. Downes



A - MEN.

248

- 1 Oft in danger, oft in woe,
Onward, Christians, onward go;
Bear the toil, maintain the strife,
Strengthened with the bread of life.
- 2 Let your drooping hearts be glad;
March in heavenly armor clad;
Fight: nor think the battle long:
Soon shall victory tune your song.
- 3 Let not sorrow dim your eye,
Soon shall every tear be dry;
Let not fear your course impede,
Great your strength, if great your need.
- 4 Onward then to glory move;
More than conquerors ye shall prove;
Though opposed by many a foe,
Christian soldiers, onward go!

Henry K. White, 1785

249

- 1 What is this that stirs within,
Loving goodness, hating sin,
Always craving to be blest,
Finding here below no rest?
- 2 What is it? and whither, whence,
This unsleeping, secret sense,
Longing for its rest and food
In some hidden, untried good?
- 3 'Tis the soul, — mysterious name;
Him it seeks from whom it came:
While I muse, I feel the fire
Burning on, and mounting higher.
- 4 Onward, upward, to thy throne,
O thou infinite, unknown!
Still it presseth, till it see
Thee in all, and all in thee.

Rev. William H. Furness, 1802

CHRISTIAN LIFE

ELVET C. M.

J. B. Dykes



250

- 1 O how the thought of God attracts,
And draws the heart from earth,
And sickens it of passing shows
And dissipating mirth!
- 2 O utter but the name of God
Down in your heart of hearts,
And see how from the world at once
All tempting light departs.
- 3 A trusting heart, a yearning eye,
Can win their way above!
If mountains can be moved by faith,
Is there less power in love?
- 4 How little of that road, my soul!
How little hast thou gone!
Take heart, and let the thought of God
Allure thee further on.
- 5 Then keep thy conscience sensitive;
No inward token miss;
And go where grace entices thee:—
Perfection lies in this.

Rev. Frederick W. Faber, 1814

251

- 1 Weak and irresolute is man:
The purpose of to-day,
Woven with pains into his plan,
To-morrow rends away.
- 2 Some foe to his upright intent
Finds out his weaker part:
Virtue engages his assent,
But pleasure wins his heart.
- 3 'Tis here the folly of the wise
Through all his art we view;
And while his tongue the charge denies,
His conscience owns it true.
- 4 Bound on a voyage of awful length,
And dangers little known,
A stranger to superior strength,
Man vainly trusts his own.
- 5 But oars alone can ne'er prevail
To reach the distant coast: [sail,
The breath of heaven must swell the
Or all the toil is lost.

William Cowper, 1731

CHRISTIAN LIFE

ST. ANDREW OF CRETE 6. 5. D.

J. B. Dykes

A - MEN.

252

1 Christian! dost thou see them
On the holy ground,
How the powers of darkness,
Rage thy steps around?
Christian, up and smite them,
Counting gain but loss;
In the strength that cometh
By the holy cross.

2 Christian! dost thou feel them,
How they work within,
Striving, tempting, luring,
Goading into sin?
Christian! never tremble;
Never be downcast;
Gird thee for the battle,
Watch and pray and fast.

3 Christian! dost thou hear them,
How they speak thee fair?
"Always fast and vigil?
Always watch and prayer?"
Christian! answer boldly:
"While I breathe, I pray!"
Peace shall follow battle,
Night shall end in day.

4 "Well I know thy trouble,
O my servant true;
Thou art very weary,
I was weary too;
But that toil shall make thee
Some day all mine own,
And the end of sorrow
Shall be near my throne."

St. Andrew of Crete, 732
Tr. Rev. John M. Neale, 1818

CHRISTIAN LIFE

TOURS 7. 6. D.

B. Tours

253

- 1 Sometimes a light surprises
The Christian while he sings;
It is the Lord, who rises
With healing on his wings:
When comforts are declining,
He grants the soul again
A season of clear shining,
To cheer it after rain.
- 2 In holy contemplation,
We sweetly then pursue
The theme of God's salvation,
And find it ever new;
Set free from present sorrow,
We cheerfully can say,
"E'en let the unknown to-morrow
Bring with it what it may!

- 3 "It can bring with it nothing
But he will bear us through;
Who gives the lilies clothing
Will clothe his people too;
Beneath the spreading heavens
No creature but is fed;
And he who feeds the ravens
Will give his children bread.
- 4 "Though vine nor fig-tree neither
Their wonted fruit shall bear,
Though all the field should wither,
Nor flocks nor herds be there,
Yet God the same abiding,
His praise shall tune my voice:
For, while in him confiding,
I cannot but rejoice."

William Cowper, 1731

CHRISTIAN LIFE

HUMILITY L. M.

S. P. Tuckerman

254

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>1 Yet sometimes gleams upon my sight
Through present wrong the eternal
right;
And step by step, since time began,
I see the steady gain of man, —</p> <p>2 That all of good the past hath had
Remains to make our own time glad,
Our common, daily life divine,
And every land a Palestine.</p> | <p>3 Through the harsh noises of our day
A low, sweet prelude finds its way;
Through clouds of doubt and creeds of
fear
A light is breaking calm and clear.</p> <p>4 Henceforth my heart shall sigh no
more
For olden time and holier shore:
God's love and blessing, then and there,
Are now and here and everywhere.</p> |
|--|--|

John G. Whittier, 1807

EVAN C. M. (Hymns 256 and 257)

W. H. Havergal

CHRISTIAN LIFE

MAGDALEN COLLEGE 8. 8. 6.

W. Haynes



255

1 Be it my only wisdom here
To serve the Lord with filial fear,
With loving gratitude;
Superior sense may I display,
By shunning every evil way,
And walking in the good.

2 O may I still from sin depart!
A wise and understanding heart,
Father, to me be given!
And let me through thy spirit know
To glorify my God below,
And find my way to heaven.

Wesley's Collection

256 Tune, EVAN (See opposite page)

1 O happy is the man who hears
Instruction's faithful voice;
And who celestial wisdom makes
His early, only choice!

2 Wisdom has treasures greater far
Than east or west unfold;
And her rewards more precious are
Than is the gain of gold.

3 She guides the young, with innocence
In pleasure's path to tread;
A crown of glory she bestows
Upon the hoary head.

4 According as her labors rise,
So her rewards increase;
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all her paths are peace.

Scotch Paraphrases

257

1 This is the first and great command —
To love thy God above;
And this the second — as thyself
Thy neighbor thou shalt love.

2 Who is my neighbor? He who wants
The help which thou canst give;
And both the law and prophets say
This do, and thou shalt live.

William Roscoe, 1753

CHRISTIAN LIFE

FEDERAL STREET L. M.

H. K. Oliver



259

1 O blessed life! the heart at rest,
When all without tumultuous seems,
That trusts a higher will, and deems
That higher will, made ours, the
best.

2 O blessed life! the mind that sees —
Whatever change the years may
bring —
Some good still hid in every thing,
And shining through all mysteries.

3 O blessed life! the soul that soars,
When sense of mortal sight is dim,
Beyond the sense, — beyond, to him
Whose love unlocks the heavenly
doors.

4 O blessed life! heart, mind, and soul
From selfish aims and wishes free,
In all at one with Deity
And loyal to the Lord's control.

James Montgomery, 1771

Rev. William T. Matson, 1866

258

1 Heaven is a place of rest from sin,
But all who hope to enter there,
Must here that holy course begin,
Which shall their souls for rest pre-
pare.

2 Clean hearts, O God, in us create,
Right spirits, Lord, in us renew;
Commence we now that higher state,
Now do thy will as angels do.

3 In Jesus' footsteps may we tread,
Learn every lesson of his love;
And be from grace to glory led,
From heaven below to heaven above.

LANCASTER C. M. (Hymn 261)

S. Howard



CHRISTIAN LIFE

EISENACH L. M.

J. H. Schein



260

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>1 Supreme and universal light!
Fountain of reason! Judge of right!
Parent of good! whose blessings flow
On all above, and all below:</p> <p>2 Assist us, Lord, to act, to be,
What nature and thy laws decree;
Worthy that intellectual flame
Which from thy breathing spirit came.</p> <p>3 Our moral freedom to maintain,
Bid passion serve, and reason reign,
Self-poised and independent still
On this world's varying good or ill.</p> | <p>4 No slave to profit, shame, or fear,
O may our steadfast bosoms bear
The stamp of heaven: an upright heart,
Above the mean disguise of art!</p> <p>5 May our expanded souls disclaim
The narrow view, the selfish aim;
But with a Christian zeal embrace
Whate'er is friendly to our race.</p> <p>6 O Father, grace and virtue grant!
No more we wish, no more we want:
To know, to serve thee, and to love,
Is peace below, is bliss above.</p> |
|--|--|

Rev. Henry Moore, 1732

261 Tune, LANCASTER (See opposite page)

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>1 O happy soul that lives on high
While yet he sojourns here!
His hopes are fixed above the sky,
And faith forbids his fear.</p> <p>2 His conscience knows no secret stings;
While peace and joy combine
To form a life whose holy springs
Are hidden and divine.</p> | <p>3 He waits in secret on his God;
His God in secret sees;
Let earth be all in arms abroad,
He dwells in heavenly peace.</p> <p>4 His pleasures rise from things unseen,
Beyond this world and time,
Where neither eye nor ear hath been,
Nor thoughts of mortals climb.</p> |
|--|---|

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1674

CHRISTIAN LIFE

BADEA S. M.

German Melody



262

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>1 Send down thy truth, O God!
Too long the shadows frown;
Too long the darkened way we've trod:
Thy truth, O Lord, send down.</p> | <p>3 Send down thy love, thy life,
Our lesser lives to crown, [strife:
And cleanse them of their hate and
Thy living love send down.</p> |
| <p>2 Send down thy spirit free,
Till wilderness and town
One temple for thy worship be:
Thy spirit, O send down!</p> | <p>4 Send down thy peace, O Lord!
Earth's bitter voices drown
In one deep ocean of accord:
Thy peace, O God, send down.</p> |

Edward R. Sill, 1841

ALLINGTON S. M.

J. Hopkins



263

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>1 Our day of praise is done;
The evening shadows fall;
But pass not from us with the sun,
True light that lightenest all.</p> | <p>3 'Tis thine each soul to calm,
Each wayward thought reclaim,
And make our life a daily psalm
Of glory to thy name.</p> |
| <p>2 Around the throne on high,
Where night can never be,
The white-robed harpers of the sky
Bring ceaseless hymns to thee.</p> | <p>4 A little while, and then
Shall come the glorious end;
And songs of angels and of men
In perfect praise shall blend.</p> |

Rev. John Ellerton, 1826

CHRISTIAN LIFE

ST. CHRISTOPHER 7. 6. D.

F. C. Maker



A-MEN.

264

- 1 In heavenly love abiding,
No change my heart shall fear;
And safe is such confiding,
For nothing changes here.
The storm may roar without me,
My heart may low be laid;
But God is round about me,
And can I be dismayed?
- 2 Wherever he may guide me,
No want shall turn me back;
My shepherd is beside me,
And nothing can I lack.

His wisdom ever waketh,
His sight is never dim;
He knows the way he taketh,
And I will walk with him.

- 3 Green pastures are before me,
Which yet I have not seen;
Bright skies will soon be o'er me
Where darkest clouds have been.
My hope I cannot measure,
My path in life is free:
My Father has my treasure,
And he will walk with me.

Anna L. Waring, 1820

CHRISTIAN LIFE

WAREHAM L. M.

W. Knapp

265

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>1 So let our lips and lives express
The holy gospel we profess;
So let our works and virtues shine,
To prove the doctrine all divine.</p> <p>2 Thus shall we best proclaim abroad
The honors of our Saviour God,
When the salvation reigns within,
And grace subdues the power of sin.</p> | <p>3 Our flesh and sense must be denied,
Passion and envy, lust and pride;
While justice, temperance, truth, and love
Our inward piety approve.</p> <p>4 Religion bears our spirits up,
While we expect that blessed hope,—
The bright appearance of the Lord;
And faith stands leaning on his word.</p> |
|---|--|

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1674

ST. DROSTANE L. M. (Second Tune; also Hymn 267)

J. B. Dykes

CHRISTIAN LIFE

CROSS OF JESUS. 8. 7.

J. Stainer



266

- 1 Take, my soul, thy full salvation,
Rise o'er sin and fear and care,
Joy to find, in every station,
Something still to do or bear!
- 2 Think what spirit dwells within thee,
What a Father's smile is thine,
What thy Saviour did to win thee,—
Child of heaven, shouldst thou
repine?
- 3 Haste, then, on from grace to glory,
Armed by faith and winged by
prayer;
Heaven's eternal day's before thee,
God's own hand shall guide thee
there.
- 4 Soon shall close thy earthly mission,
Swift shall pass thy pilgrim days,
Hope soon change to glad fruition,
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

Rev. Henry F. Lyte, 1793

267 Tune, ST. DROSTANE (See opposite page)

- 1 How happy is he born and taught
That serveth not another's will,
Whose armor is his honest thought,
And simple truth his utmost skill,
- 2 Whose passions not his masters are,
Whose soul is still prepared for
death,
Untied unto the world by care
Of public fame or private breath ;
- 3 Who hath his life from rumors freed,
Whose conscience is his strong
retreat,
Whose state can neither flatterers feed,
Nor ruin make oppressors great!
- 4 This man is freed from servile bands
Of hope to rise, or fear to fall, —
Lord of himself, though not of lands,
And, having nothing, yet hath all.

Sir Henry Wotton, 1568

MORNING

PARK STREET L. M.

F. M. A. Venua



268

- 1 God of the morning, at whose voice
The cheerful sun makes haste to
rise,
And like a giant doth rejoice
To run his journey through the
skies;
- 2 O like the sun may I fulfil
The appointed duties of the day;
With ready mind and active will
March on, and keep my heavenly
way.
- 3 Lord, thy commands are clean and
pure,
Enlightening our beclouded eyes;
Thy threatenings just, thy promise
sure;
Thy gospel makes the simple wise.
- 4 Give me thy counsel for my guide,
And then receive me to thy bliss,
All my desires and hopes beside
Are faint and cold, compared with
this.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1674

269

- 1 The dawn is sprinkling in the east
Its golden shower, as day flows in;
Fast mount the pointed shafts of light:
Farewell to darkness and to sin.
- 2 So, Lord, when that last morning
breaks,
Which shrouds in darkness earth and
skies,
May it on us, low bending here,
Arrayed in joyful light arise.

Ambrosian. Tr. Rev. Edward Caswall, 1814

270

- 1 O God, I thank thee that the night
In peace and rest hath passed away;
And that I see, in this fair light,
My Father's smile, that makes it
day.
- 2 Be thou my guide, and let me live
As under thine all-seeing eye;
Supply my wants, my sins forgive,
And make me happy when I die.

Rev. John Pierpont, 1785

MORNING

HAYDN P. M.

Arranged from Haydn

271

1 Come, my soul, thou must be waking;
Now is breaking
O'er the earth another day;
Come, to him who made this
splendor,
See thou render
All thy feeble strength can pay.

2 Pray that he may prosper ever
Each endeavour,
When thine aim is good and true;
But that he may ever thwart thee,
And convert thee,
When thou evil would'st pursue.

3 Think that he thy ways beholdeth;
He unfoldeth
Every fault that lurks within;

He the hidden shame glossed over
Can discover,
And discern each deed of sin.

4 Mayest thou on life's last morrow,
Free from sorrow,
Pass away in slumber sweet;
And, released from death's dark sad-
ness,
Rise in gladness,
That far brighter sun to greet.

5 Only God's free gifts abuse not,
Light refuse not,
But his spirit's voice obey;
Thou with him shalt dwell, beholding
Light enfolding
All things in unclouded day.

Friedrich R. L. Canitz, 1654. Tr. Rev. H. J. Buckoll, 1803

MORNING

CAMDEN L. M.

J. B. Calkin

272

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>1 Awake, my soul, and with the sun
Thy daily stage of duty run;
Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise
To pay thy morning sacrifice.</p> | <p>3 Lord, I my vows to thee renew:
Scatter my sins like morning dew, [will,
Guard my first springs of thought and
And with thyself my spirit fill.</p> |
| <p>2 Wake and lift up thyself, my heart;
And with the angels bear thy part,
Who all night long unwearied sing
High praise to the eternal King.</p> | <p>4 Direct, control, suggest, this day,
All I design or do or say; [might,
That all my powers, with all their
In thy sole glory may unite.</p> |

Bishop Thomas Ken, 1637

ROCKINGHAM L. M. (Second Tune; also Hymn 274)

E. Miller

MORNING

BEETHOVEN L. M.

Arranged from Beethoven



273

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>1 New every morning is the love
Our waking and uprising prove;
Thro' sleep and darkness safely bro't,
Restored to life and power and thought.</p> <p>2 New mercies, each returning day,
Hover around us while we pray;
New perils past, new sins forgiven,
New thoughts of God, new hopes of heaven.</p> <p>3 Old friends, old scenes, will lovelier be,
As more of heaven in each we see:</p> | <p>Some softening gleam of love and
prayer
Shall dawn on every cross and care.</p> <p>4 The trivial round, the common task,
Will furnish all we ought to ask:
Room to deny ourselves; a road
To bring us daily nearer God.</p> <p>5 Only, O Lord, in thy dear love
Fit us for perfect rest above;
And help us, this and every day,
To live more nearly as we pray.</p> |
|---|--|

Rev. John Keble, 1792

274

Tune, **ROCKINGHAM** (See opposite page)

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>1 O God, I thank thee for each sight
Of beauty that thy hand doth give,—
For sunny skies and air and light:
O God, I thank thee that I live.</p> <p>2 My life I consecrate to thee:
And ever, as the day is born,
On wings of joy my soul would flee
To thank thee for another morn.</p> | <p>3 Another day in which to cast
Some silent deed of love abroad,
That, greatening as it journeys past,
May do some earnest work for God.</p> <p>4 Another day to do, to dare;
To use anew my growing strength;
To arm my soul with faith and prayer;
And so win life and thee at length.</p> |
|---|--|

Mrs. Caroline A. Mason, 1823

MORNING

ST. BEES 7.

J. B. Dykes



275

- 1 Now the shades of night are gone;
Now the morning light is come, —
Lord, may we be thine to-day!
Drive the shades of sin away.
- 2 Fill our souls with heavenly light,
Banish doubt, and clear our sight;
In thy service, Lord, to-day,
May we stand and watch and pray.
- 3 Keep our haughty passions bound;
Save us from our foes around;
Going out and coming in,
Keep us safe from every sin.
- 4 When our work of life is past,
O receive us then at last!
Night and sin will be no more,
When we reach the heavenly shore.

Samson Occum, 1723

276

- 1 In the morning I will raise
To my God the voice of praise;
With his kind protection blest,
Sweet and deep has been my rest.
- 2 In the morning I will pray
For his blessing on the day;
What this day shall be my lot,
Light or darkness, know I not.
- 3 Should it be with clouds o'ercast,
Clouds of sorrow gathering fast,
Thou, who givest light divine,
Shine within me, Lord, O shine!
- 4 Then, when fall the shades of night,
All within shall still be light,
Thou wilt peace around diffuse,
Gently as the evening dews.

Rev. William H. Furness, 1802

277 Tune, WINDSOR (See opposite page)

- 1 Now, when the dusky shades of night, retreating
Before the sun's red banner, swiftly flee;
Now, when the terrors of the dark are fleeting,
O Lord, we lift our grateful hearts to thee.
- 2 Look from the height of heaven, and send to cheer us
Thy light and truth, and guide us onward still;
Still let thy mercy, as of old, be near us,
And lead us safely to thy holy hill.

Gregory The Great (c. 540)
Translator Unknown

MORNING

WINDSOR II. 10.

J. Barnby

278

- 1 Still, still with thee, when purple morning breaketh,
When the bird waketh and the shadows flee;
Fairer than morning, lovelier than the daylight,
Dawns the sweet consciousness, I am with thee.
- 2 Alone with thee, amid the mystic shadows,
The solemn hush of nature newly born;
Alone with thee in breathless adoration,
In the calm dew and freshness of the morn.
- 3 As in the dawning, o'er the waveless ocean,
The image of the morning star doth rest,
So in this stillness thou beholdest only
Thine image in the waters of my breast.
- 4 When sinks the soul, subdued by toil, to slumber,
Its closing eye looks up to thee in prayer;
Sweet the repose beneath thy wings o'ershading,
But sweeter still to wake and find thee there.
- 5 So shall it be at last, in that bright morning
When the soul waketh and life's shadows flee:
O, in that hour, fairer than daylight dawning,
Shall rise the glorious thought, I am with thee.

Harriet Beecher Stowe, 1812

MORNING

SHIRLAND S. M.

S. Stanley

279

1 Behold, the morning sun
Begins his glorious way!
His beams through all the nations run
And life and light convey.

2 But where the gospel comes,
It spreads diviner light;
It calls dead sinners from their tombs,
And gives the blind their sight.

3 How perfect is thy word!
And all thy judgments just!
Forever sure thy promise, Lord,
And men securely trust.

4 My gracious God, how plain
Are thy directions given!
O may I never read in vain,
But find the path to heaven!

5 I hear thy word with love,
And I fain would obey,
Send thy good spirit from above,
To guide me, lest I stray.

6 While with my heart and tongue
I spread thy praise abroad,
Accept the worship and the song,
My Saviour and my God.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1674

MONSELL S. M. (Second Tune)

J. Barnby

MORNING

FAITH C. M.

J. B. Dykes

280

- | | | | |
|---|--|---|--|
| 1 | What secret hand, at morning light,
Softly unseals mine eye,
Draws back the curtain of the night,
And opens earth and sky? | 3 | In death's dark valley though I stray
'Twould there my steps attend,
Guide with the staff my lonely way,
And with the rod defend. |
| 2 | 'Tis thine, my God, the same that kept
My resting hours from harm;
No ill came nigh me, for I slept
Beneath the almighty's arm. | 4 | May that sure hand uphold me still
Through life's uncertain race,
To bring me to thine holy hill,
And to thy dwelling-place. |

James Montgomery, 1771

LAUD C. M. (Second Tune)

J. B. Dykes

MORNING

CHESTERFIELD C. M.

T. Haweis

281

- 1 Once more, my soul, the rising day
Salutes the waking eyes!
Once more, my voice, thy tribute pay
To him who rules the skies.
- 2 Day unto day his name repeats;
The night renews the sound
Thro' all the heaven on which he sits
And rolls the seasons round.
- 3 And we will magnify his name,
Our tongues shall speak his praise,
Whose hand sustain our mortal frame
Through all our passing days.
- 4 My God! may every hour be thine,
Till all our days are past;
So shall our sun in peace decline,
And set in smiles at last.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1674

282

- 1 Again the Lord of life and light
Awakes the kindling ray;
Unseals the eyelids of the morn,
And pours increasing day.
- 2 O what a night was that which wrapt
The heathen world in gloom!
O what a sun which broke this day,
Triumphant from the tomb!
- 3 This day be grateful homage paid,
And loud hosannas sung;
Let gladness dwell in every heart,
And praise on every tongue.
- 4 Ten thousand differing lips shall join
To hail this welcome morn, [wings
Which scatters blessings from its
To nations yet unborn.

Mrs. Anna L. Barbauld, 1743

MORNING

LIVORNO P. M.

A. S. Sullivan



A. MEN.

288

- 1 For the dear love that kept us through the night,
And gave our senses to sleep's gentle sway;
For the new miracle of dawning light
Flushing the east with prophecies of day,
We thank thee, O our God.
- 2 For the fresh life that through our being flows
With its full tide to strengthen and to bless;
For calm, sweet thoughts, upspringing from repose,
To bear to thee their song of thankfulness,
We praise thee, O our God.
- 3 Day uttereth speech to day, and night to night
Tells of thy power and glory. So would we,
Thy children, duly, with the morning light,
Or at still eve, upon the bended knee
Adore thee, O our God.
- 4 Thou know'st our needs, thy fullness will supply;
Our blindness, — let thy hand still lead us on,
Till, visited by the dayspring from on high,
Our prayer, one only, "Let thy will be done,"
We breathe to thee, O God.

William H. Burleigh, 1812

EVENING

TALLIS L. M.

T. Tallis

284

- 1 Another fleeting day is gone!
 Slow o'er the west the shadows fly,
 Swift the soft-stealing hours have flown,
 And night's dark mantle veils the sky.
- 2 Another fleeting day is gone!
 Swept from the records of the year;
 And still, with every setting sun,
 Life's fading visions disappear.
- 3 Another fleeting day is gone!
 But soon a fairer shall arise;—
 A day whose never-setting sun
 Shall pour his light o'er cloudless
 skies.
- 4 Another fleeting day is gone!
 In solemn silence rest, my soul,
 And bow before his awful throne,
 Who bids the morn and evening roll.

Rev. William B. Collyer, 1782

285

- 1 Glory to thee, my God, this night,
 For all the blessings of the light:
 Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
 Beneath thine own almighty wings!
- 2 Be thou my guardian while I sleep;
 Thy watchful station near me keep;
 My heart with love celestial fill,
 And guard me from the approach of ill.
- 3 Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,
 For ills that I this day have done;
 That with the world, myself and thee
 I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.
- 4 Praise God from whom all blessings
 flow:
 Praise him, all creatures here below!
 Praise him, ye angels round his throne!
 Praise God, the high and holy one!

Bishop Thomas Ken, 1687

EVENING

HURSLEY L. M.

P. Ritter



286

- 1 Sun of my soul! thou Saviour dear,
It is not night if thou be near;
O may no earth-born cloud arise
To hide thee from thy servant's eyes!
- 2 When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My weary eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest
Forever on my Saviour's breast!
- 3 Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without thee I dare not die.
- 4 Watch by the sick; enrich the poor
With blessings from thy boundless store;
Be every mourner's sleep to-night,
Like infant's slumbers, pure and light.
- 5 Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take,
Till in the ocean of thy love
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

Rev. John Keble, 1792

287

- 1 O light of life, O Saviour dear,
Before we sleep bow down thine ear:
Through dark and day, o'er land and
sea,
We have no other hope but thee.
- 2 Oft from thy royal road we part,
Lost in the mazes of the heart.
Our lamps put out, our course forgot,
We seek for God and find him not.
- 3 Through day and darkness, Saviour
dear,
Abide with us more nearly near,
Till on thy face we lift our eyes,
The sun of God's own paradise.
- 4 Praise God, our maker and our friend,
Praise him through time, till time shall
end;
Till psalm and song his name adore
Through heaven's great day of ever-
more.

Francis T. Palgrave, 1824

EVENING

VOX DILECTI C. M. D.

J. B. Dykes



288

- 1 The shadows of the evening hours
Fall from the darkening sky;
Upon the fragrance of the flowers
The dews of evening lie.
Before thy throne, O Lord of heaven,
We kneel at close of day:
Look on thy children from on high,
And hear us while we pray.
- 2 Slowly the rays of daylight fade;
So fade within our heart
The hopes in earthly love and joy
That one by one depart.

Slowly the bright stars, one by one,
Within the heavens shine;
Give us, O Lord, fresh hopes in heaven,
And trust in things divine.

- 3 Let peace, O Lord,— thy peace, O God,—
Upon our souls descend,
From midnight fears and perils thou
Our trembling hearts defend.
Give us a respite from our toil,
Calm and subdue our woes,
Through the long day we suffer, Lord,—
O give us now repose.

Adelaide A. Procter, 1825

EVENING

ST. LEONARD C. M. D. (Second Tune)

H. Hills



288 (See also opposite page)

- 1 The shadows of the evening hours
Fall from the darkening sky;
Upon the fragrance of the flowers
The dews of evening lie.
Before thy throne, O Lord of heaven,
We kneel at close of day:
Look on thy children from on high,
And hear us while we pray.
- 2 Slowly the rays of daylight fade;
So fade within our heart
The hopes in earthly love and joy
That one by one depart.

Slowly the bright stars, one by one,
Within the heavens shine;
Give us, O Lord, fresh hopes in heaven,
And trust in things divine.

- 3 Let peace, O Lord,— thy peace, O God,—
Upon our souls descend,
From midnight fears and perils thou
Our trembling hearts defend.
Give us a respite from our toil,
Calm and subdue our woes,
Through the long day we suffer, Lord,—
O give us now repose.

Adelaide A. Procter, 1825

EVENING

ST. CLEMENT 9. 8.

C. C. Scholefield

A-MEN.

289

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>1 The day thou gavest, Lord, is ended,
The darkness falls at thy behest,
To thee our morning hymns ascended,
Thy praise shall hallow now our rest.</p> <p>2 We thank thee that thy church,
unsleeping,
While earth rolls onward into light,
Through all the world her watch is
keeping,
And rests not now by day or night.</p> | <p>3 As o'er each continent and island
The dawn leads on another day,
The voice of prayer is never silent,
Nor dies the strain of praise away.</p> <p>4 So be it, Lord; thy throne shall never,
Like earth's proud empires, pass
away;
But stand and rule and grow forever,
Till all thy creatures own thy sway.</p> |
|---|--|

Rev. John Ellerton, 1826

REGENT SQUARE P. M. (Hymn 291)

H. Smart

A-MEN.

EVENING

TEMPLE P. M.

E. J. Hopkins

A - MEN.

290

1 God that madest earth and heaven,
 Darkness and light;
 Who the day for toil hast given,
 For rest the night,—
 May thine angel-guards defend us,
 Slumber sweet thy mercy send us,
 Holy dreams and hopes attend us,
 This livelong night.

2 Guard us waking, guard us sleeping,
 And, when we die,
 May we in thy mighty keeping
 All peaceful lie:
 When the heavenly call shall wake us,
 Do not thou, our God, forsake us,
 But to dwell in glory take us
 With thee on high.

Bishop Reginald Heber, 1783
 Archbishop Richard Whately, 1787

291 Tune, **REGENT SQUARE** (See opposite page)

1 Through the day thy love has spared us,
 Now we lay us down to rest;
 Through the silent watches guard us,
 Let no foe our peace molest;
 Jesus, thou our guardian be;
 Sweet it is to trust in thee.

2 Pilgrims here on earth, and strangers,
 Dwelling in the midst of foes,
 Us and ours preserve from dangers,
 In thine arms may we repose,
 And, when life's brief day is past,
 Rest with thee in heaven at last.

Rev. Thomas Kelly, 1760

EVENING

MERRIAL 6. 5

J. Barnby



292

- 1 Now the day is over,
Night is drawing nigh:
Shadows of the evening
Steal across the sky;
- 2 Jesus, give the weary
Calm and sweet repose;
With thy tenderest blessing
May our eyelids close.

- 3 Grant to little children
Visions bright of thee;
Guard the sailors tossing
On the deep, blue sea.

- 4 Comfort every sufferer
Watching late in pain;
Those who plan some evil
From their sins restrain.

- 5 Through the long night-watches,
May thine angels spread
Their white wings above me,
Watching round my bed.

- 6 When the morning wakens,
Then may I arise
Pure, and fresh, and sinless
In thy holy eyes.

Rev. Sabine Baring-Gould, 1834

PETERBOROUGH C. M. (Hymn 295)

R. Harrison





294

1 Slowly, by God's hand unfurled,
Down around the weary world,
Falls the darkness: O how still
Is the working of thy will !

2 Mighty spirit, ever nigh,
Work in me as silently;
Veil the day's distracting sights,
Show me heaven's eternal lights.

3 Living worlds to view be brought
In the boundless realms of thought;
High and infinite desires,
Flaming like those upper fires.

4 Holy truth, eternal right,
Let them break upon my sight;
Let them shine serene and still,
And with light my being fill.

Rev. William H. Furness, 1802

293

1 Softly now the light of day
Fades upon the sight away:
Free from care, from labor free,
Lord, we would commune with thee.

2 Thou, whose all-pervading eye
Nought escapes, without, within!
Pardon each infirmity,
Open fault and secret sin.

3 When from us the light of day
Shall forever pass away,
Then, from sin and sorrow free,
Take us, Lord, to dwell with thee.

Bishop George W. Doane, 1799

295

Tune, PETERBOROUGH (See opposite page)

1 As darker, darker, fall around
The shadows of the night, [prayer,
We gather here, with hymn and
To seek the eternal light.

2 Father in heaven, to thee are known
Our many hopes and fears,
Our heavy weight of mortal toil,
Our bitterness of tears.

3 We pray thee for our absent ones,
Who have been with us here;
And in our secret heart we name
The distant and the dear.

4 We bring to thee our hopes and fears,
And at thy footstool lay;
And, Father, thou who lovest all
Wilt hear us as we pray.

Hymns of the Spirit

EVENING

PARTING 10.

E. J. Hopkins



296

- 1 Saviour, again to thy dear name we raise
With one accord our parting hymn of praise;
We stand to bless thee ere our worship cease,
Then, lowly kneeling, wait thy word of peace.
- 2 Grant us thy peace upon our homeward way;
With thee began, with thee shall end, the day;
Guard thou the lips from sin, the hearts from shame,
That in this house have called upon thy name.
- 3 Grant us thy peace, Lord, through the coming night,
Turn thou for us its darkness into light;
From harm and danger keep thy children free,
For dark and light are both alike to thee.
- 4 Grant us thy peace throughout our earthly life,
Our balm in sorrow and our stay in strife;
Then when thy voice shall bid our conflict cease,
Call us, O Lord, to thine eternal peace!

Rev. John Ellerton, 1826

EVENING

HEBRON L. M.

L. Mason

A - MEN.

297

- 1 Thus far the Lord has led me on,
 Thus far his power prolongs my days;
 And every evening shall make known
 Some fresh memorial of his grace.
- 2 Much of my time has run to waste,
 And I, perhaps, am near my home;
 But he forgives my follies past,
 And gives me strength for days to
 come.
- 3 I lay my body down to sleep;
 Peace is the pillow for my head;
 While well-appointed angels keep
 Their watchful stations round my
 bed.
- 4 Faith in his name forbids my fear:
 O may thy presence ne'er depart!
 And in the morning make me hear
 The love and kindness of thy heart.
- 2 May struggling hearts that seek release
 Here find the rest of God's own peace;
 And, strengthened here by hymn and
 prayer,
 Lay down the burden and the care!
- 3 O God, our light! to thee we bow;
 Within all shadows standest thou:
 Give deeper calm than night can bring;
 Give sweeter songs than lips can sing.
- 4 Life's tumult we must meet again;
 We cannot at the shrine remain;
 But in the spirit's secret cell
 May hymn and prayer forever dwell.

Rev. Samuel Longfellow, 1819

299

- 1 Another day its course hath run,
 And still, O God, thy child is blest;
 For thou hast been by day my sun,
 And thou wilt be by night my rest.
- 2 Sweet sleep descends, my eyes to close;
 And now, while all the world is still,
 I give my body to repose,
 My spirit to my Father's will.

Rev. John Pierpont, 1785

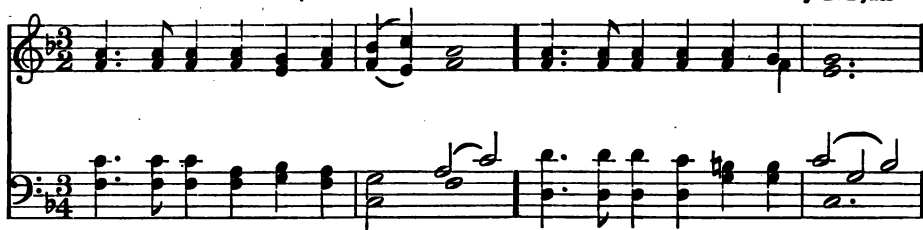
298

- 1 Again, as evening's shadow falls,
 We gather in these hallowed walls;
 And vesper hymn and vesper prayer
 Rise mingling on the holy air.

EVENING

ST. SYLVESTER 8. 7.

J. B. Dykes



A - MEN.

300

- 1 Father! breathe an evening blessing,
 Ere repose our spirits seal;
 Sin and want we come confessing,
 Thou canst save, and thou canst heal.
- 2 Though destruction walk around us,
 Though the arrow past us fly,
 Angel-guards from thee surround us;
 We are safe, if thou art nigh.
- 3 Though the night be dark and dreary,
 Darkness cannot hide from thee;
 Thou art he, who, never weary,
 Watchest where thy people be.
- 4 Should swift death this night o'ertake us
 And our couch become our tomb,
 May the morn in heaven awake us,
 Clad in light and deathless bloom.

James Edmeston, 1791

301

- 1 Now, on sea and land descending,
 Brings the night its peace profound:
 Let our vesper hymn be blending
 With the holy calm around.
- 2 Soon as dies the sunset glory,
 Stars of heaven shine out above,
 Telling still the ancient story,—
 Their creator's changeless love.
- 3 Now, our wants and burdens leaving
 To his care who cares for all,
 Cease we fearing, cease we grieving;
 At his touch our burdens fall.
- 4 As the darkness deepens o'er us,
 Lo! eternal stars arise;
 Hope and faith and love rise glorious,
 Shining in the spirit's skies.

Rev. Samuel Longfellow, 1819

EVENING

RISENHOLME 8. 4.

H. J. Gauntlett

302

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>1 The radiant morn hath passed away,
 And spent too soon her golden store;
 The shadows of departing day
 Creep on once more.</p> <p>2 Our life is but a fading dawn,
 Its glorious noon, how quickly past!
 Lead us, O Christ, our life-work done,
 Safe home at last.</p> <p>3 O by thy soul-inspiring grace
 Uplift our hearts to realms on high:</p> | <p>Help us to look to that bright place
 Beyond the sky,</p> <p>4 Where light, and life, and joy, and
 In undivided empire reign, [peace
 And thronging angels never cease
 Their deathless strain:</p> <p>5 Where saints are clothed in spotless
 white,
 And evening shadows never fall,
 Where thou, eternal Light of light,
 Art Lord of all.</p> |
|---|--|

Rev. Godfrey Thring, 1823

303

Tune, ST. SYLVESTER (See opposite page)

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>1 Tarry with me, O my Saviour!
 For the day is passing by;
 See! the shades of evening gather,
 And the night is drawing nigh.</p> <p>2 Deeper, deeper grow the shadows,
 Paler now the glowing west,
 Swift the night of death advances:
 Shall it be the night of rest?</p> <p>3 Lonely seems the vale of shadow;
 Sinks my heart with troubled fear;
 Give me faith for clearer vision,
 Speak thou, Lord, in words of cheer.</p> | <p>4 Let me hear thy voice behind me,
 Calming all these wild alarms;
 Let me, underneath my weakness,
 Feel the everlasting arms.</p> <p>5 Feeble, trembling, fainting, dying,
 Lord, I cast myself on thee;
 Tarry with me through the darkness;
 While I sleep, still watch by me.</p> <p>6 Tarry with me, O my Saviour!
 Lay my head upon thy breast
 Till the morning; then awake me!
 Morning of eternal rest.</p> |
|---|--|

Mrs. Caroline L. Smith, 1827

EVENING

EVENTIDE 10.

W. H. Monk



304

- 1 Abide with me! fast falls the eventide;
The darkness deepens, Lord, with me abide:
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, O abide with me!
- 2 Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see:
O thou who changest not, abide with me!
- 3 I need thy presence every passing hour:
What but thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who like thyself my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, O abide with me!
- 4 I fear no foe, with thee at hand to bless:
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness:
Where is death's sting? where, grave, thy victory?
I triumph still, if thou abide with me!
- 5 Hold thou the cross before my closing eyes!
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies!
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee:
In life and death, O Lord, abide with me!

Rev. Henry F. Lyte, 1793

GENERAL

CHRISTMAS C. M.

G. F. Händel



305

- 1 O it is hard to work for God,
To rise and take his part
Upon this battle-field of earth,
And not sometimes lose heart!
- 2 He hides himself so wondrously,
As though there were no God;
He is least seen when all the powers
Of ill are most abroad.
- 3 Muse on his justice, downcast soul!
Muse, and take better heart;
Back with thine angel to the field,
And bravely do thy part.
- 4 God's glory is a wondrous thing,
Most strange in all its ways;
And, of all things on earth, least like
What men agree to praise.
- 5 Thrice blest is he who can divine
Where real right doth lie,
And dares to take the side that seems
Wrong to man's blindfold eye.

- 6 For right is right, since God is God
And right the day must win;
To doubt would be disloyalty,
To falter would be sin.

Rev. Frederick W. Faber, 1814

306

- 1 I want a principle within
Of jealous, godly fear;
A sensibility to sin,
A pain to find it near.
- 2 I want the first approach to feel
Of pride, or fond desire;
To catch the wandering of my will,
And quench the kindling fire.
- 3 From thee that I no more may part,
No more thy goodness grieve,
The filial awe, the fleshly heart,
The tender conscience give.
- 4 Quick as the apple of an eye,
O God, my conscience make;
Awake my soul when sin is nigh,
And keep it still awake.

Rev. Charles Wesley, 1708

GENERAL

LANCASHIRE 7. 6. D.

H. Smart

307

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>1 O Lord, our strength in weakness,
 We pray to thee for grace;
 For power to fight the battle,
 For speed to run the race;
 When thy baptismal waters
 Were poured upon our brow,
 We then were made thy children,
 And pledged our earliest vow.</p> | <p>3 Conformed to his own likeness
 May we so live and die,
 That in the grave our bodies
 In holy peace may lie;
 And at the resurrection
 Forth from those graves may spring,
 Like to the glorious body
 Of Christ, our Lord and King.</p> |
| <p>2 We then were sealed and hallowed
 By thy life-giving word;
 Were made the spirit's temples,
 And members of the Lord;
 With his own blood he bought us,
 And made the purchase sure;
 His are we: may he keep us
 Sober, and chaste, and pure.</p> | <p>4 The pure in heart are blessed,
 For they shall see the Lord
 Forever and forever
 By seraphim adored;
 And they shall drink the pleasures,
 Such as no tongue can tell,
 From the clear crystal river,
 And life's eternal well.</p> |

Rev. Christopher Wordsworth, 1807

GENERAL

CAMDEN L. M.

J. B. Calkin



A-MEN.

308

- 1 Go, labor on! spend and be spent!
Thy joy to do the Father's will;
It is the way the Master went;
Should not the servant tread it still?
- 2 Go, labor on! 'tis not for nought;
Thine earthly loss is heavenly gain;
Men heed thee, love thee, praise thee
not,
The Master praises: what are men?
- 3 Go, labor on! enough, while here,
If he shall praise thee, if he deign
The willing heart to mark and cheer:
No toil for him shall be in vain.
- 4 Go, labor on, while it is day!
The world's dark night is hast'ning
on:
Speed, speed thy work! cast sloth
away!
It is not thus that souls are won.
- 5 Toil on! faint not! keep watch, and
pray!
Be wise the erring soul to win!

Go forth, into the world's highway!
Compel the wanderer to come in!

- 6 Toil on, and in thy toil rejoice!
For toil comes rest, for exile home;
Soon shalt thou hear the bridegroom's
voice,
The midnight peal, "Behold I come!"

Rev. Horatius Bonar, 1808

309

- 1 Press on, press on! ye sons of light,
Untiring in your holy fight,
Still treading each temptation down,
And battling for a brighter crown.
- 2 Press on, press on! through toil and
woe,
With calm resolve, to triumph go;
And make each dark and threatening
ill
Yield but a higher glory still.
- 3 Press on, press on! still look in faith
To him who conquereth sin and death;
Then shall ye hear his word, "Well
done."
True to the last, press on, press on!

Rev. William Gaskell, 1805

GENERAL

BEATITUDO C. M.

J. B. Dykes



A-MEN.

310

- 1 O for a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame,
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb.
- 2 What peaceful hours I once enjoyed!
How sweet their memory still!
But they have left an aching void
The world can never fill.
- 3 Return, O holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest;
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
And drove thee from my breast.
- 4 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worship only thee.

- 5 So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

William Cowper, 1731

311

- 1 Make channels for the streams of love,
Where they may broadly run;
And love has overflowing streams
To fill them, every one.
- 2 But if at any time we cease
Such channels to provide,
The very founts of love for us
Will soon be parched and dried.
- 3 For we must share, if we would keep
That blessing from above:
Ceasing to give, we cease to have,—
Such is the law of love.

Archbishop Richard C. Trench, 1807

GENERAL

MISSIONARY CHANT L. M.

C. Zeuner



A - MEN.

312

- 1 O life that maketh all things new,—
The blooming earth, the thoughts of
men!
Our pilgrim feet, wet with thy dew,
In gladness hither turn again.
- 2 From hand to hand the greeting flows,
From eye to eye the signals run,
From heart to heart the bright hope
glows;
The seekers of the light are one.
- 3 One in the freedom of the truth,
One in the joy of paths untrod,
One in the soul's perennial youth,
One in the larger thought of God;—
- 4 The freer step, the fuller breath,
The wide horizon's grander view,
The sense of life that knows no death,—
The life that maketh all things new.

Rev. Samuel Longfellow, 1819

313

- 1 Go forth to life, O child of earth!
Still mindful of thy heavenly birth:
Thou art not here for ease, or sin,
But manhood's noble crown to win.
- 2 Though passion's fires are in thy soul,
Thy spirit can their flames control;
Though tempters strong beset thy way,
Thy spirit is more strong than they.
- 3 Go on from innocence of youth
To manly pureness, manly truth:
God's angels still are near to save,
And God himself doth help the brave.
- 4 Then forth to life, O child of earth!
Be worthy of thy heavenly birth!
For noble service thou art here;
Thy brothers help, thy God revere!

Rev. Samuel Longfellow, 1819

GENERAL

RUSSIAN HYMN 10.

A. T. Lwoff



A-MEN.

314

- 1 Rise, crowned with light, imperial Salem, rise;
Exalt thy towering head, and lift thine eyes;
See heaven its sparkling portals wide display,
And break upon thee in a flood of day!
- 2 See a long race thy spacious courts adorn!
See future sons and daughters, yet unborn,
In crowding ranks on every side arise,
Demanding life, impatient for the skies!
- 3 See barbarous nations at thy gates attend,
Walk in thy light, and in thy temple bend!
See thy bright altars thronged with prostrate kings,
While every land its joyous tribute brings!
- 4 The seas shall waste, the skies to smoke decay,
Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away:
But fixed his word; his saving power remains;
Thy realm shall last, thy own Messiah reigns.

Alexander Pope, 1688

GENERAL

BERLIN 11. 10.

Arranged from Mendelssohn

315

- 1 I cannot find thee. Still on restless pinion
My spirit beats the void where thou dost dwell;
I wander lost through all thy vast dominion,
And shrink beneath thy light ineffable.
- 2 I cannot find thee. E'en when, most adoring,
Before thy shrine I bend in lowliest prayer;
Beyond these bounds of thought, my thought upsoaring,
From furthest quest comes back: thou art not there.
- 3 Yet high above the limits of my seeing,
And folded far within the inmost heart,
And deep below the deeps of conscious being,
Thy splendor shineth: there, O God! thou art.
- 4 I cannot lose thee. Still in thee abiding,
The end is clear, how wide soe'er I roam;
The law that holds the worlds my steps is guiding,
And I must rest at last in thee, my home.

Eliza Scudder, 1822

GENERAL

ANCIENT OF DAYS 11. 10.

J. A. Jeffery

(ORGAN)

A - MEN.

316

- 1 Ancient of days, who sittest, thron'd in glory:
To thee all knees are bent, all voices pray;
Thy love has bless'd the wide world's wondrous story,
With light and life since Eden's dawning day.
- 2 O holy Father, who hast led thy children
In all the ages, with the fire and cloud,
Through seas dry-shod; through weary wastes bewildering;
To thee, in reverent love, our hearts are bowed.
- 3 O holy Jesus, Prince of peace and Saviour,
To thee we owe the peace that still prevails,
Stilling the rude wills of men's wild behaviour,
And calming passion's fierce and stormy gales.

Bishop William C. Doane, 1832

GENERAL

ANCIENT OF DAYS (Organ Accompaniment)

J. A. Jeffery

Organ accompaniment for "Ancient of Days" by J. A. Jeffery. The piece is in 4/4 time with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#). It consists of three systems of two staves each. The first system begins with a treble clef and a key signature change to two sharps. The second system continues the melody and harmony. The third system concludes with a double bar line and repeat signs.

STRENGTH AND STAY 11. 10. (Second Tune for Hymn 316)

J. B. Dykes

Organ accompaniment for "Strength and Stay" by J. B. Dykes. The piece is in 4/4 time with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#). It consists of two systems of two staves each. The first system begins with a treble clef and a key signature change to two sharps. The second system continues the melody and harmony. The piece concludes with a double bar line and the text "A-MEN." in the right margin.

GENERAL

ST. FLAVIAN C. M.

Old English

A - MEN.

317

- | | |
|--|---|
| 1 The perfect way is hard to flesh;
It is not hard to love;
If thou wert sick for want of God
How swiftly wouldst thou move! | And catch the words the spirit there
From hour to hour may say. |
| 2 Good is the cloister's silent shade,
Cold watch and pining fast;
Better the mission's wearing strife,
If there thy lot be cast. | 4 'Tis not enough to save the soul,
To shun the eternal fires;
The tho't of God must rouse the soul
To more sublime desires. |
| 3 Press forward to the perfect mind;
Keep thy heart calm all day, | 5 Be docile to thine unseen guide,
Love him as he loves thee;
Time and obedience are enough,
And thou a saint shalt be. |

Rev. Frederick W. Faber, 1814

ROCKINGHAM L. M. (Hymn 319)

E. Miller

A - MEN.

GENERAL

ST. BEES 7.

J. B. Dykes



318

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>1 Holy spirit, light divine,
Shine upon this heart of mine;
Chase the shades of night away;
Turn the darkness into day.</p> <p>2 Holy spirit, power divine,
Cleanse this guilty heart of mine:
Long has sin, without control,
Held dominion o'er my soul.</p> <p>3 Holy spirit, love divine,
Glow within this heart of mine;
Kindle every high desire,
Cleanse my soul in thy pure fire.</p> | <p>4 Holy spirit, peace divine,
Still this restless heart of mine:
Speak to calm the tossing sea,
Stayed in thy tranquillity.</p> <p>5 Holy spirit, joy divine,
Cheer this saddened heart of mine;
Bid my troubled thoughts be still,
With thy peace my spirit fill.</p> <p>6 Holy spirit, all divine,
Dwell within this heart of mine:
Cast down every idol-throne;
Reign supreme, and reign alone.</p> |
|---|--|

Rev. Andrew Reed, 1787

319 Tune, **ROCKINGHAM** (See opposite page)

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>1 When I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of glory died.
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.</p> <p>2 See, from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down!</p> | <p>Did e'er such love and sorrow meet?
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?</p> <p>3 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a tribute far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.</p> |
|--|--|

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1674

GENERAL

ST. CRISPIN L. M.

G. J. Elvey



320

- 1 Just as I am,— without one plea
But that thy love is seeking me,
And that thou bid'st me come to thee,
O loving God! I come, I come.
- 2 Just as I am,— and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To thee whose love can cleanse each
spot,
O loving God! I come, I come.
- 3 Just as I am,— though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings within, and fears without,—
O loving God! I come, I come.
- 4 Just as I am,— thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, heal, relieve,
Because thy promise I believe,—
O loving God! I come, I come.

Charlotte Elliott, 1789

Rev. Samuel Longfellow, 1819

321

- 1 As body when the soul has fled,
As barren trees, decayed and dead,
Is faith; a hopeless, lifeless thing,
If not of righteous deeds the spring.
- 2 One cup of healing oil and wine,
One tear-drop shed on mercy's shrine,
Is thrice more grateful, Lord, to thee,
Than lifted eye or bended knee.
- 3 In true and genuine faith, we trace
The source of every Christian grace:
Within the pious heart it plays,
A living fount of joy and praise.
- 4 Kind deeds of peace and love betray
Where'er the stream has found its way;
But where these spring not rich and
fair,
The stream has never wandered there.

Rev. William H. Drummond, 1772

GENERAL

ST. EDITH 7. 6. D.

J. H. Knecht

A- MEN.

322

- 1 O Jesus, thou art standing
Outside the fast-closed door,
In lowly patience waiting
To pass the threshold o'er:
Shame on us, Christian brothers,
His name and sign who bear;
O shame, thrice shame upon us,
To keep him standing there!
- 2 O Jesus, thou art knocking:
And lo! that hand is scarred,
And thorns thy brow encircle,
And tears thy face have marred:

O love that passeth knowledge,
So patiently to wait!
O sin that hath no equal,
So fast to bar the gate.

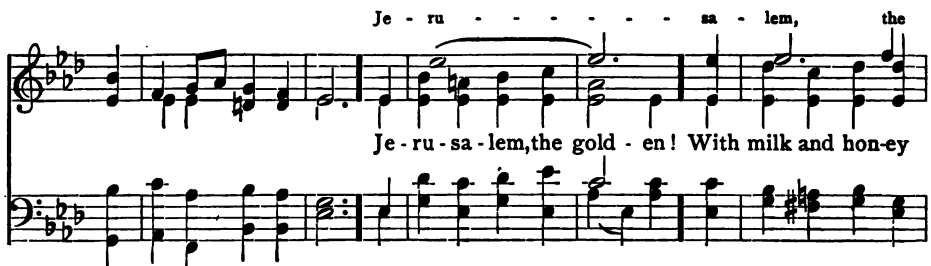
- 3 O Jesus, thou art pleading
In accents meek and low,
"I died for you, my children,
And will ye treat me so?"
O Lord, with shame and sorrow
We open now the door:
Dear Saviour, enter, enter,
And leave us nevermore.

Bishop William W. How, 1823

GENERAL

URBS BEATA 7. 6. D. With Refrain

G. F. Le Jeune



- 1 Jerusalem the golden!
With milk and honey blest;
Beneath thy contemplation
Sink heart and voice oppress.
I know not, O I know not,
What joys await us there!
What radiancy of glory!
What bliss beyond compare!
Jerusalem the golden!
With milk and honey blest;
Beneath thy contemplation
Sink heart and soul oppress.
- 2 They stand, those halls of Zion,
All jubilant with song,
And bright with many an angel,
And all the martyr throng.
The Prince is ever in them,
The daylight is serene;
The pastures of the blessed
Are decked in glorious sheen.
Jerusalem the golden, etc.
- 3 There is the throne of David;
And there, from care released
The shout of them that triumph,
The song of them that feast.
And they, who with their leader,
Have conquered in the fight,
Forever and forever
Are clad in robes of white.
Jerusalem the golden, etc.
- 4 The world is very evil,
The times are waxing late.
Be sober and keep vigil,
The Judge is at the gate;
The Judge who comes in mercy,
The Judge who comes with might,
To terminate the evil,
To diadem the right.
Jerusalem the golden, etc.
- 5 Arise, arise, good Christian,
Let right the wrong succeed;
Let penitential sorrow
To heavenly gladness lead:
To the home of fadeless splendor,
Of flowers that bear no thorn,
Where they shall dwell as children,
Who here as exiles mourn;
Jerusalem the golden, etc.
- 6 'Mid power that knows no limit,
And wisdom free from bound,
Where rests a peace untroubled,
Peace holy and profound.
O happy, holy portion,
Refection for the blest,
True vision of true beauty,
Sweet cure for all distress!
Jerusalem the golden, etc.
- 7 Thou hast no shore, fair ocean!
Thou hast no time, bright day!
Dear fountain of refreshment
To pilgrims far away!
Strive, man, to win that glory;
Toil, man, to gain that light;
Send hope before to grasp it,
Till hope be lost in sight.
Jerusalem the golden, etc.
- 8 O sweet and blessed country,
The home of God's elect!
O sweet and blessed country
That eager hearts expect!
Jesus, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest!
Who art with God the Father,
And Spirit, ever blest.
Jerusalem the golden!
With milk and honey blest;
Beneath thy contemplation
Sink heart and voice oppress.

St. Bernard of Cluny, 1100(?)
Tr. Rev. John M. Neale, 1818

GENERAL

EWING 7. 6. D. (Second Tune)

A. Ewing

328 (See also page 195)

- 1 Jerusalem the golden!
With milk and honey blest;
Beneath thy contemplation
Sink heart and voice oppress.
I know not, O I know not,
What joys await us there!
What radiance of glory!
What bliss beyond compare!
- 2 They stand, those halls of Zion,
All jubilant with song,
And bright with many an angel,
And all the martyr throng.
The Prince is ever in them,
The daylight is serene;
The pastures of the blessed
Are decked in glorious sheen.

- 3 There is the throne of David;
And there, from care released,
The shout of them that triumph,
The song of them that feast.
And they, who with their leader,
Have conquered in the fight,
Forever and forever
Are clad in robes of white.
- 4 O sweet and blessed country,
The home of God's elect!
O sweet and blessed country
That eager hearts expect!
Jesus, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest!
Who art with God the Father,
And Spirit, ever blest.

St. Bernard of Cluny, 1100(?)
Tr. Rev. John M. Neale, 1818

GENERAL

EDINBURGH 11.

From "The Modern Harp"



324

- 1 A voice from the desert comes awful and shrill:
The Lord is advancing; prepare ye the way!
The word of his promise he comes to fulfil,
And o'er the dark world pour the splendor of day.
- 2 Bring down the proud mountain, though towering to heaven,
And be the low valley exalted on high;
The rough path and crooked be made smooth and even,
He cometh! our King, our Redeemer is nigh.
- 3 The beams of salvation his progress illumine,
The lone, dreary wilderness sings of her God;
The rose and the myrtle there suddenly bloom,
And the olive of peace spreads its branches abroad.

Rev. William H. Drummond, 1772

GENERAL

ST. EDMUND P. M.

A. S. Sullivan

A-MEN.

325

1 I'm but a stranger here,
Heaven is my home;
Earth is a desert drear,
Heaven is my home.

Danger and sorrow stand
Round me on ev'ry hand,
Heaven is my fatherland,
Heaven is my home.

2 What though the tempest rage,
Heaven is my home;
Short is my pilgrimage,
Heaven is my home.

Time's wild and wintry blast
Soon will be over-past;
I shall reach home at last,
Heaven is my home.

3 Therefore I murmur not,
Heaven is my home;
Whate'er my earthly lot,
Heaven is my home.
And I shall surely stand
There at my Lord's right hand;
Heaven is my fatherland
Heaven is my home.

Rev. Thomas R. Taylor, 1807

SYCHAR 8. 7. (Second Tune for Hymn 326)

J. B. Dykes

Omit Refrain

A-MEN.

GENERAL

ONE BY ONE 8. 7. D.

E. H. Bailey

A - MEN.

By permission of the Amer. Unitarian Soc.

326

- 1 One by one the sands are flowing;
One by one the moments fall:
Some are coming, some are going;
Do not strive to grasp them all.
One by one thy duties wait thee;
Let thy whole strength go to each:
Let no future dreams elate thee;
Learn thou first what these can teach.
- 2 One by one, bright gifts from heaven,
Joys are lent thee here below:
Take them readily when given;
Ready, too, to let them go.
One by one thy duties, etc.
- 3 One by one thy griefs shall meet thee;
Do not fear an armed band:
One will fade as others greet thee,—
Shadows passing through the land.
One by one thy duties, etc.
- 4 Every hour that fleets so slowly
Has its task to do or bear:
Luminous the crown and holy,
If thou set each gem with care.
One by one thy duties wait thee;
Let thy whole strength go to each;
Let no future dreams elate thee;
Learn thou first what these can teach.

Adelaide A. Procter, 1825

GENERAL

AURELIA 7. 6. D.

S. S. Wesley

A - MEN.

327

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>1 The church's one foundation
 Is Jesus Christ her Lord;
 She is his new creation
 By water and the word:
 From heaven he came and sought her
 To be his holy bride;
 With his own blood he bought her,
 And for her life he died.</p> | <p>3 Though with a scornful wonder
 Men see her sore oppress,
 By schisms rent asunder,
 By heresies distrest;
 Yet saints their watch are keeping,
 Their cry goes up, "How long?"
 And soon the night of weeping
 Shall be the morn of song.</p> |
| <p>2 Elect from every nation,
 Yet one o'er all the earth;
 Her charter of salvation,
 One Lord, one faith, one birth;
 One holy name she blesses,
 Partakes one holy food,
 And to one hope she presses,
 With every grace endued.</p> | <p>4 'Mid toil and tribulation,
 And tumult of her war,
 She waits the consummation
 Of peace for evermore;
 Till with the vision glorious
 Her longing eyes are blest,
 And the great church victorious
 Shall be the church at rest.</p> |

Samuel J. Stone, 1839

GENERAL

ALL SAINTS C. M. D.

H. S. Cutler

The musical score is written for a four-part setting in 4/4 time, using a key signature of one flat (B-flat). It consists of three systems of two staves each (treble and bass). The first system shows the beginning of the piece with a treble staff starting on a G4 and a bass staff on a G2. The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The third system concludes with a double bar line and repeat signs. The notation includes various note values (quarter, eighth, and sixteenth notes), rests, and dynamic markings.

A - MEN.

328

- 1 The Son of God goes forth to war,
A kingly crown to gain;
His blood-red banner streams afar;
Who follows in his train?
Who best can drink his cup of woe,
Triumphant over pain;
Who patient, bears his cross below,
He follows in his train.
- 2 The martyr first, whose eagle eye
Could pierce beyond the grave;
Who saw his Master in the sky,
And called on him to save;

Like him, with pardon on his tongue,
In midst of mortal pain,
He prayed for them that did the wrong:
Who follows in his train?

- 3 A noble army, men and boys,
The matron and the maid,
Around the Saviour's throne rejoice,
In robes of light arrayed.
They climbed the steep ascent of heaven
Through peril, toil and pain:
O God, to us may grace be given
To follow in their train!

Bishop Reginald Heber, 1783

GENERAL

PENTECOST L. M.

W. Boyd

329

- 1 Fight the good fight with all thy might,
Christ is thy strength, and Christ thy
right;
Lay hold on life, and it shall be
Thy joy and crown eternally.
- 2 Run the straight race thro' God's good
grace,
Lift up thine eyes, and seek his face;
Life with its way before us lies,
Christ is the path, and Christ the prize.
- 3 Cast care aside, lean on thy guide;
His boundless mercy will provide;
Trust, and thy trusting soul shall
prove
Christ is its life, and Christ its love.
- 4 Faint not nor fear, his arms are near;
He changeth not, and thou art dear;
Only believe, and thou shalt see
That Christ is all in all to thee.

Rev. John S. B. Monsell, 1811

CAMBRIDGE S. M. (Hymn 332)

R. Harrison

A-MEN.

GENERAL

ARLINGTON C. M.

Dr. Arne



330

- 1 Not only for some task sublime
Thy help do I implore;
Not only at some solemn time
Thy holy spirit pour!
- 2 But for each daily task of mine
I need thy quickening power;
I need thy presence everywhere,
I need thee every hour.
- 3 Each action finds in thee its spring,
Each joy thy love makes bright,
Each footstep is thine ordering,
Each grief shines in thy light.

Thomas H. Gill, 1819

331

- 1 O thou who hast thy servants taught,
That not by words alone,
But by the fruits of holiness,
The life of God is shown, —
- 2 While in the house of prayer we meet,
And call thee God and Lord,
Give us a heart to follow thee,
Obedient to thy word.
- 3 When we our voices lift in praise,
Give thou us grace to bring
An offering of unfeigned thanks,
And with the spirit sing.
- 4 And, in the dangerous path of life,
Uphold us as we go;
That with our lips and in our lives
Thy glory we may show.

Dean Henry Alford, 1819

332 Tune, CAMBRIDGE (See opposite page)

- 1 Like Noah's weary dove,
That soared the earth around,
But not a resting-place above
The cheerless waters found;
- 2 O cease, my wandering soul,
On restless wing to roam;
All the wide world, to either pole,
Has not for thee a home.
- 3 Behold the ark of God,
Behold the open door;

Hasten to gain that dear abode,
And rove, my soul, no more.

- 4 There, safe thou shalt abide,
There, sweet shall be thy rest,
And every longing satisfied,
With full salvation blest.

- 5 And when the waves of ire
Again the earth shall fill,
The ark shall ride the sea of fire,
Then rest on Zion's hill.

Rev. William A. Muhlenberg, 1796

GENERAL

RAPTURE 7. D.

Arranged from Haydn

A-MEN.

838

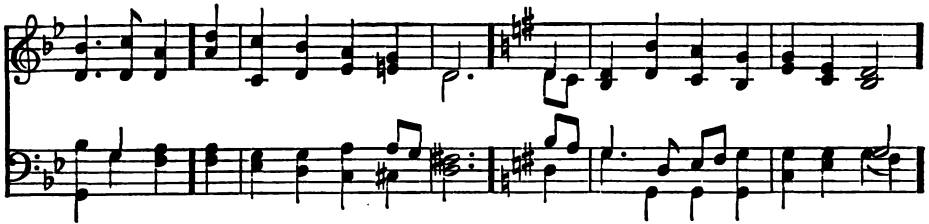
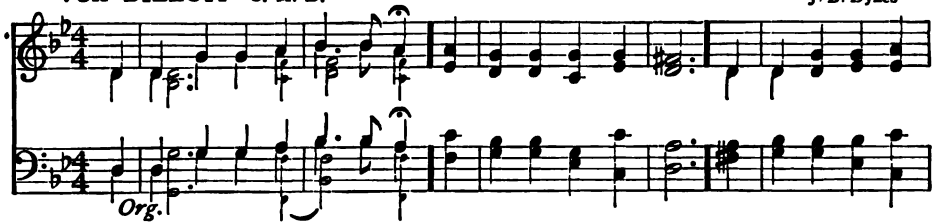
- 1 Who are these in bright array,
This innumerable throng,
Round the altar, night and day,
Tuning their triumphant song?
"Worthy is the Lamb, once slain,
Blessing, honor, glory, power,
Wisdom, riches to obtain,
New dominion every hour."
- 2 These through fiery trials trod;
These from great affliction came;
Now before the throne of God,
Sealed with his eternal name;
- 3 Hunger, thirst, disease unknown,
On immortal fruits they feed;
Them the Lamb amidst the throne,
Shall to living fountains lead:
Joy and gladness banish sighs;
Perfect love dispels their fears;
And for ever from their eyes
God shall wipe away their tears.

James Montgomery, 1771

GENERAL

VOX DILECTI C. M. D.

J. B. Dykes



334

- 1 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
Come unto me and rest;
Lay down, thou weary one, lay down
Thy head upon my breast.
I came to Jesus as I was,
Weary, and worn, and sad;
I found in him a resting place,
And he has made me glad.
- 2 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
Behold, I freely give
The living water; thirsty one,
Stoop down, and drink, and live.

I came to Jesus, and I drank
Of that life-giving stream;
My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,
And now I live in him.

- 3 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
I am this dark world's light;
Look unto me, thy morn shall rise,
And all thy day be bright.
I looked to Jesus, and I found
In him my star, my sun;
And in that light of life I'll walk
Till travelling days are done.

Rev. Horatius Bonar, 1808

GENERAL

DIADEMATA S. M. D.

G. J. Elvey

835

- 1 Crown him with many crowns,
The Lamb upon his throne;
Hark! how the heavenly anthem drowns
All music but its own:
Awake, my soul, and sing
Of him who died for thee,
And hail him as thy matchless King
Thro' all eternity.
- 2 Crown him the Son of God
Before the worlds began,
And ye, who tread where he hath trod,
Crown him the son of man;

Who every grief hath known
That wrings the human breast,
And takes and bears them for his own,
That all in him may rest.

- 3 Crown him the Lord of life,
Who triumphed o'er the grave,
And rose victorious in the strife
For those he came to save;
His glories now we sing
Who died, and rose on high,
Who died, eternal life to bring,
And lives that death may die.

Stanzas 4 and 5 on opposite page

GENERAL

MERTON C. M.

H. K. Oliver

336

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>1 Ye golden lamps of heaven! farewell,
With all your feeble light:
Farewell, thou ever-changing moon,
Pale empress of the night!</p> <p>2 And thou, refulgent orb of day!
In brighter flames arrayed,
My soul, which springs beyond thy
sphere,
No more demands thine aid.</p> <p>3 Ye stars are but the shining dust
Of my divine abode,
The pavement of these heavenly courts
Where I shall reign with God.</p> | <p>4 The father of eternal light
Shall there his beams display;
Nor shall one moment's darkness mix
With that unvaried day.</p> <p>5 No more the drops of piercing grief
Shall swell into mine eyes;
Nor the meridian sun decline,
Amid those brighter skies.</p> <p>6 There all the millions of his saints
Shall in one song unite;
And each the bliss of all shall view
With infinite delight.</p> |
|--|--|

Rev. Philip Doddridge, 1702

Hymn 335, continued

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>4 Crown him of lords the Lord,
Who over all doth reign,
Who once on earth, th' incarnate
word,
For ransomed sinners slain,
Now lives in realms of light,
Where saints with angels sing
Their songs before him day and night,
Their God, Redeemer, King.</p> | <p>5 Crown him the Lord of heaven,
Enthroned in worlds above;
Crown him the King, to whom is given,
The wondrous name of love.
Crown him with many crowns,
As thrones before him fall,
Crown him, ye kings, with many
crowns,
For he is King of all.</p> |
|--|--|

Matthew Bridges, 1800

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387

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>1 I need thee every hour,
Most gracious Lord;
No tender voice like thine
Can peace afford.
I need thee, O I need thee,
Every hour I need thee;
O bless me now, my Saviour,
I come to thee!</p> | <p>3 I need thee every hour,
In joy or pain;
Come quickly and abide,
Or life is vain.
I need thee, etc.</p> |
| <p>2 I need thee every hour;
Stay thou near by;
Temptations lose their power
When thou art nigh.
I need thee, O I need thee,
Every hour I need thee;
O bless me now, my Saviour,
I come to thee!</p> | <p>4 I need thee every hour;
Teach me thy will;
And thy rich promises
In me fulfil.
I need thee, etc.</p> |
| | <p>5 I need thee every hour,
Most holy one;
O make me thine indeed,
Thou blessed Son!
I need thee, etc.</p> |

Mrs. Annie S. Hawks, 1835

GENERAL

FABEN 8. 7. D.

J. H. Willcox

A - MEN.

388

1 Lord, with glowing heart I'll praise thee,

For the bliss thy love bestows,
For the pardoning grace that saves me,
And the peace that from it flows;
Help, O God, my weak endeavour;
This dull soul to rapture raise:
Thou must light the flame, or never
Can my love be warmed to praise.

2 Praise, my soul, the God that sought thee,

Wretched wanderer, far astray;
Found thee lost, and kindly brought thee

From the paths of death away;
Praise, with love's devoutest feeling,
Him, who saw thy guilt-born fear,
And, the light of hope revealing,
Bade the blood-stained cross appear.

3 Lord, this bosom's ardent feeling
Vainly would my lips express:
Low before thy footstool kneeling,
Deign thy suppliant's prayer to bless:
Let thy grace, my soul's chief treasure,
Love's pure flame within me raise:
And, since words can never measure,
Let my life show forth thy praise.

Francis S. Key, 1770

GENERAL

ST. GEORGE'S 7. D.

G. J. Elvey



339

1 Pleasant are thy courts above,
In the land of light and love;
Pleasant are thy courts below,
In this land of joy and woe.
O my spirit longs and fains
For the converse of thy saints,
For the brightness of thy face,
King of glory, God of grace!

2 Happy birds that sing and fly
Round thine altars, O most high!
Happier souls that find a rest
In a heavenly Father's breast!
Like the wandering dove that found
No repose on earth around,
They can to their ark repair,
And enjoy it ever there.

3 Happy souls! their praises flow
Even in the vale of woe:
Waters in the desert rise;
Manna feeds them from the skies:
On they go from strength to strength
Till they reach thy throne at length,
At thy feet adoring fall
Who hast led them safe through all.

4 Lord, be mine this prize to win:
Guide me through a world of sin;
Keep me by thy saving grace;
Give me at thy side a place.
Sun and shield alike thou art:
Guide and guard my erring heart;
Grace and glory flow from thee;
Shower, O shower them, Lord, on me!

Rev. Henry F. Lyte, 1793

340

1 Guide us, Lord, a pilgrim band,
Journeying toward the better land;
Foes we know are to be met,
Snares the pilgrim's path beset;
Clouds upon the valley rest,
Rough and dark the mountain's breast;
And our home may not be gained,
Save through trials well sustained.

2 God of mercy! on thee, all
Humbly for thy guidance call;
Save us from the evil tongue,
From the heart that thinketh wrong,
From the sins, whate'er they be,
That divide the soul from thee.
God of grace! on thee we rest;
Bless us, and we shall be blest.

Hymns of the Spirit

GENERAL

ST. ALBANS 6. 5. 12l.

Arranged from Haydn

341

- 1 Forward! be our watchword,
Steps and voices joined;
Seek the things before us,
Not a look behind.
Burns the fiery pillar
At our army's head:
Who shall dream of shrinking,
By our captain led?
Forward, out of error,
Leave behind the night;
Forward through the darkness,
Forward into light!
- 2 Glories upon glories
Hath our God prepared,
By the souls that love him
One day to be shared.
Eye hath not beheld them,
Ear hath never heard;

Nor of these hath uttered
Thought or speech a word.
Forward, marching eastward
Where the heaven is bright,
Till the veil be lifted,
Till our faith be sight!

- 3 Far o'er yon horizon
Rise the city towers,
Where our God abideth:
That fair home is ours.
Flash the streets with jasper,
Shine the gates with gold;
Flows the gladdening river
Shedding joys untold.
Thither, onward thither,
In the spirit's might,
Pilgrims to your country,
Forward into light!

Dean Henry Alford, 1810

GENERAL

DENNIS S. M.

Arranged by L. Mason

A - MEN.

342

- 1 For all thy saints, O God,
Who strove in thee to live,
Who followed thee, obeyed, adored,
Our grateful hymn receive.
- 2 For all thy saints, O God,
Accept our thankful cry,
Who counted thee their great reward,
And yearned for thee to die.
- 3 They all, in life and death,
With thee, Lord, in their view,
Learned from thy holy spirit's breath
To suffer and to do.
- 4 For this thy name we bless,
And humbly pray that we
May follow them in holiness,
And live and die in thee.

Bishop Richard Mant, 1776

343

- 1 Blest are the pure in heart,
For they shall see our God;
The secret of the Lord is theirs;
Their soul is his abode.
- 2 Still to the lowly soul
God doth himself impart,

And for his dwelling and his throne
Doth choose the pure in heart.

- 3 Lord, we thy presence seek;
May ours this blessing be:
Give us a pure and lowly heart,
A temple meet for thee.

Rev. John Keble, 1792

344

- 1 A charge to keep I have,
A God to glorify,
A never-dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky;
- 2 To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfil:
O may it all my powers engage
To do my Master's will.
- 3 Arm me with jealous care,
As in thy sight to live;
And O, thy servant, Lord, prepare,
A strict account to give!
- 4 Help me to watch and pray,
And on thyself rely,
Assured if I my trust betray,
I shall forsaken die.

Rev. Charles Wesley, 1708

GENERAL

CHESTERFIELD C. M.

T. Haweis

845

- 1 All men are equal in their birth,
Heirs of the earth and skies;
All men are equal when that earth
Fades from their dying eyes.
- 2 God meets the throngs who pay their
vows
In courts that hands have made,
And hears the worshipper who bows
Beneath the plantain shade.
- 3 'Tis man alone who difference sees,
And speaks of high and low;

And worships those, and tramples these,
While the same path they go.

- 4 O let man hasten to restore
To all their rights of love;
In power and wealth exult no more;
In wisdom lowly move!
- 5 Ye great, renounce your earth-born
pride;
Ye low, your shame and fear:
Live, as ye worship, side by side;
Your brotherhood revere.

Harriet Martineau, 1802

NOX PRECESSIT C. M.

J. B. Calkin

846

- 1 Salvation! O the joyful sound,
'Tis pleasure to our ears,
A sov'reign balm for every wound,
A cordial for our fears.

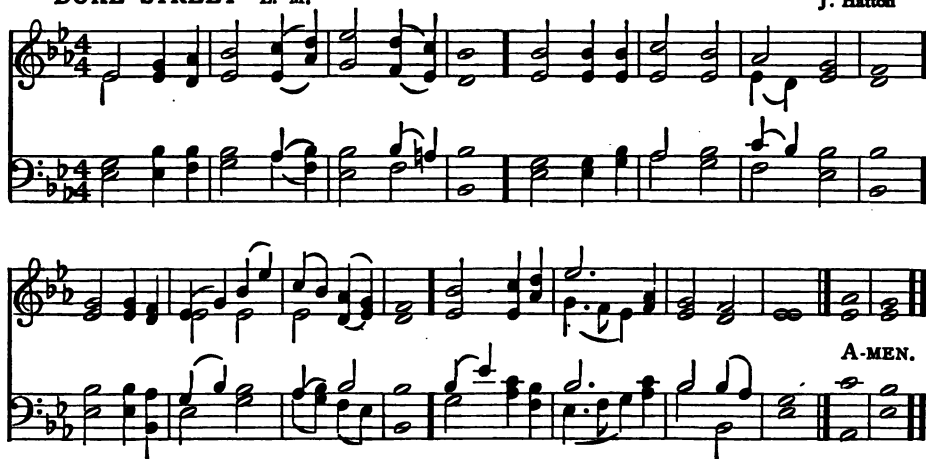
- 2 Salvation! let the echo fly
The spacious earth around,
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1674

GENERAL

DUKE STREET L. M.

J. Hatton



347

- 1 The spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great original proclaim.
- 2 The unwearied sun, from day to day,
Doth his creator's power display,
And publishes to every land
The work of an almighty hand.
- 3 Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly to the listening earth
Repeats the story of her birth;
- 4 Whilst all the stars that round her
burn,
And all the planets, in their turn,
Confirm the tidings, as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.
- 5 What though in solemn silence all
Move round this dark terrestrial ball!
What though no real voice nor sound
Amidst their radiant orbs be found!—

- 6 In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice;
Forever singing, as they shine,
"The hand that made us is divine."

Joseph Addison, 1672

348

- 1 Father, to thy kind love we owe
All that is fair and good below;
Bestower of the health that lies
On tearless cheeks and cheerful eyes!
- 2 Giver of sunshine and of rain!
Ripener of fruits on hill and plain!
Fountain of light, that, rayed afar,
Fills the vast urns of sun and star!
- 3 Yet deem we not that thus alone
Thy bounty and thy love are shown;
For we have learned, with higher
praise
And holier names, to speak thy ways.
- 4 In woe's dark hour, our kindest stay;
Sole trust when life shall pass away;
Listening to prayer, and reconciled
Full quickly to thy erring child.

William Cullen Bryant, 1794

GENERAL

TOPLADY 7. 6l.

T. Hastings

A - MEN.

349

- 1 Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee!
Let the water and the blood,
From thy side, a healing flood,
Be of sin the double cure,
Save from wrath and make me pure.
- 2 Should my tears for ever flow,
Should my zeal no langour know,
All for sin could not atone,

- Thou must save, and thou alone;
In my hand no price I bring,
Simply to thy cross I cling.

- 3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When mine eyelids close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold thee on thy throne,
Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee.

Rev. Augustus M. Toplady, 1740

Alt. Rev. Thomas Cotterill 1779

REDHEAD 7. 6l. (Second Tune)

R. Redhead

A - MEN.

GENERAL

MATERNA C. M. D.

S. A. Ward

850

- 1 O mother dear, Jerusalem,
When shall I come to thee?
When shall my sorrows have an end?
Thy joys when shall I see?
O happy harbor of God's saints!
O sweet and pleasant soil!
In thee no sorrow can be found,
Nor grief, nor care, nor toil.
- 2 No murky cloud o'er shadows thee,
Nor gloom, nor darksome night;
But every soul shines as the sun;
For God himself gives light.
O my sweet home, Jerusalem,
Thy joys when shall I see?
The King that sitteth on thy throne
In his felicity?
- 3 Thy gardens and thy goodly walks
Continually are green, [flowers
Where grow such sweet and pleasant
As nowhere else are seen. [sound,
Right through thy streets, with silver
The living waters flow.
And on the banks, on either side,
The trees of life do grow.
- 4 Those trees for evermore bear fruit,
And evermore do spring:
There evermore the angels are,
And evermore do sing.
Jerusalem, my happy home.
Would God I were in thee!
Would God my woes were at an end,
Thy joys that I might see!

Rev. David Dickson, 1583

GENERAL

AUSTRIA 8. 7. D.

F. J. Haydn

A-MEN.

351

- 1 Glorious things of thee are spoken,
 Zion, city of our God:
 He whose word cannot be broken
 Formed thee for his own abode.
 On the rock of ages founded,
 What can shake thy sure repose?
 With salvation's wall surrounded
 Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.

- 2 See! the streams of living waters,
 Springing from eternal love,
 Well supply thy sons and daughters,
 And all fear of want remove.
 Who can faint while such a river
 Ever flows their thirst to assuage?—
 Grace, which, like the Lord, the giver,
 Never fails from age to age.

Rev. John Newton, 1725

352

- 1 Lord and Father, great and holy!
 Fearing nought, we come to thee;
 Fearing nought, tho' weak and lowly,
 For thy love has made us free.
 By the blue sky bending o'er us,
 By the green earth's flowery zone,
 Teach us, Lord, the angel chorus,
 "Thou art love, and love alone!"
- 2 Tho' the worlds in flame should perish,
 Suns and stars in ruin fall,
 Trust in thee our hearts should cherish,
 Thou to us be all in all.
 And tho' heavens thy name are praising,
 Seraphs hymn no sweeter tone
 Than the strain our hearts are raising,
 "Thou art love, and love alone!"

Archdeacon Frederick W. Farrar, 1831

GENERAL

ALFORD P. M.

J. B. Dykes



358

- 1 Ten thousand times ten thousand
In sparkling raiment bright,
The armies of the ransomed saints
Throng up the steeps of light:
'Tis finished! all is finished.
Their fight with death and sin:
Fling open wide the golden gates,
And let the victors in.
- 2 What rush of alleluias
Fills all the earth and sky!
What ringing of a thousand harps
Bespeaks the triumph night!

- O day for which creation
And all its tribes were made!
O joy, for all its former woes
A thousand-fold repaid!
- 3 O then what raptured greetings
On Canaan's happy shore!
What knitting severed friendships up,
Where partings are no more!
Then eyes with joy shall sparkle
That brimmed with tears of late;
Orphans no longer fatherless,
Nor widows desolate.

Rev. Henry Alford, 1810

GENERAL

PATMOS P. M.

H. J. Storer

354

- 1 I heard a sound of voices
 Around the great white throne,
 With harpers harping on their harps
 To him that sat thereon:
 "Salvation, glory, honor!"
 I heard the song arise,
 As through the courts of heaven it
 rolled
 In wondrous harmonies.
- 2 From every clime and kindred,
 And nations from afar,
 As serried ranks returning home
 In triumph from a war,

- I heard the saints upraising,
 The myriad hosts among,
 In praise of him who died and lives,
 Their one glad triumph-song.
- 3 And there no sun was needed,
 Nor moon to shine by night;
 God's glory did enlighten all,
 The Lamb himself, the light;
 And there his servants serve him,
 And, life's long battle o'er,
 Enthroned with him, their Saviour,
 King,
 They reign for evermore.

Rev. Godfrey Thring, 1823

CHRISTMAS

GOULD C. M.

J. E. Gould

355

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>1 Calm, on the listening ear of night,
Come heaven's melodious strains,
Where wild Judæa stretches far
Her silver-mantled plains.</p> <p>2 Celestial choirs, from courts above,
Shed sacred glories there;
And angels, with their sparkling lyres,
Make music on the air.</p> <p>3 The answering hills of Palestine
Send back the glad reply;
And greet, from all their holy heights,
The day-spring from on high.</p> | <p>4 O'er the blue depths of Galilee,
There comes a holier calm;
And Sharon waves, in solemn praise,
Her silent groves of palm.</p> <p>5 "Glory to God," the sounding skies
Loud with their anthems ring;
"Peace to the earth, good-will to men,
From heaven's eternal King!"</p> <p>6 Light on thy hills, Jerusalem!
The Saviour now is born;
And bright, on Bethlehem's joyous plains,
Breaks the first Christmas morn.</p> |
|---|---|

Rev. Edmund H. Sears, 1810

CONISTON C. M. (Second Tune)

J. Barnby

CHRISTMAS

RADBOURNE P. M.

R. Haking



3 "Fear not," cried the angel bright,
"There is born to you this night
A Saviour, Jesus, King of light.
Alleluia!

4 "He is Christ the Lord; arise,
Seek him where he lowly lies,
In a manger, hid from eyes."
Alleluia!

5 Joyful were the shepherds then,
When the Gospel tidings ran,
"Peace on earth, good-will to man."
Alleluia!

6 And all heaven at the word,
Sang aloud — "O be adored
In the highest, God the Lord."
Alleluia!

Rev. Stopford A. Brooke, 1832

356

1 Through the starry midnight dim
O'er the hills of Bethlehem,
Loud awoke the angels' hymn, —
Alleluia!

2 And the shepherds who their sheep
Kept among the meadows steep,
Feared, but soon had joy as deep.
Alleluia!

CHARITY P. M. (Second Tune)

J. Stainer



CHRISTMAS

ST. LOUIS P. M.

L. H. Redner

857

- 1 O little town of Bethlehem!
How still we see thee lie;
Above thy deep and dreamless sleep
The silent stars go by;
Yet in thy dark streets shineth
The everlasting light:
The hopes and fears of all the years
Are met in thee to-night.
- 2 For Christ is born of Mary,
And gathered all above,
While mortals sleep, the angels keep
Their watch of wondering love.
O morning stars, together
Proclaim the holy birth!
And praises sing to God the King,
And peace to men on earth!
- 3 How silently, how silently,
The wondrous gift is given!
So God imparts to human hearts
The blessings of his heaven.
No ear may hear his coming,
But in this world of sin,
Where meek souls will receive him still,
The dear Christ enters in.
- 4 O holy child of Bethlehem!
Descend to us, we pray;
Cast out our sin, and enter in;
Be born in us to-day.
We hear the Christmas angels
The great glad tidings tell;
O come to us, abide with us,
Our Lord Emmanuel!

Bishop Phillips Brooks, 1835

CHRISTMAS

BETHLEHEM P. M. (Second Tune)

J. Barnby

A-MEN.

357 (See also opposite page)

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>1 O little town of Bethlehem!
How still we see thee lie;
Above thy deep and dreamless sleep
The silent stars go by;
Yet in thy dark streets shineth
The everlasting light:
The hopes and fears of all the years
Are met in thee to-night.</p> | <p>3 How silently, how silently,
The wondrous gift is given!
So God imparts to human hearts
The blessings of his heaven.
No ear may hear his coming,
But in this world of sin,
Where meek souls will receive him still,
The dear Christ enters in.</p> |
| <p>2 For Christ is born of Mary,
And gathered all above,
While mortals sleep, the angels keep
Their watch of wondering love.
O morning stars, together
Proclaim the holy birth!
And praises sing to God the King,
And peace to men on earth!</p> | <p>4 O holy child of Bethlehem!
Descend to us, we pray;
Cast out our sin, and enter in;
Be born in us to-day.
We hear the Christmas angels
The great glad tidings tell;
O come to us, abide with us,
Our Lord Emmanuel!</p> |

Bishop Phillips Brooks, 1835

CHRISTMAS

WATCHMAN 7. D.

L. Mason

358

- 1 Watchman, tell us of the night,—
What its signs of promise are;
Traveller, o'er yon mountain's height,
See that glory-beaming star!
Watchman, does its beauteous ray
Aught of hope or joy foretell?
Traveller, yes; it brings the day,—
Promised day of Israel.
- 2 Watchman, tell us of the night:
Higher yet that star ascends.
Traveller, blessedness and light,
Peace and truth, its course portends.

Watchman, will its beams alone
Gild the spot that gave them birth?
Traveller, ages are its own:
See! it bursts o'er all the earth.

- 3 Watchman, tell us of the night;
For the morning seems to dawn.
Traveller, darkness takes its flight,
Doubt and terror are withdrawn.
Watchman, let thy wanderings cease:
Hie thee to thy quiet home.
Traveller, lo! the Prince of peace,
Lo! the Son of God, is come.

Sir John Bowring, 1792

CHRISTMAS

REGENT SQUARE 8. 7. 6l.

H. Smart



A - MEN.

359

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>1 Angels from the realms of glory,
Wing your flight o'er all the earth:
Ye, who sang creation's story,
Now proclaim Messiah's birth:
Come and worship, come and worship,
Worship Christ the new-born King.</p> | <p>3 Sages, leave your contemplations;
Brighter visions beam afar:
Seek the great desire of nations,
Ye have seen his natal star:
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King.</p> |
| <p>2 Shepherds in the field abiding,
Watching o'er your flocks by night;
God with man is now residing,
Yonder shines the infant-light:
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King.</p> | <p>4 Saints before the altar bending,
Watching long in hope and fear,
Suddenly the Lord, descending,
In his temple shall appear:
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King.</p> |

James Montgomery, 1771

CHRISTMAS

HOLY NIGHT, PEACEFUL NIGHT P. M.

German Folksong

360

1 Holy night! peaceful night!
Through the darkness beams a light,
Yonder where they sweet vigil keep
O'er the babe who, in silent sleep,
Rests in heavenly peace.

2 Silent night! holiest night!
Darkness flies and all is light!
Shepherds hear the angels sing:
"Alleluia! hail the King!
Jesus, the Saviour, is here!"

3 Silent night! holiest night!
Guiding star, O lend thy light!
See the eastern wise men bring
Gifts and homage to our King!
Jesus, the Saviour, is here!

4 Silent night! holiest night!
Wondrous star, O lend thy light!
With the angels let us sing
Alleluia to our King!
Jesus, our Saviour, is here!

Joseph Mohr, 1792
Tr. Alfred Bell, 1832

LEONARD C. M. (Hymn 362)

H. Smart

CHRISTMAS

HOLY VOICES 8. 7.

G. J. Geer



361

- 1 Hark! what mean those holy voices
Sweetly sounding thro' the skies?
Lo! th' angelic host rejoices,
Heavenly alleluias rise.
- 2 Listen to the wondrous story,
Which they chant in hymns of joy—
"Glory in the highest, glory!
Glory be to God most high!
- 3 "Peace on earth, good-will from heaven,
Reaching far as man is found;

Souls redeemed and sins forgiven,
Loud our golden harps shall sound.

- 4 "Christ is born; the great anointed!
Heaven and earth his praises sing!
O receive whom God appointed
For your prophet, priest, and king!
- 5 "Hasten, mortals, to adore him;
Learn his name to magnify,
Till in heaven ye sing before him,
Glory be to God most high!"

Rev. John Cawood, 1775

362

Tune, **LEONARD** (See opposite page)

- 1 The race that long in darkness pined
Have seen a glorious light;
The people dwell in day, who dwelt
In death's surrounding night.
- 2 To hail thy rise, thou better sun,
The gathering nations come,
Joyous as when the reapers bear
The harvest treasures home.
- 3 To us a child of hope is born;
To us a son is given;

Him shall the tribes of earth obey, —
Him, all the hosts of heaven.

- 4 His name shall be the Prince of peace,
Whose rule shall stretch abroad;
The wonderful, the counsellor,
The great and mighty Lord.
- 5 His power increasing still shall spread;
His reign no end shall know;
Justice shall guard his throne above,
And peace abound below.

Rev. John Morison, 1749

CHRISTMAS

GABRIEL C. M. D.

Folksong



363

- 1 While shepherds watched their flocks
by night,
All seated on the ground,
The angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shone around.
"Fear not," said he—for mighty
dread
Had seized their troubled mind—
"Glad tidings of great joy I bring
To you and all mankind.
- 2 "To you, in David's town, this day
Is born, of David's line,
The Saviour, who is Christ the Lord;
And this shall be the sign:

The heavenly babe you there shall find
To human view displayed,
All meanly wrapped in swathing bands,
And in a manger laid."

- 3 Thus spake the seraph, and forthwith
Appeared a shining throng
Of angels, praising God, and thus
Addressed their joyful song:
"All glory be to God on high
And to the earth be peace!
Good will henceforth, from heaven to
men,
Begin and never cease!"

Nahum Tate, 1652

CHRISTMAS

INNOCENTS 7.

Arranged by W. H. Monk



364

- 1 Songs of praise the angels sang,
Heaven with alleluias rang,
When Jehovah's work begun, —
When he spake, and it was done.
- 2 Songs of praise awoke the morn
When the Prince of peace was born;
Songs of praise arose when he,
Captive, led captivity.
- 3 Heaven and earth must pass away;
Songs of praise shall crown that day;
God will make new heavens and earth;
Songs of praise shall hail their birth.
- 4 And shall man alone be dumb,
Till that glorious kingdom come?
No! his heart delights to raise
Psalms and hymns and songs of praise.
- 5 Saints below, with heart and voice,
Still in songs of praise rejoice;
Learning here, by faith and love,
Songs of praise to sing above.

- 6 Borne upon the latest breath,
Songs of praise shall conquer death;
Then, amidst eternal joy,
Songs of praise our powers employ.

James Montgomery, 1771

365

- 1 Sons of men, behold from far,
Hail the long expected star! —
Star of truth that gilds the night,
Guides bewildered men aright.
- 2 Mild it shines on all beneath,
Piercing through the shades of death,
Scattering error's wide-spread night,
Kindling darkness into light.
- 3 Nations all, remote and near,
Haste to see your Lord appear;
Haste: for him your hearts prepare,
Meet him manifested there.
- 4 There behold the day-spring rise,
Pouring light on mortal eyes;
See it chase the shades away,
Shining to the perfect day,

Rev. Charles Wesley, 1708

CHRISTMAS

ANTIOCH C. M.

Arranged from Händel

Joy to the world! the Lord is come: Let earth re-ceive her king; Let ev-'ry heart pre-pare him room, And heav'n and na-ture sing, And heav'n and na-ture sing, And heav'n and na-ture sing. A-MEN.

366

- 1 Joy to the world! the Lord is come:
Let earth receive her king;
Let every heart prepare him room,
And heaven and nature sing.
- 2 Joy to the earth! the Saviour reigns:
Let men their songs employ; [plains
While fields, and floods, rocks, hills, and
Repeat the sounding joy.
- 3 No more let sins and sorrows grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground:
He comes to make his blessings flow
As far as sin is found.
- 4 He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of his righteousness,
And wonders of his love.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1674

NOX PRECESSIT C. M. (Hymn 368)

J. B. Calkin

A-MEN.

CHRISTMAS

ST. SAVIOUR C. M.

F. G. Baker



A-MEN.

367

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>1 Hark! the glad sound! the Saviour comes,
The Saviour promised long:
Let every heart prepare a throne,
And every voice a song.</p> <p>2 He comes, the prisoners to release,
In Satan's bondage held:
The gates of brass before him burst,
The iron fetters yield.</p> <p>3 He comes, from thickest films of vice
To clear the mental ray,</p> | <p>And on the eyes oppressed with night
To pour celestial day.</p> <p>4 He comes, the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure:
And with the treasures of his grace
To enrich the humble poor.</p> <p>5 Our glad hosannas, Prince of peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim;
And heaven's eternal arches ring
With thy beloved name.</p> |
|---|--|

Rev. Philip Doddridge, 1702

368

Tune, NOX PRECESSIT (See opposite page)

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>1 High let us swell our tuneful notes,
And join the angelic throng,
For angels no such love have known
To wake a cheerful song.</p> <p>2 Justice and peace, with sweet accord
His rising beams adorn;
Let heav'n and earth in concert join,
To us a child is born!</p> | <p>3 Glory to God in highest strains
In highest worlds be paid,
His glory by our lips proclaimed,
And by our lives displayed.</p> <p>4 When shall we reach those blissful realms
Where Christ exalted reigns,
And learn of the celestial choir
Their own immortal strains!</p> |
|---|--|

Rev. Philip Doddridge, 1702

CHRISTMAS

HERALD ANGELS 7. D. With Refrain

F. Mendelssohn

369

1 Hark! the herald-angels sing
 Glory to the new-born King:
 Peace on earth, and mercy mild,
 God and sinners reconciled.
 Joyful, all ye nations, rise,
 Join the triumph of the skies;
 With the angelic host proclaim,
 Christ is born in Bethlehem.
 Hark! the herald-angels sing
 Glory to the new-born King.

2 Gracious bond of earth and sky,
 Born that man no more may die,
 Born to raise the sons of earth,
 Born to give them second birth;
 Hail, the heaven-born Prince of peace!
 Hail, the sun of righteousness!
 Light and life to all he brings,
 Risen with healing in his wings.
 Hark! the herald-angels sing
 Glory to the new-born King.

Rev. Charles Wesley, 1708

CHRISTMAS

370 AVISON P. M.

C. Avison

Shout the glad ti-dings, ex - ult-ing - ly sing; . . . Je - ru - sa-lem tri-umphs, Mes-

Omit before stanzas 2 & 3.

si - ah is king! 1. Zi - on, the mar - vel - ous sto - ry be tell-ing, The Son of the
2. Tell how he com - eth; from na - tion to na - tion, The heart-cheering
3. Mortals, your homage be grate-ful - ly bring-ing, And sweet let the

High-est, how low-ly his birth! The brightest arch-an-gel in glo - ry ex-cell-ing, He
news let the earth ech - o round; How free to the faith-ful he of - fers sal - va-tion, How his
gladsome ho - san-na a - rise; Ye an-gels, the full al - le - lu - ia be sing-ing; One

stoops to redeem thee, he reigns upon earth. Shout the glad tidings, exult-ing - ly sing; Je -
people with joy ev - er - last-ing are crowned.
cho-rus resound thro' the earth and the skies.

ru - sa-lem triumphs, Mes-si-ah is king! Mes-si - ah is king! Mes-si - ah is king! A - MEN.

Rev. William A. Mühlenberg, 1796

CHRISTMAS

CASTLE RISING C. M. D.

F. A. J. Hervey

371

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>1 It came upon the midnight clear,
That glorious song of old,
From angels bending near the earth,
To touch their harps of gold:
"Peace on the earth, good-will to men,
From heaven's all-gracious King."
The world in solemn stillness lay
To hear the angels sing.</p> | <p>3 O ye, beneath life's crushing load
Whose forms are bending low,
Who toil along the climbing way,
With painful steps and slow,
Look now; for glad and golden hours
Come swiftly on the wing:
O rest beside the weary road,
And hear the angels sing!</p> |
| <p>2 Still through the cloven skies they come,
With peaceful wings unfurled;
And still their heavenly music floats
O'er all the weary world:
Above its sad and lowly plains
They bend on hovering wing,
And ever o'er its Babel sounds
The blessed angels sing.</p> | <p>4 For, lo! the days are hastening on
By prophet bards foretold,
When with the ever circling years
Comes round the age of gold:
When peace shall over all the earth
Its ancient splendors fling,
And the whole world give back the song
Which now the angels sing.</p> |

Rev. Edmund H. Sears, 1810

CHRISTMAS

CAROL C. M. D. (Second Tune)

R. S. Willis

371 (See also opposite page)

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>1 It came upon the midnight clear,
That glorious song of old,
From angels bending near the earth,
To touch their harps of gold:
"Peace on the earth, good-will to men,
From heaven's all-gracious King."
The world in solemn stillness lay
To hear the angels sing.</p> | <p>3 O ye, beneath life's crushing load
Whose forms are bending low,
Who toil along the climbing way,
With painful steps and slow,
Look now; for glad and golden hours
Come swiftly on the wing:
O rest beside the weary road,
And hear the angels sing!</p> |
| <p>2 Still through the cloven skies they come,
With peaceful wings unfurled;
And still their heavenly music floats
O'er all the weary world:
Above its sad and lowly plains
They bend on hovering wing,
And ever o'er its Babel sounds
The blessed angels sing.</p> | <p>4 For, lo! the days are hastening on
By prophet bards foretold,
When with the ever circling years
Comes round the age of gold:
When peace shall over all the earth
Its ancient splendors fling,
And the whole world give back the song
Which now the angels sing.</p> |

Rev. Edmund H. Sears, 1810

CHRISTMAS

PORTUGUESE HYMN P. M.

J. Reading (?)

(2) Glo - ry to God . . in . the high - est.

A-MEN.

372

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>1 O come, all ye faithful,
Joyful and triumphant,
O come ye, O come ye to Bethlehem;
Come and behold him,
Born, the King of angels;
O come, let us adore him,
O come, let us adore him,
O come, let us adore him, Christ, the Lord.</p> <p>2 Sing, choirs of angels,
Sing in exultation,
Sing, all ye citizens of heav'n above:
Glory to God
In the highest;</p> | <p>O come, let us adore him,
O come, let us adore him,
O come, let us adore him, Christ, the Lord.</p> <p>3 Yea, Lord, we greet thee,
Born this happy morning,
Jesus, to thee be glory giv'n;
Word of the Father,
Now in flesh appearing;
O come, let us adore him,
O come, let us adore him,
O come, let us adore him, Christ, the Lord.</p> |
|---|---|

Author unknown

Tr. Canon Frederick Oakley, 1802

EASTER

TELEMANN 7.

C. Zeuner

A-MEN.

373

1 Christ the Lord is risen to-day,
Sons of men and angels say:
Raise your joys and triumphs high;
Sing, ye heavens, and earth reply.

2 Love's redeeming work is done,
Fought the fight, the victory won:
Jesus' agony is o'er,
Darkness veils the earth no more.

3 Soar we now where Christ hath led,
Following our exalted Head;
Made like him, like him we rise, —
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.

Rev. Charles Wesley, 1708

374

1 Morning breaks upon the tomb,
Jesus dissipates its gloom;
Day of triumph through the skies,
See the glorious Saviour rise!

2 Christians, dry your flowing tears;
Chase those unbelieving fears;
Look on his deserted grave;
Doubt no more his power to save.

3 Ye who are of death afraid,
Triumph in the scattered shade;
Drive your anxious fears away:
See the place where Jesus lay!

4 So the rising sun appears,
Shedding radiance o'er the spheres;
So returning beams of light
Chase the terrors of the night.

Rev. William B. Collyer, 1782

375

1 Angel, roll the rock away;
Death, yield up thy mighty prey:
See! he rises from the tomb,
Glowing in immortal bloom.

2 Powers of heaven, seraphic fires,
Sing, and sweep your sounding lyres;
Sons of men, in humble strain,
Sing your mighty Saviour's reign.

3 Every note with wonder swell,
And the Saviour's triumph tell:
Where, O death! is now thy sting?
Where thy terrors, vanquished king?

Rev. Thomas Scott, 1705

EASTER

HUMMEL C. M.

C. Zeuner



A-MEN.

376

- 1 Ye humble souls that seek the Lord,
Chase all your fears away;
And bow with reverence down, to see
The place where Jesus lay.
- 2 Thus low the Lord of life was brought;
Such wonders love can do!
Thus cold in death that bosom lay
Which throbb'd and bled for you.
- 3 But dry your tears and tune your songs,
The Saviour lives again;
Not all the bolts and bars of death
The conqueror could detain.
- 4 With joy like his, shall every saint
His empty tomb survey;
Then rise with his ascending Lord,
Through all his shining way.

Rev. Philip Doddridge, 1702

377

- 1 Sing we the song of those who stand
Around the eternal throne,
Of every kindred, clime, and land, —
A multitude unknown.
- 2 Life's poor distinctions vanish here:
To-day the young, the old,
Our Saviour and his flock appear, —
One shepherd and one fold.
- 3 Toil, trial, suffering, still await
On earth the pilgrim's throng;
Yet learn we, in our low estate,
The church-triumphant's song.
- 4 Now alleluia, power and praise,
To God in Christ be given,
By all who tread these earthly ways,
And all the blest in heaven.

James Montgomery, 1771

EASTER

ST. ALBINUS P. M.

H. J. Gauntlett

A - MEN.

378

1 Jesus lives! thy terrors now
Can no longer, death, appal us;
Jesus lives! by this we know
Thou, O grave, canst not enthrall us.
Alleluia!

2 Jesus lives! henceforth is death
But the gate of life immortal;
This shall calm our trembling breath,
When we pass its gloomy portal.
Alleluia!

3 Jesus lives! For us he died;
Then, alone to Jesus living,
Pure in heart may we abide,
Glory to our Saviour giving.
Alleluia!

4 Jesus lives! to him the throne
Over all the world is given:
May we go where he has gone,
Rest and reign with him in heaven.
Alleluia!

Christian F. Gellert, 1715
Tr. Frances E. Cox, 1812

HAMILTON P. M. (Second Tune)

C. B. Rich

A - MEN.

EASTER

UNSER HERRSCHER P. M.

J. Neander

379

1 He is risen! he is risen!
Tell it with a joyful voice;
He has burst his three days' prison!
Let the whole wide earth rejoice;
Death is conquered, man is free,
Christ has won the victory.

Yonder glorious morning ray,
Breaking o'er the purple east,
Symbol of our Easter feast.

2 Come, with high and holy hymning,
Chant our Lord's triumphant lay;
Not one darksome cloud is dimming

3 He is risen! he is risen!
He has opened heaven's gate!
We are free from sin's dark prison!
Risen to a holier state;
And a brighter Easter beam
On our longing eyes shall stream.

Mrs. Cecil F. Alexander, 1823

EASTER P. M. (Second Tune)

German

EASTER

PEARSON P. M.

C. B. Rich



380

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>1 On the resurrection morning,
Soul and body meet again;
No more sorrow, no more weeping,
No more pain!</p> <p>2 Here awhile they must be parted,
And the flesh its sabbath keep,
Waiting in a holy stillness,
Wapt in sleep.</p> <p>3 For a space the tired body
Lies with feet toward the dawn,
Till there breaks the last and brightest
Easter morn.</p> <p>4 But the soul in contemplation
Utters earnest prayer and strong;
Breaking at the resurrection
Into song.</p> | <p>5 Soul and body reunited,
Thenceforth nothing shall divide,
Waking up in Christ's own likeness,
Satisfied.</p> <p>6 O the beauty, O the gladness
Of that resurrection-day!
Which shall not, through endless ages,
Pass away!</p> <p>7 On that happy Easter morning
All the graves their dead restore;
Father, sister, child and mother,
Meet once more.</p> <p>8 To that brightest of all meetings
Bring us, Jesus Christ, at last,
To thy cross, thro' death and judgment,
Holding fast.</p> |
|---|--|

Rev. Sabine Baring-Gould, 1834

EASTER

381 AVISON P. M.

C. Avison

1. Lift your glad voi - ces in tri-umph on high, . . . For Je - sus hath ris - en, and
2. Glo - ry to God, in full an-thems of joy; . . . The be - ing he gave us death

man can - not die. Vain were the ter - rors that gathered a - round him, And short the do -
can - not de - stroy. Sad were the life we must part with to - mor - row, If tears were our

min - ion of death and the grave; He burst from the fet - ters of darkness that bound him, Re -
birthright, and death were our end; But Je - sus hath cheer'd the dark valley of sor - row, And

splendent in glo - ry, to live and to save. Loud was the chorus of an - gels on high, — . "The
bade us, im - mor - tal, to heav - en as - cend. Lift, then, your voices in triumph on high, . . . For

Saviour hath risen, and man shall not die, and man shall not die, and man shall not die."
Je - sus hath risen, and man shall not die, and man shall not die, and man shall not die. A - MEN.

EASTER

LANCASHIRE 7. 6. D.

H. Smart

A-MEN.

382

- 1 The day of resurrection,
Earth, tell it out abroad:
The passover of gladness,
The passover of God.
From death to life eternal,
From earth unto the sky,
Our Christ hath brought us over,
With hymns of victory.
- 2 Our hearts be pure from evil,
That we may see aright
The Lord in rays eternal
Of resurrection-light;

And, listening to his accents,
May hear, so calm and plain,
His own "All hail!" and, hearing,
May raise the victor-strain.

- 3 Now let the heavens be joyful,
Let earth her song begin;
Let the round world keep triumph,
And all that is therein;
Invisible and visible,
Their notes let all things blend;
For Christ the Lord hath risen,
Our joy that hath no end.

St. John of Damascus, d. 780
Tr. Rev. John M. Neale, 1818

EASTER

LABAN S. M.

L. Mason

383

1 The Lord is risen indeed;
Now is his work performed;
Now is the mighty captive freed,
And death's strong castle stormed.

2 The Lord is risen indeed;
He lives to die no more;
He lives, the sinner's cause to plead,
Whose curse and shame he bore.

3 The Lord is risen indeed;
Attending angels, hear!
Up to the courts of heaven with speed
The joyful tidings bear.

4 Then take your golden lyres,
And strike each cheerful chord!
Join, all ye bright celestial choirs,
To sing our risen Lord.

Rev. Thomas Kelly, 1769

ST. SAVIOUR C. M. (Hymn 385)

F. G. Baker

A-MEN.

EASTER

EISENACH L. M.

J. H. Schein



A-MEN.

384

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>1 Lift up, lift up your voices now!
The whole wide world rejoices now!
The Lord hath triumphed gloriously!
The Lord shall reign victoriously!</p> <p>2 In vain with stone the cave they barred;
In vain the watch kept ward and guard;
Majestic from the spoilèd tomb,
In pomp of triumph Christ is come!</p> <p>3 He binds in chains the ancient foe;
A countless host he frees from woe,</p> | <p>And heaven's high portal open flies,
For Christ has risen, and man shall rise.</p> <p>4 And all he did, and all he bare,
He gives us as our own to share;
And hope and joy and peace begin,
For Christ has won, and man shall win.</p> <p>5 O victor, aid us in the fight, [light;
And lead through death to realms of
We safely pass where thou hast trod;
In thee we die to rise to God.</p> |
|---|---|

Anonymous

385 Tune, **ST. SAVIOUR** (See opposite page)

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>1 Immortal by their deed and word,
Like light around them shed,
Still speak the prophets of the Lord,
Still live the sainted dead.</p> <p>2 The voice of old by Jordan's flood
Yet floats upon the air;
We hear it in beatitude,
In parable, and prayer.</p> <p>3 And still the beauty of that life
Shines star-like on our way,</p> | <p>And breathes its calm amid the strife
And burden of to-day.</p> <p>4 Earnest of life forevermore,
That life of duty here,—
The trust that in the darkest hour
Looked forth and knew no fear!</p> <p>5 Spirit of Jesus, still speed on!
Speed on thy conquering way
Till every heart the Father own,
And all his will obey!</p> |
|---|---|

Rev. Frederick L. Hosmer, 1840

FOR AFFLICTION

SOLITUDE 7.

L. T. Downes



A - MEN.

386

1 When our heads are bowed with woe,
When our bitter tears o'erflow;
When we mourn the lost, the dear,
Gracious God of Jesus! hear.

2 He our throbbing flesh hath worn,
He our mortal griefs hath borne,
He hath shed the human tear;
Heir of Jesus! hush thy fear.

3 When the sullen death-bell tolls
For our own departed souls;
When our final doom is near,
Gracious God of Jesus! hear.

4 He hath bowed the dying head;
He the blood of life hath shed;
He hath filled a mortal bier:
Heir of Jesus! hush thy fear.

5 When the heart is sad within
With the thought of all its sin;
When the spirit shrinks with fear;
Gracious God of Jesus! hear.

6 He the spirit's strife hath known,
He the spirit's victory won;
He hath now no grief to bear;
Heir of Jesus! hush thy fear.

Dean Henry H. Millman, 1791

387

1 Mighty God, the first, the last,
What are ages in thy sight
But as yesterday when past,
Or a watch within the night?

2 All that being ever knew,
Down, far down, ere time had birth,
Stands as clear within thy view
As the present things of earth.

3 In thine all-embracing sight
Every change its purpose meets,
Every cloud floats into light,
Every woe its glory greets.

4 Whatsoe'er our lot may be,
Calmly in this thought we'll rest, —
Could we see as thou dost see,
We should choose it as the best.

Rev. William Gaskell, 1805

FOR AFFLICTION

SPOHR C. M.

L. Spohr



A - MEN.

388

- 1 As pants the hart for cooling streams,
When heated in the chase,
So longs my heart, O God, for thee
And thy refreshing grace.
- 2 For thee, my God, the living God,
My thirsty soul doth pine;
O when shall I behold thy face,
Thou majesty divine?
- 3 Why restless, why cast down, my soul?
Trust God, who will employ
His aid for thee, and change these sighs
To thankful hymns of joy.
- 4 God of my strength, how long shall I,
Like one forgotten, mourn,
Forlorn, forsaken, and exposed
To my oppressors' scorn?
- 5 My heart is pierced as with a sword,
While thus my foes upbraid:
"Vain boaster, where is now thy God?
And where his promised aid?"

- 6 Why restless, why cast down, my soul?
Hope still; and thou shalt sing
The praise of him who is thy God,
Thy health's eternal spring.

Tate and Brady, 1652

389

- 1 O could our thoughts and wishes fly
Above earth's gloomy shades,
To those bright worlds beyond the sky,
Which sorrow ne'er invades!
- 2 There joys, unseen by mortal eyes
Or reason's feeble ray,
In ever-blooming prospect rise,
Unconscious of decay.
- 3 Lord, send a beam of light divine,
To guide our upward aim;
With one reviving ray of thine
Our languid hearts inflame.
- 4 Then shall, on faith's sublimest wing,
Our ardent wishes rise,
To those bright scenes, where pleasures spring
Immortal in the skies.

Anne Steele, 1716

FOR AFFLICTION

VIA 6.

J. Barnby

390

1 There is a blessed home
Beyond this land of woe,
Where trials never come,
Nor tears of sorrow flow;

3 Look up, ye saints of God,
Nor fear to tread below
The path your Saviour trod
Of daily toil and woe;

2 Where faith is lost in sight,
And patient hope is crowned,
And everlasting light
Its glory throws around.

4 Wait but a little while.
In uncomplaining love,
His own most gracious smile
Shall welcome you above.

Sir Henry W. Baker, 1821

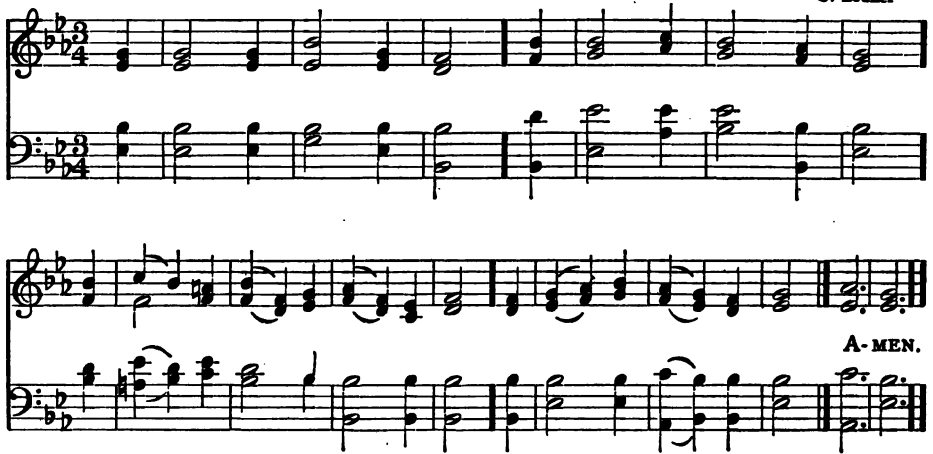
LYTE S. M. (Hymn 392)

J. P. Wilkes

FOR AFFLICTION

UTICA S. M.

C. Zeuner



A-MEN.

391

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>1 O where shall rest be found,—
Rest for the weary soul?
'Twere vain the ocean-depths to sound,
Or pierce to either pole.</p> | <p>3 Beyond this vale of tears,
There is a life above,
Unmeasured by the flight of years;
And all that life is love.</p> |
| <p>2 The world can never give
The bliss for which we sigh:
'Tis not the whole of life to live,
Nor all of death to die.</p> | <p>4 Here would we end our quest;
Alone are found in thee
The life of perfect love, the rest
Of immortality.</p> |

James Montgomery, 1771

392 Tune, LYTE (See opposite page)

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>1 Far from my heavenly home,
Far from my Father's breast,
Fainting I cry, "Blest spirit! come
And speed me to my rest!"</p> | <p>My heart, O Zion, droops and yearns
When I remember thee.</p> |
| <p>2 Upon the willows long
My harp has silent hung:
How shall I sing a cheerful song,
Till thou inspire my tongue?</p> | <p>4 To thee, to thee I press,
A dark and toilsome road:
When shall I pass the wilderness,
And reach the saints' abode?</p> |
| <p>3 My spirit homeward turns,
And fain would thither flee:</p> | <p>5 God of my life, be near!
On thee my hopes I cast;
O guide me through the desert here,
And bring me home at last!</p> |

Rev. Henry F. Lyte, 1793

FOR AFFLICTION

BELMONT C. M.

W. Gardiner

393

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>1 Our dead are like the stars by day,
Withdrawn from mortal eye,
Yet holding unperceived their way
Through the unclouded sky.</p> <p>2 By them, through holy hope and love,
We feel in hours serene
Connected with a world above,
Immortal and unseen.</p> | <p>3 Though death his sacred seal hath set
On bright and bygone hours,
Still those we love are with us yet,
Are more than ever ours;—</p> <p>4 Ours by the pledge of love and faith,
By hopes of heaven on high,
By trust triumphant over death,
In immortality.</p> |
|---|--|

Bernard Barton, 1784

BERA L. M. (Hymn 395)

J. E. Gould

A-MEN.

FOR AFFLICTION

BOYLSTON S. M.

L. Mason



394

- 1 Here in a world of doubt,
A sorrowful abode,
O how my heart and flesh cry out
For thee, the living God!
- 2 As for the water-brooks
The hart expiring pants,
So for my God my spirit looks,
Yea, for his presence faints.
- 3 I know thy joys, O earth!
The sweetness of thy cup;

Oft have I mingled in thy mirth,
And trusted in thy hope.

- 4 But ah! how woes and fears
Those hollow joys succeed!
That cup of mirth is mixed with tears,
That hope is but a reed.
- 5 What have I then below,
Or what but thee on high!
Thee, thee, O Father, would I know,
And in thee live and die!

Rev. William H. Furness, 1802

395

Tune, **BERA** (See opposite page)

- 1 O love divine, that stooped to share
Our sharpest pang, our bitterest tear!
On thee we cast each earth-born care;
We smile at pain while thou art
near.
- 2 Though long the weary way we tread,
And sorrow crown each lingering
year,
No path we shun, no darkness dread;
Our hearts still whispering, thou art
near.
- 3 When drooping pleasure turns to grief,
And trembling faith is changed to
fear,
The murmuring wind, the quivering
leaf
Shall softly tell us, thou art near.
- 4 On thee we cast our burdening woe,
O love divine, forever dear!
Content to suffer, while we know,
Living and dying, thou art near.

Oliver Wendell Holmes, 1809

FOR AFFLICTION

PORTUGUESE HYMN 11.

J. Reading (?)



396

- 1 The Lord is my shepherd, no want shall I know:
I feed in green pastures, safe folded I rest:
He leadeth my soul where the still waters flow,
Restores me when wandering, redeems when oppressed.
- 2 Through the valley and shadow of death though I stray,
Since thou art my guardian, no evil I fear:
Thy rod shall defend me, thy staff be my stay;
No harm can befall, with my comforter near.
- 3 In the midst of affliction, my table is spread;
With blessings unmeasured my cup runneth o'er;
With perfume and oil thou anointest my head:
O what shall I ask of thy providence more?

FOR AFFLICTION

- 4 Let goodness and mercy, my bountiful God,
Still follow my steps till I meet thee above:
I seek, by the path which my forefathers trod
Through the land of their sojourn, thy kingdom of love.

James Montgomery, 1771.

397 Tune, PORTUGUESE HYMN (See opposite page)

- 1 How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,
Is laid for your faith in his excellent word!
What more can he say than to you he hath said,
To you who for refuge to Jesus have fled,
- 2 "Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dismayed;
For I am thy God, I will still give thee aid:
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,
Upheld by my righteous, omnipotent hand."
- 3 "When through the deep waters I call thee to go,
The rivers of sorrow shall not overflow;
For I will be near thee thy troubles to bless,
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress."
- 4 "When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,
My grace all sufficient shall be thy supply;
The flame shall not hurt thee; I only design
Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine."
- 5 "E'en down to old age, all my people shall prove
My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love;
And then, when gray hairs shall their temples adorn,
Like lambs they shall still in my bosom be borne."

Keen, about 1750 (?)

FOR AFFLICTION

LUX BENIGNA P. M.

J. B. Dykes



398

1 Lead, kindly light, amid th' encircling gloom,
 Lead thou me on:
 The night is dark, and I am far from home,
 Lead thou me on.
 Keep thou my feet: I do not ask to see
 The distant scene,—one step enough for me.

2 I was not ever thus, nor prayed that thou
 Should'st lead me on:
 I loved to choose and see my path; but now
 Lead thou me on.
 I loved the garish day; and, spite of fears,
 Pride ruled my will: remember not past years.

3 So long thy power has blest me, sure it still
 Will lead me on,
 O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
 The night is gone.
 And, with the morn, those angel faces smile,
 Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

Cardinal John H. Newman, 1801

FOR AFFLICTION

PENITENCE 6. 5. D.

S. Lane

399

- 1 In the hour of trial,
Jesus, plead for me;
Lest by base denial,
I depart from thee.
When thou see'st me waver,
With a look recall,
Nor for fear or favor
Suffer me to fall.
- 2 With forbidden pleasures
Would this vain world charm,
Or its sordid treasures
Spread to work me harm;
Bring to my remembrance
Sad Gethsemane,
Or, in darker semblance,
Cross-crowned Calvary.

- 3 Should thy mercy send me
Sorrow, toil, and woe;
Or should pain attend me
On my path below;
Grant that I may never
Fail thy hand to see;
Grant that I may ever
Cast my care on thee.
- 4 When my last hour cometh,
Fraught with strife and pain,
When my dust returneth
To the dust again;
On thy truth relying,
Through that mortal strife,
Jesus, take me dying,
To eternal life.

James Montgomery, 1771
William P. Hutton, 1804
Rev. Godfrey Thring, 1823

FOR AFFLICTION

CHANT No. 1

A. H. D. Troyte



A-MEN.

400

- 1 I do not ask, O Lord, that | life may | be |
A | pleasant | road; |
I do not ask that thou wouldst | take from | me |
Aught | of its | load;
- 2 I do not ask that flowers should | always | spring |
Be- | neath my | feet: |
I know too well the poison and the | sting |
Of | things too | sweet.
- 3 For one thing only, Lord, dear | Lord, I | plead: |
Lead | me a- | right,— |
Though strength should falter and though | heart should | bleed,— |
Through | peace to | light.
- 4 I do not ask, O Lord, that | thou shouldst | shed |
Full | radiance | here;
Give but a ray of peace, that | I may | tread |
With- | out a | fear.
- 5 I do not ask my cross to | under- | stand, |
My | way to | see;
Better in darkness just to | feel thy | hand, |
And | follow | thee.
- 6 Joy is like restless day, but | peace di- | vine |
Like | quiet | night. |
Lead me, O Lord, till perfect | day shall | shine, |
Through | peace to | light.

Adelaide A. Procter, 1825

FOR AFFLICTION

CHANT No. 2

L. Mason



401

- 1 Teach us to | pray!
O Father, we look | up to | thee,
And this our one re-| quest shall | be,
Teach us to | pray!
- 2 Teach us to | pray!
A form of words will | not suf-| fice,—
The heart must bring its | sacri-| fice:
Teach us to | pray!
- 3 Teach us to | pray!
To whom shall we thy | children | turn?
Teach thou the lesson | we would | learn,
Teach us | to pray!

Anonymous

402

- 1 Thy will be | done.| In devious way
The hurrying stream of | life may | run;
Yet still our grateful | hearts shall | say,
Thy will be | done.
- 2 Thy will be | done.| If o'er us shine
A gladdening and a pros-| perous | sun,
This prayer shall make it | more di-| vine,
Thy will be | done.
- 3 Thy will be | done.| Though shrouded
o'er [one |
Our path with gloom, one | comfort,
Is ours,—to breathe, while | we a-| dore,
Thy will be | done!

Sir John Bowring, 1792

408

With Chant No. 1 (See opposite page)

- 1 With silence only as their | bene-| diction,
God's | angels | come |
Where, in the shadow of a | great af-| fliction,
The | soul sits | dumb.
- 2 Yet would we say, what every | heart ap-| proveth,—
Our | Father's | will,
Calling to him the dear ones | whom he | loveth,
Is | mercy | still.
- 3 Not upon us or ours the | solemn | angel |
Hath | evil | wrought;
The funeral anthem is a | glad ev-| angel;
The | good die | not!
- 4 God calls our loved ones, but we | lose not | wholly |
What | he has | given;
They live on earth in thought and | deed, as | truly |
As | in his | heaven.

John G. Whittier, 1807

FOR AFFLICTION

BIRKDALE P. M.

J. Barnby

A-MEN.

404

- 1 Still will we trust, though earth seem dark and dreary,
And the heart faint beneath his chastening rod;
Though rough and steep our pathway, worn and weary,
Still will we trust in God!
- 2 Our eyes see dimly, till by faith anointed,
And our blind choosing brings us grief and pain:
Through him alone who hath our way appointed
We find our peace again.
- 3 Let us press on in patient self-denial,
Accept the hardship, shrink not from the loss
Our guerdon lies beyond the hour of trial,
Our crown beyond the cross.

William H. Burleigh, 1812

FOR AFFLICTION

MOUNT CALVARY C. M.

R. P. Stewart



405

- 1 Lord, as to thy dear cross we flee,
And pray to be forgiven,
So let thy life our pattern be,
And form our souls for heaven.
- 2 Help us, through good report and ill,
Our daily cross to bear;
Like thee to do our Father's will,
Our brother's griefs to share.
- 3 Let grace our selfishness expel,
Our earthliness refine;
And kindness in our bosoms dwell,
As free and true as thine.
- 4 If joy shall at thy bidding fly,
And grief's dark day come on,
We in our turn would meekly cry,
"Father, thy will be done."

Rev. John H. Gurney, 1802

406

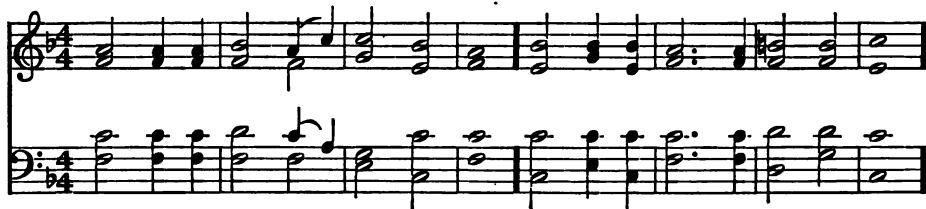
- 1 Christ leads me through no darker
rooms
Than he went through before.
He that into God's kingdom comes
Must enter by this door.
- 2 Come, Lord, when grace hath made me
meet
Thy blessed face to see;
For if thy work on earth be sweet,
What must thy glory be?
- 3 Then I shall end my sad complaints,
And weary, sinful days;
And join with those triumphant saints
That sing Jehovah's praise.
- 4 My knowledge of that life is small,
The eye of faith is dim;
But 'tis enough that Christ knows all,
And I shall be with him.

Rev. Richard Baxter, 1615

FOR AFFLICTION

FEDERAL STREET L. M.

H. K. Oliver



A-MEN.

407

- 1 My God, I thank thee! may no thought
E'er deem thy chastisements severe;
But may this heart, by sorrow taught,
Calm each wild wish, each idle fear.
- 2 Thy mercy bids all nature bloom;
The sun shines bright, and man is
gay:
Thine equal mercy spreads the gloom
That darkens o'er his little day.
- 3 Full many a throb of grief and pain
Thy frail and erring child must know;
But not one prayer is breathed in vain,
Nor does one tear unheeded flow.
- 4 Thy various messengers employ;
Thy purposes of love fulfil;
And, 'mid the wreck of human joy,
Let kneeling faith adore thy will.

Rev. Andrews Norton, 1786

408

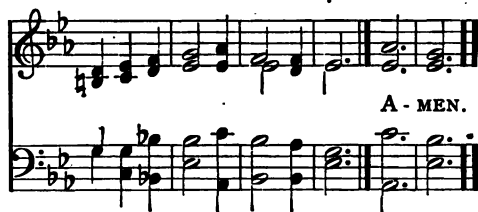
- 1 A voice upon the midnight air,
Where Kedron's moonlit waters
stray,
Weeps forth, in agony of prayer,
O Father, take this cup away.
- 2 O King of earth, the cross ascend;
O'er climes and ages, 'tis thy throne;
Where'er thy fading eye may bend
The desert blooms and is thine own.
- 3 Great chief of faithful souls, arise;
None else can lead the martyr-band,
Who teach the brave how peril flies,
When faith unarmed lifts up the
hand.
- 4 Thy parting blessing, Lord, we pray;
Make but one fold below, above;
And when we go the last lone way,
O give the welcome of thy love.

Rev. James Martineau, 1805

FOR AFFLICTION

ANGELUS L. M.

J. G. W. Scheffler



3 The seeds of ecstasy unknown
Are in these watered furrows sown;
See the green blades, how thick they
rise,
And with fresh verdure bless our eyes!

409

1 The darkened sky, how thick it lowers!
Troubled with storms, and big with
showers;
No cheerful gleam of light appears,
But nature pours forth all her tears.

2 Yet let the sons of God revive;
He bids the soul that seeks him live,
And from the gloomiest shade of night
Calls forth a morning of delight.

4 In secret foldings they contain
Unnumbered ears of golden grain;
And heaven shall pour its beams around,
Till the ripe harvest load the ground.

5 Then shall the trembling mourner
come,
And bind his sheaves, and bear them
home:
The voice long broke with sighs shall
sing,
Till heaven with alleluias ring.

Rev. Philip Doddridge, 1702

HAMBURG L. M. (Second Tune)

Arranged by L. Mason



BURIAL OF THE DEAD

MANOAH C. M.

Arranged from Rossini

410

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>1 I cannot think of them as dead
Who walk with me no more;
Along the path of life I tread
They have but gone before.</p> | <p>3 Their lives are made forever mine.
What they to me have been
Hath left henceforth its seal and sign
Engraven deep within.</p> |
| <p>2 And still their silent ministry
Within my heart hath place,
As when on earth they walked with me
And met me face to face.</p> | <p>4 Mine are they by an ownership
Nor time nor death can free;
For God hath given to love to keep
Its own eternally.</p> |

Rev. Frederick L. Hosmer, 1840

PASCAL P. M. (Hymn 412)

E. J. Hopkins

BURIAL OF THE DEAD

DENMARK L. M.

M. Madan



411

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>1 Unveil thy bosom, faithful tomb!
Take this new treasure to thy trust,
And give these sacred relics room
To seek a slumber in thy dust.</p> <p>2 Nor pain, nor grief, nor anxious fear
Invade thy bounds; no mortal woes
Can reach the peaceful sleeper here,
While angels watch its soft repose.</p> | <p>3 So Jesus slept; God's dying Son
Passed through the grave, and blessed
the bed; [throne
Then rest, dear saint, till from his
The morning break, and pierce the
shade.</p> <p>4 Break from his throne, illustrious morn!
Attend, O earth, his sovereign word!
Restore thy trust! a glorious form
It must ascend to meet the Lord.</p> |
|---|--|

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1674

412 Tune, PASCAL (See opposite page)

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>1 There is no death. The stars go down
To rise upon some fairer shore,
And bright in heaven's jewelled crown
They shine for evermore.</p> <p>2 There is no death. The dust we tread
Shall change beneath the summer
showers
To golden grain, or mellow fruit,
Or rainbow-tinted flowers.</p> <p>3 There is no death. An angel form
Walks o'er the earth with silent tread;
He bears our best loved things away,
And then we call them "dead."</p> | <p>4 He leaves our hearts all desolate,
He plucks our fairest, sweetest flowers;
Transplanted into bliss, they now
Adorn immortal bowers.</p> <p>5 Born into that undying life,
They leave us but to come again;
With joy we welcome them — the same,
Except in sin and pain.</p> <p>6 And ever near us, though unseen,
The dear immortal spirits tread;
For all the boundless universe
Is life; there are no dead.</p> |
|--|---|

Sir Edward Bulwer-Lytton, 1803

BURIAL OF THE DEAD

GOD BE WITH YOU P. M.

W. G. Tomer



A - MEN.

418

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>1 God be with you till we meet again,
By his counsels guide, uphold you,
With his sheep securely fold you,
God be with you till we meet again.
Till we meet, till we meet,
Till we meet at Jesus' feet;
Till we meet, till we meet,
God be with you till we meet again.</p> | <p>3 God be with you till we meet again,
When life's perils thick confound you,
Put his arms unfailing round you,
God be with you till we meet again.
Till we meet, etc.</p> |
| <p>2 God be with you till we meet again,
'Neath his wings protecting hide you,
Daily manna still provide you,
God be with you till we meet again.
Till we meet, etc.</p> | <p>4 God be with you till we meet again,
Keep love's banner floating o'er you,
Smite death's threatening wave before
you,
God be with you till we meet again.
Till we meet, till we meet,
Till we meet at Jesus' feet;
Till we meet, till we meet,
God be with you till we meet again.</p> |

Rev. Jeremiah E. Rankin, 1898

BURIAL OF THE DEAD

HOMELAND P. M.

A. S. Sullivan

414

- 1 The Homeland ! O the Homeland!
The land of souls freeborn!
No gloomy night is known there,
But aye the fadeless morn:
I'm sighing for that country,
My heart is aching here;
There is no pain in the Homeland
To which I'm drawing near.
- 2 My Lord is in the Homeland,
With angels bright and fair;
No sinful thing nor evil,
Can ever enter there;

The music of the ransomed
Is ringing in my ears,
And when I think of the Homeland,
My eyes are wet with tears.

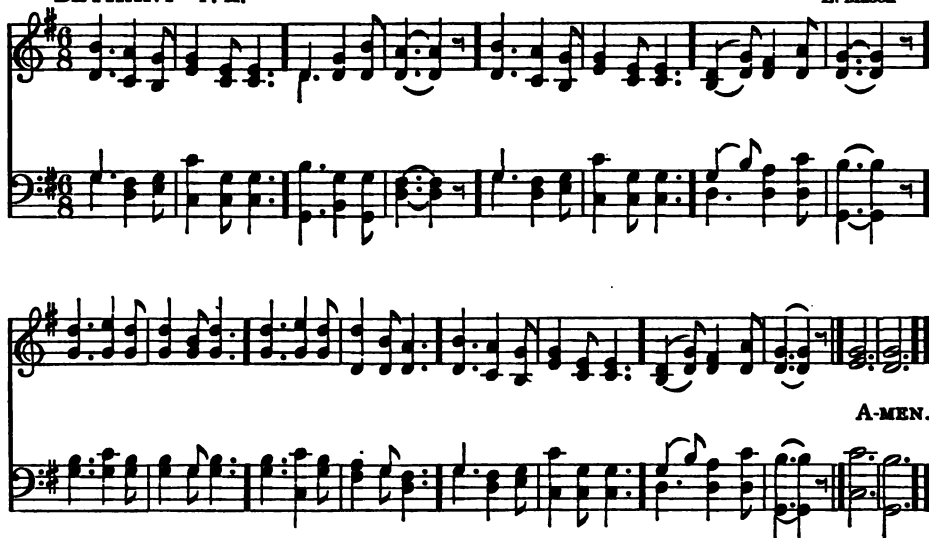
- 3 For loved ones in the Homeland
Are waiting me to come
Where neither death nor sorrow
Invades their holy home;
O dear, dear native country!
O rest and peace above!
Christ bring us all to the Homeland
Of his eternal love.

Attributed to H. R. Haweis, 1838
and Rev. W. L. Alexander, 1808

BURIAL OF THE DEAD

BETHANY P. M.

L. Mason



A-MEN.

415

1 Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee;
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to thee, :||
Nearer to thee.

2 Though like a wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone, —
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee.

3 There let the way appear
Steps unto heaven;
All that thou sendest me
In mercy given;

Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee.

4 Then, with my waking thoughts
Bright with thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee.

5 Or if on joyful wing,
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upward I fly,
Still all my song shall be
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee.

Mrs. Sarah F. Adams, 1805

BURIAL OF THE DEAD

ST. EDMUND P. M. (Second Tune)

A. S. Sullivan



A - MEN.

415 (See also opposite page)

- 1 Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee;
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to thee; Nearer to thee.
- 2 Though like a wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone,—
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee.
- 3 There let the way appear
Steps unto heaven;
All that thou sendest me
In mercy given;

Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee.

- 4 Then, with my waking thoughts
Bright with thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee.
- 5 Or if on joyful wing,
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upward I fly,
Still all my song shall be
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee.

Mrs. Sarah F. Adams, 1803

BURIAL OF THE DEAD

PLEYEL 7.

I. Pleyel

416

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>1 Children of the heavenly King,
As ye journey, sweetly sing;
Sing your Father's worthy praise,
Glorious in his works and ways.</p> | <p>3 To thy pastures fair and large,
Heavenly shepherd, lead thy charge,
And his couch with tenderest care
'Neath the springing grass prepare.</p> |
| <p>2 We are travelling home to God,
In the paths our fathers trod;
They are happy now, and we
Soon their happiness shall see.</p> | <p>4 Lord, obediently we go,
Gladly leaving all below
Only thou our leader be,
And we still will follow thee.</p> |

Rev. John Cennick, 1718

HUMILITY L. M. (Hymn 418)

S. P. Tuckerman

BURIAL OF THE DEAD

BOYLSTON S. M.

L. Mason



417

- 1 It is not death to die —
To leave this weary road,
And 'mid the brotherhood on high
To be at home with God.
- 2 It is not death to close
The eye long dimmed by tears,
And wake, in glorious repose
To spend eternal years.

- 3 It is not death to fling
Aside this sinful dust,
And rise, on strong exulting wing,
To live among the just.
- 4 Jesus, thou Prince of life!
Thy chosen cannot die;
Like thee, they conquer in the strife,
To reign with thee on high.

Henri A. C. Malan, 1787
Tr. Rev. George W. Bethune, 1805

418 Tune, HUMILITY (See opposite page)

- 1 God giveth quietness at last!
The common way once more is passed
From pleading tears and lingerings fond
To fuller life and love beyond.
- 2 Fold the rapt soul in your embrace,
Dear ones familiar with the place!
While to the gentle greetings there
We answer here with murmured prayer.
- 3 What to shut eyes hath God revealed?
What hear the ears that death has sealed?
- What undreamed beauty passing show
Requites the loss of all we know?
- 4 O silent land to which we move!
Enough, if there alone be love,
And mortal need can ne'er outgrow
What it is waiting to bestow!
- 5 O pure soul! from that far-off shore
Float some sweet song the waters o'er
Our faith confirm, our fears dispel,
With the dear voice we loved so well!

John G. Whittier, 1807

BURIAL OF THE DEAD

OTTERY S. M.

J. Barnby



419

1 Servant of God, well done;
Rest from thy loved employ:
The battle fought, the victory won,
Enter thy Master's joy.

2 Tranquil amidst alarms,
It found him on the field,
A veteran slumbering on his arms,
Beneath his red-cross shield.

3 The pains of death are past;
Labor and sorrow cease;
And, life's long warfare closed at last,
His soul is found in peace.

4 Soldier of Christ, well done;
Praise be thy new employ;
And, while eternal ages run,
Rest in thy Saviour's joy.

James Montgomery, 1771

420

1 O spirit, freed from earth,
Rejoice, thy work is done!
The weary world's beneath thy feet,
Thou brighter than the sun!

2 Arise, put on the robes
That the redeemed win;
Now sorrow hath no part in thee,
Thou sanctified within!

3 Awake, and breathe the air
Of the celestial clime;

Awake to love which knows no change,
Thou who hast done with time!

4 Awake, lift up thine eyes!
See, all heaven's host appears!
And be thou glad exceedingly,
Thou who hast done with tears!

5 Ascend! thou art not now
With those of mortal birth:
The living God hath touched thy lips,
Thou who hast done with earth!

Mrs. Mary Howitt, 1804
Alt. Rev. Samuel Longfellow, 1819

BURIAL OF THE DEAD

REQUIESCAT P. M.

J. B. Dykes

A - MEN.

421

1 Now the laborer's task is o'er;
Now the battle day is past;
Now upon the farther shore
Lands the voyager at last.
Father, in thy gracious keeping
Leave we now thy servant sleeping.

2 There the tears of earth are dried;
There its hidden things are clear;
There the work of life is tried
By a juster judge than here.
Father, in thy gracious keeping
Leave we now thy servant sleeping.

3 There the penitents, that turn
To the cross their dying eyes,
All the love of Jesus learn

At his feet in Paradise.
Father, in thy gracious keeping
Leave we now thy servant sleeping.

4 There no more the powers of hell
Can prevail to mar their peace;
Christ the Lord shall guard them well,
He who died for their release.
Father, in thy gracious keeping
Leave we now thy servant sleeping.

5 "Earth to earth, and dust to dust,"
Calmly now the words we say,
Left behind, we wait in trust
For the resurrection-day.
Father, in thy gracious keeping
Leave we now thy servant sleeping.

Rev. John Ellerton, 1826

BURIAL OF THE DEAD

VOX ANGELICA P. M.

J. B. Dykes



Sing - ing to wel - come the pil-grims, the pil-grims of the night. A - MEN, A - MEN.

422

- 1 Hark! hark, my soul! angelic songs are swelling
O'er earth's green fields, and ocean's wave-beat shore;
How sweet the truth those blessed strains are telling
Of that new life when sin shall be no more!
Angels of Jesus, angels of light,
Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night.

BURIAL OF THE DEAD

PILGRIMS P. M. (Second Tune)

H. Smart

Hymn 422, continued.

- 2 Onward we go, for still we hear them singing,
 "Come, weary souls, for Jesus bids you come;"
 And through the dark, its echoes sweetly ringing,
 The music of the gospel leads us home.
 Angels of Jesus, angels of light,
 Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night.
- 3 Far, far away, like bells at evening pealing,
 The voice of Jesus sounds o'er land and sea,
 And laden souls by thousands meekly stealing,
 Kind shepherd, turn their weary steps to thee. REFRAIN.
- 4 Rest comes at length, though life be long and dreary,
 The day must dawn, and darksome night be past;
 Faith's journeys end in welcome to the weary,
 And heaven, the heart's true home, will come at last. REFRAIN.

Rev. Frederick W. Faber, 1814

BURIAL OF THE DEAD

SARUM P. M.

J. Barnby



423

- 1 For all the saints, who from their labors rest,
Who thee by faith before the world confessed,
Thy name, O Jesus, be forever blest. Alleluia, Alleluia.
- 2 Thou wast their rock, their fortress, and their might:
Thou, Lord, their captain in the well-fought fight;
Thou, in the darkness drear, the one true light. Alleluia.
- 3 O may thy soldiers, faithful, true, and bold,
Fight as the saints who nobly fought of old,
And win, with them, the victor's crown of gold. Alleluia.
- 4 O blest communion, fellowship divine!
We feebly struggle, they in glory shine;
Yet all are one in thee, for all are thine. Alleluia.
- 5 And when the strife is fierce, the warfare long,
Steals on the ear the distant triumph-song,
And hearts are brave again, and arms are strong. Alleluia.
- 6 The golden evening brightens in the west;
Soon, soon to faithful warriors cometh rest;
Sweet is the calm of Paradise the blest. Alleluia.
- 7 But lo! there breaks a yet more glorious day;
The saints triumphant rise in bright array;
The King of glory passes on his way. Alleluia.

Bishop William W. How, 1823

BURIAL OF THE DEAD

PARADISE P. M.

J. Barnby

Where loy - al hearts and true

Where loy - - al hearts and true

A-MEN.

424

- 1 O Paradise! O Paradise!
Who doth not crave for rest?
Who would not seek the happy land
Where they that loved are blest:
Where loyal hearts and true
Stand ever in the light,
All rapture, thro' and thro',
In God's most holy sight?
- 2 O Paradise, O Paradise,
The world is growing old;
Who would not be at rest and free
Where love is never cold?
Where loyal hearts, etc.
- 3 O Paradise, O Paradise,
We long to sin no more;
We long to be as pure on earth

As on thy spotless shore;
Where loyal hearts, etc.

- 4 O Paradise, O Paradise,
We shall not wait for long;
E'en now the loving ear may catch
Faint fragments of thy song;
Where loyal hearts, etc.
- 5 Lord Jesus, King of Paradise,
O keep us in thy love,
And guide us to that happy land
Of perfect rest above;
Where loyal hearts and true
Stand ever in the light,
All rapture, thro' and thro',
In God's most holy sight.

Rev. Frederick W. Faber, 1814

BURIAL OF THE DEAD

CROSSING THE BAR P. M.

J. Barnby

(1)

The first system of musical notation for 'Crossing the Bar' consists of a treble and bass staff in 4/4 time. The treble staff begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The bass staff begins with a bass clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The music is in common time (4/4). The first measure of the treble staff contains a half note G4, a quarter note A4, a quarter note B4, and a half note C5. The first measure of the bass staff contains a half note G2, a quarter note A2, a quarter note B2, and a half note C3. The music continues with various chords and single notes, including a half note G4, a quarter note A4, a quarter note B4, and a half note C5 in the treble, and a half note G2, a quarter note A2, a quarter note B2, and a half note C3 in the bass.

The second system of musical notation continues the piece. The treble staff features a half note G4, a quarter note A4, a quarter note B4, and a half note C5. The bass staff features a half note G2, a quarter note A2, a quarter note B2, and a half note C3. The music continues with various chords and single notes, including a half note G4, a quarter note A4, a quarter note B4, and a half note C5 in the treble, and a half note G2, a quarter note A2, a quarter note B2, and a half note C3 in the bass.

(2)

The third system of musical notation continues the piece. The treble staff features a half note G4, a quarter note A4, a quarter note B4, and a half note C5. The bass staff features a half note G2, a quarter note A2, a quarter note B2, and a half note C3. The music continues with various chords and single notes, including a half note G4, a quarter note A4, a quarter note B4, and a half note C5 in the treble, and a half note G2, a quarter note A2, a quarter note B2, and a half note C3 in the bass.

(3)

The fourth system of musical notation continues the piece. The treble staff features a half note G4, a quarter note A4, a quarter note B4, and a half note C5. The bass staff features a half note G2, a quarter note A2, a quarter note B2, and a half note C3. The music continues with various chords and single notes, including a half note G4, a quarter note A4, a quarter note B4, and a half note C5 in the treble, and a half note G2, a quarter note A2, a quarter note B2, and a half note C3 in the bass.

Twilight and evening bell,

The fifth system of musical notation continues the piece. The treble staff features a half note G4, a quarter note A4, a quarter note B4, and a half note C5. The bass staff features a half note G2, a quarter note A2, a quarter note B2, and a half note C3. The music continues with various chords and single notes, including a half note G4, a quarter note A4, a quarter note B4, and a half note C5 in the treble, and a half note G2, a quarter note A2, a quarter note B2, and a half note C3 in the bass.

BURIAL OF THE DEAD



425

- 1 Sunset and evening star
And one clear call for me,
And may there be no moaning of the bar
When I put out to sea.
- 2 But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless deep
Turns again home.
- 3 Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark;
And may there be no sadness of farewell
When I embark.
- 4 For tho' from out the bourne of time and place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my pilot face to face,
When I have crossed the bar.

Alfred Tennyson, 1809

BURIAL OF THE DEAD

PASSING OUT OF THE SHADOW P. M.

Arranged from J. Hoskins

A-MEN.

426

1 Passing out of the shadow
 Into a purer light;
 Stepping behind the curtain,
 Getting a clearer sight.
 Laying aside a burden,
 This weary mortal coil;
 Done with the world's vexations,
 Done with its tears and toil.

2 Tired of all earth's playthings,
 Heartsick and ready to sleep;
 Ready to bid our friends farewell,
 Wondering why they weep.
 Passing out of the shadow
 Into eternal day;
 Why do we call it dying,
 This sweet going away?

Anonymous

BURIAL OF THE DEAD

PAX TECUM P. M.

G. T. Caldbeck

427

- 1 Peace, perfect peace, in this dark world of sin?
The blood of Jesus whispers peace within.
- 2 Peace, perfect peace, by thronging duties pressed?
To do the will of Jesus, this is rest.
- 3 Peace, perfect peace, with sorrows surging round?
On Jesus' bosom naught but calm is found.
- 4 Peace, perfect peace, with loved ones far away?
In Jesus' keeping we are safe, and they.
- 5 Peace, perfect peace, our future all unknown?
Jesus we know, and he is on the throne.
- 6 Peace, perfect peace, death shadowing us and ours?
Jesus has vanquished death and all its powers.
- 7 It is enough: earth's struggles soon shall cease,
And Jesus call us to heaven's perfect peace.

Rev. Edward H. Bickersteth, 1825

COENA DOMINI P. M. (Second Tune)

A. S. Sullivan

BAPTISM

ANGELUS L. M.

J. G. W. Scheffler



429

A - MEN. 1 This child we dedicate to thee,
O God of grace and purity!
Shield it from sin and threatening
wrong,
And let thy love its life prolong.

428

1 Grant to this child the inward grace,
While we the outward sign impart,
The cross we on *his* forehead trace
Do thou engrave upon *his* heart.

2 May it *his* pride and glory be,
Beneath thy banner fair unfurled,
To march to certain victory
O'er sin, o'er Satan, o'er the world.

Rev. John Marriott, 1780

2 O may thy spirit gently draw
Its willing soul to keep thy law;
May virtue, piety, and truth
Dawn even with its dawning youth.

3 We, too, O God! thy children are;
And if our feet have wandered far,
Recall us to our Father's home,
And keep us that no more we roam.

From the German
Tr. Rev. Samuel Gilman, 1792

BADEA S. M.

German Melody



430

1 To thee, O God in heaven,
This little one we bring;
Giving to thee what thou has given,
Our dearest offering.

2 Into a world of toil
These little feet will roam,

Where sin its purity may soil,
Where care and grief may come.

3 O then let thy pure love,
With influence serene,
Come down, like water from above,
To comfort and make clean!

Rev. James Freeman Clarke, 1810

MARRIAGE

SANDRINGHAM II. 10.

Arranged from J. Barnby



431

- 1 O perfect love, all human thought transcending,
Lowly we kneel in prayer before thy throne,
That theirs may be the love that knows no ending,
Whom thou for evermore dost join in one.
- 2 O perfect life, be thou their full assurance
Of tender charity and steadfast faith,
Of patient hope, and quiet, brave endurance,
With childlike trust that fears not pain nor death.
- 3 Grant them the joy which brightens earthly sorrow;
Grant them the peace which calms all earthly strife,
And to life's day the glorious unknown morrow
That dawns upon eternal love and life.

Dorothy F. Blomfield, 1858

MARRIAGE

BLAIRGOWRIE 7. 6. D.

J. B. Dykes



432

- 1 O Father all-creating,
Whose wisdom, love, and power
First bound two lives together
In Eden's primal hour,
To-day to these thy children
Thine earliest gifts renew,—
A home by thee made happy,
A love by thee kept true.
- 2 Except thou build it, Father,
The house is built in vain;
Except thou, Saviour, bless it,
The joy will turn to pain;
But naught can break the marriage
Of hearts in thee made one,
And love thy spirit hallows
Is endless love begun.

Rev. John Ellerton, 1826

433

- 1 The voice that breathed o'er Eden,
That earliest wedding day,
The primal marriage blessing,
It hath not passed away.
Be present, son of Mary,
To join their loving hands,
As thou didst bind two natures
In thine eternal bands!
- 2 Be present, holiest Spirit,
To bless them as they kneel,
As thou, for Christ the bridegroom,
The heavenly spouse dost seal!
O spread thy pure wing o'er them,
Let no ill power find place,
When onward to thine altar
Their hallowed path they trace.

Rev. John Keble, 1792

MARRIAGE

ST. URSULA C. M. D.

F. Westlake

434

- 1 Lord, who at Cana's wedding feast
Didst as a guest appear,
Thou dearer far than earthly guest,
Vouchsafe thy presence here;
For holy thou indeed dost prove
The marriage vow to be,
Proclaiming it a type of love
Between the church and thee.
- 2 The holiest vow that man can make,
The golden thread in life,
The bond that none may dare to break,
That bindeth man and wife;

Which, blest by thee, whate'er betides,
No evil shall destroy,
Through care-worn days each care
divides,
And doubles every joy.

- 3 On those who at thine altar kneel,
O Lord, thy blessing pour,
That each may wake the other's zeal
To love thee more and more:
O grant them here in peace to live,
In purity and love,
And, this world leaving, to receive
A crown of life above!

Adelaide Thrupp, 1820 (?)

MARRIAGE

LAUDES DOMINI 6. 61.

J. Barnby



A-MEN.

435

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>1 When morning gilds the skies,
My heart awaking cries
 May Jesus Christ be praised!
Alike at work and prayer
To Jesus I repair;
 May Jesus Christ be praised!</p> | <p>4 The night becomes as day,
When from the heart we say,
 May Jesus Christ be praised!
The powers of darkness fear,
When this sweet chant they hear,
 May Jesus Christ be praised!</p> |
| <p>2 Where'er the sweet church bell
Peals over hill and dell,
 May Jesus Christ be praised!
O hark to what it sings,
As joyously it rings,
 May Jesus Christ be praised!</p> | <p>5 In heaven's eternal bliss
The loveliest strain is this,
 May Jesus Christ be praised!
Let earth, and sea, and sky
From depth to height reply,
 May Jesus Christ be praised!</p> |
| <p>3 Does sadness fill my mind?
A solace here I find,
 May Jesus Christ be praised!
Or fades my earthly bliss?
My comfort still is this,
 May Jesus Christ be praised!</p> | <p>6 Be this, while life is mine,
My canticle divine,
 May Jesus Christ be praised!
Be this the eternal song
Through ages all along,
 May Jesus Christ be praised!</p> |

Tr. Rev. Edward Caswall, 1814

MARRIAGE

MARION S. M. With Refrain

A. H. Messiter



436

1 Rejoice, ye pure in heart!
Rejoice, give thanks and sing!
Your glorious banner wave on high:
The cross of Christ, your King!
Rejoice, rejoice, rejoice, give
thanks and sing!

2 Bright youth, and snow-crowned age,
Strong men and maidens meek:
Raise high your free, exulting song!
God's wondrous praises speak!
Rejoice, etc.

3 With all the angel choirs,
With all the saints of earth,
Pour out the strains of joy and bliss,
True rapture, noblest mirth!
Rejoice, etc.

4 Your clear hosannas raise,
And alleluias loud!

Whilst answering echoes upward float,
Like wreaths of incense cloud.
Rejoice, etc.

5 Yes, on through life's long path!
Still chanting as ye go;
From youth to age, by night and day,
In gladness and in woe.
Rejoice, etc.

6 Still lift your standard high!
Still march in firm array!
As warriors through the darkness toil,
Till dawns the golden day!
Rejoice, etc.

7 At last the march shall end;
The wearied ones shall rest:
The pilgrims find their Father's house,
Jerusalem the blest.
Rejoice, etc.

Rev. Edward H. Plumptre, 1821

MARRIAGE

OLMUTZ S. M.

Arranged by L. Mason

487

1 How welcome was the call,
And sweet the festal lay,
When Jesus deigned in Cana's hall
To bless the marriage day!

2 O Lord of life and love,
Come thou again to-day;
And bring a blessing from above
That ne'er shall pass away.

3 O bless now, as of old,
The bridegroom and the bride;
Bless with the holier stream that flowed
Forth from thy pierced side.

4 Before thine altar-throne
This mercy we implore;
As thou dost knit them, Lord, in one,
So bless them evermore.

Sir Henry W. Baker, 1821

CANA S. M. (Second Tune)

C. B. Rich

MISSIONS

MISSIONARY HYMN 7. 6. D.

L. Mason

438

1 From Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand;
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

2 What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle;
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile:
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strown;
The heathen in his blindness
Bows down to wood and stone.

3 Can we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high;
Can we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation, O salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till each remotest nation
Has learnt Messiah's name.

4 Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole.
Till o'er our ransomed nature,
The Lamb, for sinners slain,
Redeemer, king, creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

Bishop Reginald Heber, 1783

MISSIONS

MISSIONARY CHANT L. M.

C. Zeuner



A - MEN.

439

1 Ye Christian heralds! go, proclaim
Salvation thro' Immanuel's name;
To distant climes the tidings bear,
And plant the rose of Sharon there.

2 He'll shield you with a wall of fire,
With holy zeal your hearts inspire,

Bid raging winds their fury cease,
And hush the tempest into peace.

3 And when our labors all are o'er,
Then may we meet to part no more,—
Meet with the ransomed throng to fall,
And crown the Saviour Lord of all!

Rev. Bourne H. Draper, 1775

MELCOMBE L. M. (Second Tune; also Hymn 441)

S. Webbe

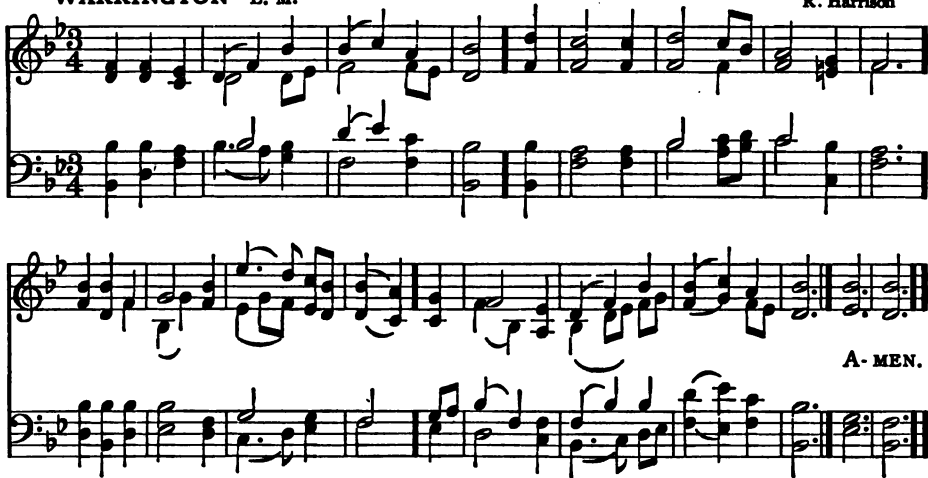


A-MEN.

MISSIONS

WARRINGTON L. M.

R. Harrison



A - MEN.

440

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>1 Look from thy sphere of endless day,
O God of mercy and of might!
In pity look on those who stray,
Benighted in this land of light.</p> <p>2 In peopled vale, in lonely glen,
In crowded mart, by stream or sea,
How many of the sons of men
Hear not the message sent from thee!</p> <p>3 Send forth thy heralds, Lord, to call
The thoughtless young, the hardened old,</p> | <p>A scattered, homeless flock, till all
Be gathered to thy peaceful fold.</p> <p>4 Send them thy mighty word to speak,
Till faith shall dawn and doubt depart,
To awe the bold, to stay the weak,
And bind and heal the broken heart.</p> <p>5 Then all these wastes, a dreary scene
That makes us sadden as we gaze,
Shall grow with living waters green,
And lift to heaven the voice of praise.</p> |
|--|---|

William Cullen Bryant, 1794

441 Tune, **MELCOMBE** (See opposite page)

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>1 O spirit of the living God!
In all thy plentitude of grace,
Where'er the foot of man hath trod,
Descend on our benighted race.</p> <p>2 Be darkness, at thy coming, light;
Confusion, order in thy path; [might;
Souls without strength inspire with
Bid mercy triumph over wrath.</p> | <p>3 O spirit of the Lord, prepare
All the round earth her God to meet;
Breathe thou abroad like morning air,
Till hearts of stone begin to beat.</p> <p>4 Baptize the nations; far and nigh
The triumphs of the cross record;
Thy name, O Father, glorify,
Till every kindred call thee Lord.</p> |
|---|--|

James Montgomery, 1772

MISSIONS

CAMDEN L. M.

J. B. Calkin



442

- 1 Fling out the banner, let it float
Skyward and seaward, high and wide;
The sun that lights its shining folds,
The cross on which the Saviour died.
- 2 Fling out the banner! angels bend
In anxious silence o'er the sign;
And vainly seek to comprehend
The wonder of the love divine.
- 3 Fling out the banner! heathen lands
Shall see from far the glorious sight,
And nations, crowding to be born,
Baptize their spirits in its light.
- 4 Fling out the banner! sin-sick souls
That sink and perish in the strife,
Shall touch in faith its radiant hem,
And spring immortal into life.
- 5 Fling out the banner! let it float
Skyward and seaward, high and wide,
Our glory, only in the cross;
Our only hope, the crucified!
- 6 Fling out the banner! wide and high,
Seaward and skyward, let it shine:
Nor skill, nor might, nor merit ours:
We conquer only in that sign.

Bishop George W. Doane, 1799

MELANESIA L. M. (Second Tune)

S. Smith



MISSIONS

LEIGHTON S. M.

H. W. Greatorex

A - MEN.

443

- 1 Thou, whose glad summer yields
Fit increase of the spring,
In faith we sow these living fields,
Bless thou the harvesting.
- 2 Thy church must lead aright
Life's work, left all undone,
Till, founded fast in love and light,
Earth home to heaven be won.
- 3 Grant, then, thy servants, Lord,
Fresh strength from hour to hour;

Through speech and deed the living
word

- Find utterance with power,
- 4 To keep the child's faith bright,
To strengthen manhood's truth,
And set the age-dimmed eye alight
With heaven's eternal youth;
- 5 That in the time's stern strife,
With saints we speed reform,
Unresting in the calm of life,
Unshrinking in the storm.

Rev. Samuel Johnson, 1822

MORNINGTON S. M. (Second Tune)

Lord Mornington

A - MEN.

LIFE EVERLASTING

ELTON P. M.

F. C. Maker

A-MEN.

444

- 1 There is an hour of peaceful rest
To mourning wanderers given;
There is a joy for souls distressed,
A balm for every wounded breast:
'Tis found alone in heaven.
- 2 There is a home for weary souls
By sins and sorrows driven;
When tossed on life's tempestuous shoals,

Where storms arise, and ocean rolls,
And all is drear but heaven.

- 3 There faith lifts up the tearless eye,
The heart no longer riven;
And views the tempest passing by,
Sees evening shadows quickly fly,
And all serene in heaven.

William B. Tappan, 1794

FEDERAL STREET L. M. (Hymn 446)

H. K. Oliver

A-MEN.

LIFE EVERLASTING

HOPE P. M.

W. Jacobs

One sweetly sol - emn thought Comes to me o'er and o'er ;

I am nearer my home to - day Than I ever have been be - fore. A - MEN.

445

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>1 One sweetly solemn thought
Comes to me o'er and o'er:
I'm nearer my home to- day
Than I ever have been be- fore;</p> <p>2 Nearer my Father's house
Where the many mansions be;
Nearer the great white throne,
Near- er the crystal sea;</p> <p>3 Nearer the bound of life,
Where we lay our burdens down;</p> | <p>Nearer leaving the cross,
Nearer gain- — ing the crown.</p> <p>4 O, if my mortal feet
Have almost gained the brink;
If it be I am nearer home,
Even to- day, — than I think,</p> <p>5 Father, per- fect my trust,
Let my spirit feel in death
That her feet are firmly set
On the rock of a living faith.</p> |
|--|--|

Phoebe Cary, 1824

446

Tune, **FEDERAL STREET** (See opposite page)

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>1 God of eternity! from thee
Did infant time his being draw:
Moments and days and months and
years
Revolve by thine unvaried law.</p> <p>2 Silent and slow they glide away:
Steady and strong the current flows,
Lost in eternity's wide sea,
The boundless gulf from which it rose.</p> | <p>3 The thoughtless tribe of mortal men
Before the rapid stream are borne
On to their everlasting home,
Whence not one soul can e'er return.</p> <p>4 Great source of wisdom, teach my heart
To know the price of every hour,
That time may bear us on to joys
Beyond its measure and its power.</p> |
|---|---|

Rev. Philip Doddridge, 1702

LIFE EVERLASTING

O QUANTA QUALIA 10.

Ancient



A- MEN.

447

- 1 O what the joy and the glory must be,
Those endless sabbaths the blessed ones see!
Crown for the valiant, to weary ones rest;
God shall be all, and in all ever blest.
- 2 What are the monarch, his court, and his throne?
What are the peace and the joy that they own?
O that the blest ones, who in it have share,
All that they feel could as fully declare!
- 3 There, where no troubles distraction can bring,
We the sweet anthems of Zion shall sing;
While for thy grace, Lord, their voices of praise
Thy blessed people eternally raise.
- 4 There dawns no sabbath, no sabbath is o'er,
Those sabbath-keepers have one evermore;
One and unending is that triumph-song
Which to the angels and us shall belong.

Peter Abelard, 1079

Tr. Rev. John M. Neale, 1818

LIFE EVERLASTING

MANOAH C. M.

Arranged from Rossini



448

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>1 Lord, we believe a rest remains,
To all thy people known;
A rest where pure enjoyment reigns,
For thou art served alone;</p> <p>2 A rest, where all our soul's desire
Is fixed on things above, —
Where fear and sin and grief expire,
Cast out by perfect love.</p> | <p>3 O that we now the rest might know,
Believe, and enter in!
Now, Father, now the power bestow,
And let me cease from sin.</p> <p>4 Remove this hardness from our heart,
All unbelief remove;
The rest of perfect faith impart,
The sabbath of thy love.</p> |
|---|--|

Wesley's Collection

449

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>1 Another hand is beckoning us,
Another call is given;
And glows once more with angel steps
The path that reaches heaven.</p> <p>2 O half we deemed she needed not
The changing of her sphere,
To give to heaven a kindred soul,
Who walked an angel here!</p> <p>3 Alone unto our Father's will
One thought hath reconciled;</p> | <p>That he whose love exceedeth ours
Hath taken home his child.</p> <p>4 Fold her, O Father! in thine arms,
And let her henceforth be
A messenger of love between
Our human hearts and thee.</p> <p>5 Still let her mild rebuking stand
Between us and the wrong,
And her dear memory serve to make
Our faith in goodness strong.</p> |
|--|---|

John G. Whittier, 1807

LIFE EVERLASTING

FOREVER WITH THE LORD S. M. D. With Refrain

I. B. Woodbury

450

1 Forever with the Lord!

Amen, so let it be:

Life from the dead is in that word,

'Tis immortality.

Here in the body pent,

Absent from thee I roam;

Yet nightly pitch my moving tent

A day's march nearer home ;

Nearer home, nearer home,

A day's march nearer home.

2 My Father's house on high!

Home of my soul, how near

At times to faith's foreseeing eye

Thy golden gates appear!

I hear at morn and even,

At noon and midnight hour,

The choral harmonies of heaven

Earth's Babel-tongues o'erpower.

Nearer home, etc.

3 Then, then I feel that he,

Remembered or forgot,

The Lord, is never far from me,

Though I perceive him not.

So, when my latest breath

Shall rend the veil in twain,

By death I shall escape from death,

And life eternal gain.

Nearer home, etc.

James Montgomery, 1771

LIFE EVERLASTING

ST. EDITH 7. 6. D.

J. H. Knecht

451 (See also page 298)

- 1 O Jesus, I have promised
To serve thee to the end;
Be thou forever near me,
My master and my friend!
I shall not fear the battle,
If thou art by my side,
Nor wander from the pathway
If thou wilt be my guide.
- 2 O let me feel thee near me!
The world is ever near;
I see the sights that dazzle,
The tempting sounds I hear;
My foes are ever near me,
Around me and within;
But, Jesus, draw thou nearer,
And shield my soul from sin.

- 3 O let me hear thee speaking
In accents clear and still,
Above the storms of passion,
The murmurs of self-will!
O speak to reassure me,
To hasten or control!
O speak, and make me listen,
Thou guardian of my soul!
- 4 O let me see thy foot-marks,
And in them plant my own!
My hope to follow duly
Is in thy strength alone.
O guide me, call me, draw me,
Uphold me to the end!
At last in heaven receive me,
My Saviour and my friend.

LIFE EVERLASTING

DAY OF REST 7. 6. D. (Second Tune)

J. W. Elliott

The musical score is written in 4/4 time with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). It consists of three systems of music, each with a treble and bass staff. The first system has a treble staff with a key signature change to one flat and a bass staff. The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The third system concludes with a double bar line and the instruction 'A - MEN.' written above the treble staff.

451 (See also page 297)

- 1 O Jesus, I have promised
To serve thee to the end;
Be thou forever near me,
My master and my friend!
I shall not fear the battle,
If thou art by my side,
Nor wander from the pathway
If thou wilt be my guide.
- 2 O let me feel thee near me!
The world is ever near;
I see the sights that dazzle,
The tempting sounds I hear;
My foes are ever near me,
Around me and within;
But, Jesus, draw thou nearer,
And shield my soul from sin.

- 3 O let me hear thee speaking
In accents clear and still,
Above the storms of passion,
The murmurs of self-will!
O speak to reassure me,
To hasten or controul!
O speak, and make me listen,
Thou guardian of my soul!
- 4 O let me see thy foot-marks,
And in them plant my own!
My hope to follow duly
Is in thy strength alone.
O guide me, call me, draw me,
Uphold me to the end!
At last in heaven receive me,
My Saviour and my friend.

LIFE EVERLASTING

CHESTNUT RIDGE C. M.

W. H. Walter



452 (See also page 300)

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>1 There is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.</p> <p>2 There everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers:
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.</p> <p>3 Sweet fields, beyond the swelling flood,
Stand dressed in living green:
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.</p> | <p>4 But timorous mortals start and shrink
To cross this narrow sea,
And linger, shivering on the brink,
And fear to launch away.</p> <p>5 O could we make our doubts remove,
Those gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan, that we love,
With unobscured eyes;</p> <p>6 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er, —
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold
flood,
Should fright us from the shore.</p> |
|--|--|

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1674

453 Tune, DAY OF REST (See opposite page)

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>1 No seas again shall sever,
No desert intervene,
No deep sad-flowing river
Shall roll its tide between.
Love and unsevered union
Of soul with those we love,
Nearness and glad communion,
Shall be our joy above.</p> | <p>2 No dread of wasting sickness,
No thought of ache or pain,
No fretting hours of weakness,
Shall mar our peace again.
No death, our homes o'ershading,
Shall e'er our harps unstring;
For all is life unfading
In presence of our King.</p> |
|---|--|

Rev. Horatius Bonar, 1808

LIFE EVERLASTING

JORDAN C. M. D. (Second Tune)

W. Billings

452 (See also page 299)

1 There is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.
There everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers:
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.

2 Sweet fields, beyond the swelling flood,
Stand dressed in living green:
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.

But timorous mortals start and shrink
To cross this narrow sea,
And linger, shivering on the brink,
And fear to launch away.

3 O could we make our doubts remove,
Those gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan, that we love,
With unbecclouded eyes;
Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er, —
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold
flood,
Should fright us from the shore.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1674

RESIGNATION

LUX EOI 8. 7. D.

A. S. Sullivan

454

- 1 Only waiting, till the shadows
Are a little longer grown;
Only waiting, till the glimmer
Of the day's last beam is flown;
Till the light of earth is faded
From the heart once full of day;
Till the stars of heaven are breaking
Through the twilight soft and gray.
- 2 Only waiting, till the reapers
Have the last sheaf gathered home;
For the summer time is faded,
And the autumn winds have come.

Quickly, reapers,—gather quickly
These last ripe hours of my heart;
For the bloom of life is withered,
And I hasten to depart.

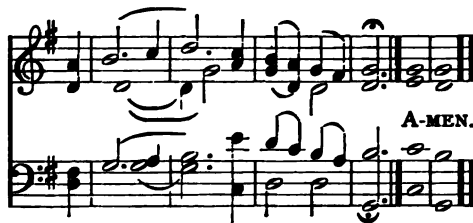
- 3 Only waiting, till the shadows
Are a little longer grown;
Only waiting, till the glimmer
Of the day's last beam is flown.
Then, from out the gathered darkness
Holy, deathless stars shall rise,
By whose light my soul shall gladly
Tread its pathway to the skies.

Frances L. Mace, 1836

RESIGNATION

HAPPY HOME C. M.

Anonymous



Blest seats! through rude and stormy
scenes
I onward press to you.

- 3 Why should I shrink at pain and woe,
Or feel at death dismay?
I've Canaan's goodly land in view
And realms of endless day.

455

- 1 Jerusalem, my happy home!
Name ever dear to me!
When shall my labors have an end
In joy and peace and thee?

- 2 There happier bowers than Eden's
bloom,
Nor sin nor sorrow know:

- 4 Apostles, martyrs, prophets there
Around my Saviour stand;
And soon my friends in Christ below
Will join the glorious band.

- 5 Jerusalem, my happy home!
My soul still pants for thee:
Then shall my labors have an end
When I thy joys shall see.

F. B. P., about 1600

Alt. Williams-Boden Collection, 1801

LANCASTER C. M. (Hymn 457)

S. Howard



RESIGNATION

STEPHANOS P. M.

H. W. Baker



456

- 1 Art thou weary, art thou languid, art thou sore distressed?
"Come to me," saith one, "and coming be at rest!"
- 2 Hath he marks to lead me to him, if he be my guide?
"In his feet and hands are wound-prints, and his side."
- 3 Hath he diadem as monarch that his brow adorns?
"Yea, a crown in very surety, but of thorns."
- 4 If I find him, if I follow, what his guerdon here?
"Many a sorrow, many a labor, many a tear."
- 5 If I still hold closely to him, what hath he at last?
"Sorrow vanquished, labor ended, Jordan past."
- 6 If I ask him to receive me, will he say me nay?
"Not till earth and not till heaven pass away."

Rev. John M. Neale, 1818

457

Tune, LANCASTER (See opposite page)

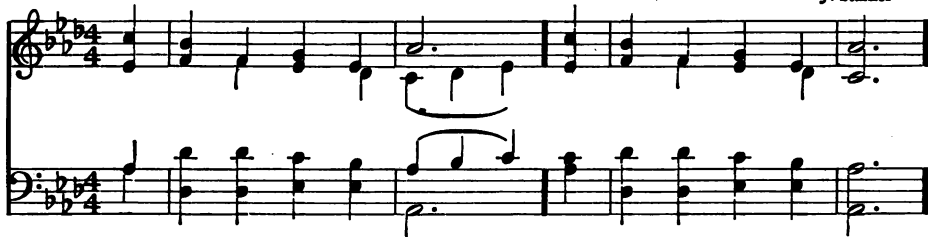
- | | |
|--|--|
| <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1 My God, I rather look to thee
Than to these fancies fond,
And wait, till thou reveal to me
That fair and far Beyond. 2 And wherefore should I seek above
Thy city in the sky,
Since firm in faith and deep in love
Its broad foundations lie, — | <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 3 Since in a life of peace and prayer,
Nor known on earth, nor praised,
By humblest toil, by ceaseless care,
Its holy towers are raised? 4 Where pain the soul hath purified,
And penitence hath shriven,
And truth is crowned and glorified,
There — only there — is heaven. |
|--|--|

Eliza Scudder, 1821

RESIGNATION

BLESSED HOME 6. D.

J. Stainer



458

- 1 Thy way, not mine, O Lord,
However dark it be!
Lead me by thine own hand;
Choose thou the path for me.
Smooth let it be, or rough,
It will be still the best;
Winding or straight, it leads
Right onward to thy rest.
- 2 I dare not choose my lot;
I would not, if I might:
Choose thou for me, my God;
So shall I walk aright.

Take thou my cup, and it
With joy or sorrow fill,
As best to thee may seem;
Choose thou my good and ill.

- 3 Choose thou for me my friends,
My sickness or my health;
Choose thou my cares for me,
My poverty or wealth.
Not mine, not mine, the choice,
In things or great or small:
Be thou my guide, my strength,
My wisdom, and my all!

Rev. Horatius Bonar, 1808

RESIGNATION

MOUNT OLIVET S. M. D.

J. B. Dykes



459

- 1 Your harps, ye trembling saints,
Down from the willows take;
Loud to the praise of love divine
Bid every string awake.
Fastened within the veil,
Hope be your anchor strong;
His loving spirit the sweet gale
That wafts you smooth along.
- 2 Or should the surges rise,
And peace delay to come,
Blest is the sorrow, kind the storm,
That drives us nearer home.

When we in darkness walk,
Nor feel the heavenly flame,
Then is the time to trust our God,
And rest upon his name.

- 3 Wait, till the shadows flee;
Wait thy appointed hour;
Wait, till the shepherd of thy soul
Reveal his love with power.
Tarry his leisure, then,
Although he seem to stay;
A moment's intercourse with him
Thy grief will overpay.

Rev. Augustus M. Toplady, 1740

ORDINATION

CASTLE RISING C. M. D.

F. A. J. Hervey



460

- 1 O God, thy children gathered here,
Thy blessing now we wait:
Thy servant, girded for his work,
Stands at the temple's gate.
A holy purpose in his heart
Has deepened calm and still;
Now from his childhood's Nazareth
He comes, to do thy will.
- 2 O Father, keep his soul alive
To every hope of good;
And may his life of love proclaim
Man's truest brotherhood!

O Father, keep his spirit quick
To every form of wrong;
And, in the ear of sin and self,
May his rebuke be strong!

- 3 And as he doth Christ's footsteps press,
If e'er his faith grow dim,
Then, in the dreary wilderness,
Thine angels strengthen him!
And grant him many hearts to lead
Into thy perfect rest:
Bless thou him, Father, and his work;
Bless, and they shall be blest.

Rev. Samuel Longfellow, 1819

ORDINATION

DISMISSION L. M.

H. W. Baker

461

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>1 Thou only living, only true,
Far, far away, and still how near!
Strength of our strength to will and do!
We thirst to have thy witness here.</p> <p>2 Baptize our brother in thy love;
Unveil thy heaven to his eye;
Spread thy wings o'er him like the dove,
And his whole being sanctify.</p> | <p>3 Then in thy glorious liberty,
A well-beloved son of thine,
The tidings of thy truth shall he
Declare with grace and power divine.</p> <p>4 Trials, temptations he must meet;
The gloomy wilderness pass through:
Thine angels then uphold his feet,
And keep him strong, and free, and true.</p> |
|--|---|

Rev. William H. Furness, 1802

MELCOMBE L. M. (Second Tune)

S. Webbe

ORDINATION

ELMHURST C. M.

J. Stainer

462

- 1 O Father of the living Christ,
Fount of the living word,
Pour on the shepherd and the flock
The spirit of the Lord!
- 2 Amid this mingled mystery
Of good and ill at strife,
Help them, O God, in him to find
The way, the truth, the life.
- 3 That way together may they tread,
That truth with joy receive,

That life of heaven, on earth begun,
Through cloud and sunshine live.

- 4 Not chained to creeds, or cramped by
With eyes that hail the light, [forms,
In holy freedom keep their souls
Loyal to truth and right.

- 5 One may they be in faith and hope,
As one in works of love,
Till all be one in Christ and thee
In the great church above.

Rev. William Newell, 1804

CONISTON C. M. (Second Tune)

J. Baraby

DEDICATION

BERA L. M.

J. E. Gould

463

- 1 All things are thine: no gift have we,
Lord of all gifts, to offer thee;
And hence with grateful hearts to-day,
Thy own before thy feet we lay.
- 2 Thy will was in the builder's thought;
Thy hand unseen amidst us wrought;
Through mortal motive, scheme and
plan,
Thy wise eternal purpose ran.
- 3 No lack thy perfect fulness knew;
From human needs and longings grew

This house of prayer, this home of rest
In the fair garden of the west.

- 4 In weakness and in want we call
On thee for whom the heavens are
small;
Thy glory is thy children's good,
Thy joy thy tender fatherhood.

- 5 O Father, deign these walls to bless;
Fill with thy love their emptiness:
And let their door a gateway be
To lead us from ourselves to thee.

John G. Whittier, 1807

ROCKINGHAM L. M. (Second Tune)

E. Miller

DEDICATION

BISHOPSGATE L. M.

Anonymous

464

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>1 Unto thy temple, Lord, we come
With thankful hearts to worship thee;
And pray that this may be our home
Until we touch eternity:—</p> <p>2 The common home of rich and poor,
Of bond and free, and great and
small;
Large as thy love for evermore,
And warm and bright and good to all.</p> | <p>3 And dwell thou with us in this place,
Thou and thy Christ, to guide and
bless!
Here make the well-springs of thy grace
Like fountains in the wilderness.</p> <p>4 May thy whole truth be spoken here;
Thy gospel light forever shine;
Thy perfect love cast out all fear,
And human life become divine.</p> |
|---|--|

Robert Collyer, 1823

GRACE CHURCH L. M. (Second Tune; also Hymn 466)

I. Playel

DEDICATION

INNOCENTS 7.

Arranged by W. H. Monk



A - MEN.

465

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>1 Lord of hosts, to thee we raise
Here a house of prayer and praise;
Thou thy people's heart prepare
Here to meet for praise and prayer.</p> <p>2 Let the living here be fed
With thy word, the heavenly bread;
Here, in hope of glory blest,
May the dead be laid to rest.</p> | <p>3 Here to thee a temple stand,
While the sea shall gird the land;
Here reveal thy mercy sure,
While the sun and moon endure.</p> <p>4 Alleluia! — earth and sky
To the joyful sound reply;
Alleluia! — hence ascend,
Prayer and praise till time shall end.</p> |
|--|--|

James Montgomery, 1771

466 Tune, GRACE CHURCH (See opposite page)

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>1 Where ancient forests widely spread,
Where bends the cataract's ocean-fall,
On the lone mountain's silent head, —
There are thy temples, God of all!</p> <p>2 All space is holy, for all space
Is filled by thee; but human thought
Burns clearer in some chosen place,
Where thine own words of love are
taught.</p> | <p>3 Here be they taught; and may we know
That faith thy servants knew of old,
Which onward bears, thro' weal or woe,
Till death the gates of heaven unfold!</p> <p>4 Nor we alone: may those whose brow
Shows yet no trace of human cares
Hereafter stand where we do now,
And raise to thee still holier prayers!</p> |
|--|---|

Rev. Andrews Norton, 1786

DEDICATION

HARMONY GROVE L. M.

H. K. Oliver

467

- 1 The perfect world, by Adam trod,
Was the first temple, — built by God;
His fiat laid the corner-stone,
And heaved its pillars one by one.
- 2 He hung its starry roof on high, —
The broad, illimitable sky;
He spread its pavement green and
bright
And curtained it with morning light.
- 3 The mountains in their places stood, —
The sea, the sky, — and “all was
good;”
And, when its first pure praises rang,
The “morning stars together sang.”
- 4 Lord! 'tis not ours to make the sea,
And earth, and sky a house for thee;
But in thy sight our offering stands,
A humbler temple, “made with hands.”

[Nathaniel P. Willis, 1807

DUKE STREET L. M. (Second Tune; also Hymn 469)

J. Hatten

DEDICATION

JOHANNES L. M. 61.

J. Stainer



468

- 1 To light, that shines in stars and souls,
To law, that rounds the world with
calm,
To love, whose equal triumph rolls
Through martyr's prayer and angel's
psalm, —
We wed these walls with unseen bands,
In holier shrines not made with hands.
- 2 May purer sacrament be here
Than ever dwelt in rite or creed;
Hallowed the hour with vow sincere
To serve the time's all-pressing need,
And rear, its heaving seas above,
Strongholds of freedom, folds of love.
- 3 Here be the wanderer homeward led;
Here living streams in fulness flow;
And every hungering soul be fed,
That yearns the eternal will to know;
Here conscience hurl her stern reply
To mammon's lust and slavery's lie.
- 4 Speak, living God, thy full command
Through prayer of faith and word of
power,
That we with girded loins may stand
To do thy work and wait thine hour,
And sow, 'mid patient toils and tears
For harvests in serenest years.

Rev. Samuel Johnson, 1822

469 Tune, **DUKE STREET** (See opposite page)

- 1 O Father! take the new-built shrine;
The house our hands have reared is
thine:
Greet us with welcome when we come,
And make our Father's house our home.
- 2 Blest with thy spirit while we stay,
May we thy spirit bear away,
That every heart a shrine may be,
And every home a home for thee.

Rev. Edward E. Hale, 1822

DEDICATION

CONISTON C. M.

J. Barnby



A - MEN.

470

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>1 O thou whose own vast temple stands
Built over earth and seal
Accept the walls that human hands
Have raised to worship thee.</p> <p>2 Lord, from thine inmost glory send,
Within these courts to bide,
The peace that dwelleth, without end,
Serenely by thy side.</p> | <p>3 May erring minds that worship here
Be taught the better way;
And they who mourn and they who fear
Be strengthened as they pray!</p> <p>4 May faith grow firm and love grow warm,
And pure devotion rise,
While round these hallow'd walls the storm
Of earth-born passion dies!</p> |
|---|--|

William Cullen Bryant, 1794

471

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>1 We love the venerable house
Our fathers built to God;
In heaven are kept their grateful vows,
Their dust endears the sod.</p> <p>2 Here holy thoughts a light have shed
From many a radiant face,
And prayers of humble virtue made
The perfume of the place.</p> <p>3 And anxious hearts have pondered here
The mystery of life,</p> | <p>And prayed the eternal light to clear
Their doubts and aid their strife.</p> <p>4 From humble tenements around
Came up the pensive train,
And in the church a blessing found.
That filled their homes again.</p> <p>5 They live with God, their homes are
dust;
Yet here their children pray,
And in this fleeting lifetime, trust
To find the narrow way.</p> |
|--|---|

Ralph Waldo Emerson, 1803

THANKSGIVING

AURELIA 7. 6. D.

S. S. Wealey



472

- 1 O God, the rock of ages,
Who evermore hast been,
What time the tempest rages,
Our dwelling-place serene:
Before thy first creations,
O Lord, the same as now,
To endless generations
The everlasting thou!
- 2 Our years are like the shadows
O'er sunny hills that fly,
Or grasses in the meadows
That blossom but to die;

A sleep, a dream, a story,
By strangers quickly told,
An unremaining glory
Of things that soon are old.

- 3 O thou, who canst not slumber,
Whose light grows never pale,
Teach us aright to number
Our years before they fail.
On us thy mercy lighten,
On us thy goodness rest;
And let thy spirit brighten
The hearts thyself hath blessed.

Rev. Edward H. Bickersteth, 1825

THANKSGIVING

PLEYEL 7.

I. Pleyel

478

- | | |
|---|---|
| 1 Praise, O praise our God and King,
Hymns of adoration sing!
For his mercies still endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure. | 3 Praise him for our harvest-store;
He hath filled the garner-floor:
And for richer food than this,
Pledge of everlasting bliss. |
| 2 Praise him that he gave the rain
To mature the swelling grain,
And hath bid the fruitful field
Crops of precious increase yield. | 4 Glory to our bounteous King,
Glory let creation sing;
For his mercies still endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure. |

Sir Henry W. Baker, 1821

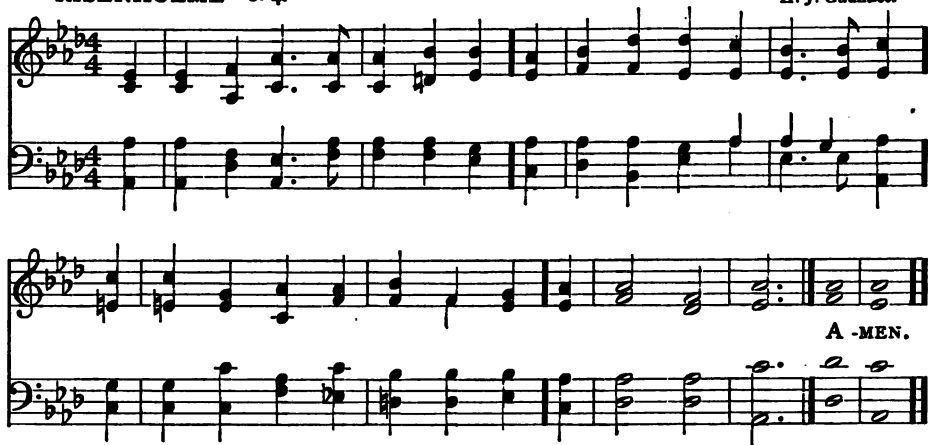
DIX 7. 61. (Hymn 475)

C. Kocher

THANKSGIVING

RISENHOLME 8. 4.

H. J. Gauntlett



474

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>1 O Lord of heaven, and earth, and sea,
To thee all praise and glory be:
How shall we show our love to thee,
Who givest all?</p> <p>2 The golden sunshine, vernal air,
Sweet flowers and fruits thy love declare;
When harvests ripen, thou art there,
Who givest all!</p> <p>3 For peaceful homes, and healthful days,
For all the blessings earth displays,</p> | <p>We owe thee thankfulness and praise,
Who givest all!</p> <p>4 Thou didst not spare thine only Son,
But gav'st him for a world undone,
And freely with that blessed one
Thou givest all.</p> <p>5 O Lord, from whom we all derive
Our life, our gifts, our power to give;
O may we ever with thee live,
Who givest all.</p> |
|--|---|

Rev. Christopher Wordsworth, 1807

475

Tune, DIX (See opposite page)

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>1 For the beauty of the earth,
For the glory of the skies,
For the love which from our birth
Over and around us lies,
Lord of all, to thee we raise
This our grateful hymn of praise.</p> <p>2 For the joy of human love,
Brother, sister, parent, child,
Friends on earth, and friends above,</p> | <p>Pleasures pure and undefiled,
Lord of all, to thee we raise
This our grateful hymn of praise.</p> <p>3 For thy church that evermore
Lifteth holy hands above,
Offering up on every shore
Her full sacrifice of love,
Lord of all, to thee we raise
This our grateful psalm of praise.</p> |
|---|--|

Folliott S. Pierpoint, 1835

THANKSGIVING

HARVEST HYMN 7. 6. D. With Refrain

Arranged by J. B. Dykes

476

1 We plough the fields, and scatter
The good seed on the land,
But it is fed and watered
By God's almighty hand;
He sends the snow in winter,
The warmth to swell the grain,
The breezes and the sunshine,
And soft, refreshing rain.
All good gifts around us
Are sent from heaven above;
Then thank the Lord, O thank the Lord
For all his love.

2 He only is the maker
Of all things near and far;
He paints the wayside flower,
He lights the evening star;
The winds and waves obey him,
By him the birds are fed;

Much more to us, his children,
He gives our daily bread.
All good gifts around us
Are sent from heaven above;
Then thank the Lord, O thank the Lord
For all his love.

3 We thank thee, then, O Father,
For all things bright and good,
The seed-time and the harvest,
Our life, our health, our food;
Accept the gifts we offer,
For all thy love imparts,
And what thou most desirest,—
Our humble, thankful hearts.
All good gifts around us
Are sent from heaven above,
Then thank the Lord, O thank the Lord
For all his love.

Matthias Claudius, 1740
Tr. Jane M. Campbell, 1817

THANKSGIVING

ITALY 6. 4.

F. Giardini



477

- 1 Gone are those great and good
Who here, in peril, stood
And raised their hymn.
Peace to the reverend dead!
The light that on their head
The passing years have shed
Shall ne'er grow dim.
- 2 Ye temples, that to God
Rise where our fathers trod,
Guard well your trust, —
The faith that dared the sea,
The truth that made them free,
Their cherished purity,
Their garnered dust.
- 3 Thou high and holy one,
Whose care for sire and son
All nature fills, —
While day shall break and close,
While night her crescent shows,
O let thy light repose
On these our hills!

Rev. John Pierpont, 1785

478

- 1 The God of harvest praise;
In loud thanksgiving raise
Hand, heart, and voice:
The valleys laugh and sing,
Forests and mountains ring,
The plains their tribute bring,
The streams rejoice.
- 2 Yea, bless his holy name,
And joyous thanks proclaim
Through all the earth:
To glory in your lot
Is comely; but be not
God's benefits forgot
Amid your mirth.
- 3 The God of harvest praise;
Hands, hearts, and voices raise,
With sweet accord.
From field to garner throng,
Bearing your sheaves along,
And in your harvest song
Bless ye the Lord.

James Montgomery, 1771

THANKSGIVING

ST. GEORGE'S 7. D.

G. J. Elvey



479

1 Praise to God, immortal praise,
For the love that crowns our days!
Bounteous source of every joy,
Let thy praise our tongues employ.
For the blessings of the field,
For the stores the gardens yield;
Flocks, that whiten all the plain,
Yellow sheaves of ripened grain:

2 All that spring with bounteous hand
Scatters o'er the smiling land;
All that liberal autumn pours
From her rich o'erflowing stores, —

These to thee, our God! we owe,
Source whence all our blessings flow;
And for these our souls shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

3 Yet, should rising whirlwinds tear
From its stem the ripening ear;
Should the vine put forth no more,
Nor the olive yield her store;
Still to thee our souls shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise;
And, when every blessing's flown,
Love thee for thyself alone!

Mrs. Anna L. Barbauld, 1743

THANKSGIVING

LUTHER L. M. 6l.

Martin Luther

A-MEN.

480

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>1 How rich thy gifts, almighty King!
From thee our public blessings spring:
The extended trade, the fruitful skies,
The treasures liberty bestows,
The eternal joys the gospel shows, —
 :All from thy boundless goodness rise.: </p> | <p>2 With grateful hearts, with joyful tongues
To God we raise united songs.
Here still may God in mercy reign,
Crown our just counsels with success,
With peace and joy our borders bless,
 :And all our sacred rights maintain.: </p> |
|--|---|

Rev. Andrew Kippis, 1725

481 Tune, ST. GEORGE'S (See opposite page)

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>1 Come, ye thankful people, come,
Raise the song of harvest-home;
All is safely gathered in,
Ere the winter storms begin;
God, our maker, doth provide
For our wants to be supplied;
Come to God's own temple, come,
Raise the song of harvest-home.</p> | <p>3 For the Lord our God shall come,
And shall take his harvest home:
From his field shall in that day
All offences purge away;
Give his angels charge at last
In the fire the tares to cast,
But the fruitful ears to store
In his garner evermore.</p> |
| <p>2 All the world is God's own field,
Fruit unto his praise to yield;
Wheat and tares together sown,
Unto joy or sorrow grown:
First the blade, and then the ear,
Then the full corn shall appear:
Lord of harvest, grant that we
Wholesome grain and pure may be.</p> | <p>4 Even so, Lord, quickly come
To thy final harvest-home:
Gather thou thy people in,
Free from sorrow, free from sin;
There forever purified,
In thy presence to abide:
Come with all thine angels, come,
Raise the glorious harvest-home.</p> |

Dean Henry Alford, 1810

NEW YEAR

ARIEL 8. 8. 6.

Arranged from Mozart



A-MEN.

482

- 1 Lord God, by whom all change is wrought,
By whom new things to birth are brought,
In whom no change is known,
Whate'er thou dost, whate'er thou art,
Thy people still in thee have part,
Still, still, thou art our own.
- 2 Spirit who makest all things new,
Thou leadest onward; we pursue

The heavenly march sublime;
'Neath thy renewing fire we glow,
And still from strength to strength we go
From height to height we climb.

- 3 Darkness and dread we leave behind;
New light, new glory, still we find,
New realms divine possess,
New births of grace new raptures bring;
Triumphant the new song we sing,
The great Renewer bless.

Thomas H. Gill, 1819

NEW YEAR

BENEVENTO 7. D.

S. Webbe



483

- 1 Sunlight of the heavenly day,
Mighty to revive and cheer!
Bless our yet untrodden way;
Lead us through the entered year.
Where the shades of death we see,
Let thy living brightness be:
Let it speed our lingering feet;
Let it shine on all we meet.
- 2 Open thou beneath our tread
Springs the distance could not show;
From the holy fountain-head
Let them rise where'er we go:
Rather, give us eyes to see,—
Love, awake to love in thee,—
Hearts that, trusting in thy care,
Find its traces everywhere.

Anna L. Waring, 1820

484

- 1 While, with ceaseless course, the sun
Hasted through the former year,
Many souls their race have run,
Never more to meet us here.
Raised to an eternal state,
They have done with all below:
We a little longer wait;
But how little, none can know.
- 2 As the wingèd arrow flies
Speedily the mark to find;
As the lightning from the skies
Darts, and leaves no trace behind,—
Swiftly thus our fleeting days
Bear us down life's rapid stream:
Upward, Lord, our spirits raise;
All below is but a dream.
- 3 Thanks for mercies past receive,
Pardon of our sins renew;
Teach us henceforth how to live
With eternity in view.
Bless thy word to young and old;
Fill us with a Saviour's love;
And when life's short tale is told,
May we dwell with thee above!

Rev. John Newton, 1725

NEW YEAR

LUTHER'S CHANT L. M.

C. Zeuner



485

- 1 Another year! another year!
The unceasing rush of time sweeps on;
Whelmed in its surges, disappear
Man's hopes and fears, forever gone!
- 2 O what concerns it him whose way
Lies upward to the immortal dead,
That nearer comes the closing day,
That one year more of life has fled?

3 Swift years! but teach me how to bear,
To feel and act with strength and
skill,
To reason wisely, nobly dare, —
And speed your courses as you will.

4 When life's meridian toils are done,
How calm, how rich the twilight-
glow!
The morning twilight of a sun
Which shines not here on things be-
low!

5 Press onward thro' each varying hour;
Let no weak fears thy course delay;
Immortal being! feel thy power;
Pursue thy bright and endless way!

Rev. Andrews Norton, 1786

ANGELUS L. M. (Hymn 488)

J. G. W. Scheffler



NEW YEAR

SOUTHWELL C. M.

H. S. Irons



486

- 1 O God, to thee our hearts would pay
Their gratitude sincere,
Whose love hath kept us, night and day
Throughout another year.
- 2 Of every breath and every power
Thou wast the gracious source;
From thee came every happy hour
Which smiled along its course.
- 3 For joy and grief alike we pay
Our thanks to thee above,
And only pray to grow each day
More worthy of thy love.

Rev. William Gaskell, 1805

487

- 1 Break, new-born year, on glad eyes
Melodious voices move! [break!
On, rolling time! thou canst not make
The Father cease to love.
- 2 Lord! from this year more service win,
More glory, more delight!
O make its hours less sad with sin,
Its days with thee more bright!
- 3 Then we may bless its precious things,
If earthly cheer should come;
Or gladsome mount on angel wings,
If thou shouldst take us home.

Thomas H. Gill, 1819

488

Tune, **ANGELUS** (See opposite page)

- 1 Great God, we sing that mighty hand
By which, supported, still we stand:
The opening year thy mercy shows;
That mercy crowns it till it close.
- 2 By day, by night, at home, abroad,
Still are we guarded by our God;
By his incessant bounty fed,
By his unerring counsel led.
- 3 With grateful hearts the past we own:
The future, all to us unknown,
We to thy guardian care commit,
And, peaceful, leave before thy feet.
- 4 In scenes exalted or depressed,
Thou art our joy, and thou our rest;
Thy goodness all our hopes shall raise,
Adored through all our changing days.

Rev. Philip Doddridge, 1702

NEW YEAR

LANGRAN 10.

J. Langran

489

- 1 God of the changing year, whose arm of power
In safety leads thro' danger's darkest hour, —
Here in thy temple, bow thy children down,
To bless thy mercy, and thy might to own.
- 2 Thine are the beams that cheer us on our way,
And pour around the gladdening light of day!
Thine is the night, and the fair orbs that shine
To cheer its hours of darkness, — all are thine.
- 3 Yet when our hearts review departed days,
How great thy goodness! how remiss thy praise!
The things we ought, how oft we've left undone,
Or grieved thy spirit, high and holy one!
- 4 But Father, now we lift thy hymn to thee;
Where'er we dwell, still let thy mercy be;
From year to year, still nearer to thy shrine
Draw our frail hearts, and make them wholly thine!

Emily Taylor, 1795

NEW YEAR

TOURS 7. 6. D.

B. Tours

The musical score is written for two staves (treble and bass clef) in 4/4 time, key of B-flat major. It consists of three systems of music. The first system is labeled 'TOURS 7. 6. D.' and the second system is labeled 'B. Tours'. The third system ends with 'A - MEN.'.

490

- 1 Another year is dawning,
Dear Master, let it be
In working and in waiting
Another year with thee.
Another year of leaning
Upon thy loving breast,
Another year of trusting,
Of quiet, happy rest.
- 2 Another year of mercies,
Of faithfulness and grace;
Another year of gladness
In the shining of thy face.

Another year of progress,
Another year of praise;
Another year of proving
Thy presence "all the days."

- 3 Another year of service,
Of witness for thy love;
Another year of training
For holier work above.
Another year is dawning,
Dear Master, let it be,
On earth, or else in heaven,
Another year for thee.

Frances R. Havergal, 1836

NEW YEAR

MUNNS 7.

J. B. Calkin

491

- 1 Backward looking o'er the past,
Forward, too, with eager gaze,
Stand we here to-day, O God,
At the parting of the ways.
- 2 Tenderest thoughts our bosoms fill;
Memories all bright and fair
Seem to float on spirit wings,
Downward through the silent air.
- 3 Hark, through all their music sweet,
Hear you not a voice of cheer?
'Tis the voice of hope which sings,
"Happy be the coming year."

Rev. John W. Chadwick, 1840

492

- 1 Bless, O Lord, the opening year
To the souls assembled here:
Clothe thy word with power divine;
Make us willing to be thine.
- 2 Where thou hast the work begun,
Give new strength the race to run;
Scatter darkness, doubts, and fears;
Wipe away the mourner's tears.
- 3 Bless us all, both old and young:
Call forth praise from every tongue:
Let our whole assembly prove
All thy power and all thy love.

Rev. John Newton, 1725

VIENNA 7. (Second Tune)

Arranged from J. H. Knecht

OCCASIONAL

NEW ENGLAND HYMN P. M.

Miss Browne

498

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>1 The breaking waves dashed high
 On a stern and rock-bound coast,
 And the woods against a stormy sky
 Their giant branches tossed;
 And the heavy night hung dark,
 The hills and waters o'er,
 When a band of exiles moored their
 bark
 On the wild New England shore.</p> | <p>3 Amidst the storm they sang;
 And the stars heard, and the sea!
 And the sounding aisles of the dim woods
 rang
 To the anthem of the free.
 The ocean eagle soared
 From his nest by the white wave's foam,
 And the rocking pines of the forest roared;
 This was their welcome home!</p> |
| <p>2 Not as the conqueror comes,
 They, the true-hearted, came;
 Not with the roll of stirring drums,
 And the trump that sings of fame:
 Not as the flying come,
 In silence and in fear,
 They shook the depths of the desert's
 gloom
 With their hymns of lofty cheer.</p> | <p>4 What sought they thus afar?
 Bright jewels of the mine?
 The wealth of seas, the spoils of war?
 They sought a faith's pure shrine!
 Ay, call it holy ground,
 The soil where first they trod!
 They have left unstained, what here they
 found:
 Freedom to worship God.</p> |

Mrs. Felicia D. Hemans, 1794

OCCASIONAL

FAITH C. M.

J. B. Dykes



- 2 Their joy shall bear their spirits up,
Through their Redeemer's name;
His righteousness exalts their hope,
Nor dares the world condemn.

494

- 1 Blest are the souls that hear and know
The gospel's joyful sound;
Peace shall attend the paths they go,
And light their steps surround.

- 3 The Lord, our glory and defence,
Strength and salvation gives:
Israel, thy king forever reigns,
Thy God forever lives.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1674

TRURO L. M.

C. Burney



- 2 In every clime, by every tongue,
Be God's surpassing glory sung;
Through all the listening earth be
taught
The deeds our great Redeemer wrought.

495

- 1 Spirit of mercy, truth, and love,
O shed thine influence from above;
And still from age to age convey
The wonders of this sacred day.

- 3 Unfailing comfort, heavenly guide,
Still o'er thy holy church preside;
Still let mankind thy blessings prove,
Spirit of mercy, truth, and love.

Foundling Hospital Collection, 1774

OCCASIONAL

SUMNER II. 10.

G. W. Sumner

A-MEN.

496

- 1 When winds are raging o'er the upper ocean,
And billows wild contend with angry roar,
'Tis said, far down beneath the wild commotion,
That peaceful stillness reigneth evermore.
- 2 Far, far beneath, the noise of tempests dieth,
And silver waves chime ever peacefully;
And no rude storm, how fierce soe'er it flieth,
Disturbs the sabbath of that deeper sea.
- 3 So to the heart that knows thy love, O purest!
There is a temple, sacred evermore;
And all the Babel of life's angry voices
Dies in hushed stillness at its peaceful door.
- 4 Far, far away, the roar of passion dieth,
And loving thoughts rise calm and peacefully;
And no rude storm, how fierce soe'er it flieth,
Disturbs the soul that dwells, O Lord, in thee.

Harriet Beecher Stowe, 1812

OCCASIONAL

CHALVEY S. M. D.

L. G. Hayne



497

- 1 A few more years shall roll,
A few more seasons come,
And we shall be with those that rest
Asleep within the tomb;
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that great day;
O wash me in thy precious blood,
And take my sins away.
- 2 A few more suns shall set
O'er these dark hills of time,
And we shall meet where suns are not,
A far serener clime:
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that blest day;
O wash me in thy precious blood,
And take my sins away.
- 3 A few more storms shall beat
On this wild rocky shore,
And we shall be where tempests cease,
And surges swell no more:

Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that calm day;
O wash me in thy precious blood,
And take my sins away.

- 4 A few more struggles here,
A few more partings o'er,
A few more toils, a few more tears,
And we shall weep no more:
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that bright day;
O wash me in thy precious blood,
And take my sins away.

- 5 'Tis but a little while
And he shall come again,
Who died that we might live, who lives
That we with him may reign:
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that glad day;
O wash me in thy precious blood,
And take my sins away.

Rev. Horatius Bonar, 1808

OCCASIONAL

MELITA L. M. 6l.

J. B. Dykes



A-MEN.

498

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>1 Eternal Father, strong to save,
Whose arm hath bound the restless
 wave,
Who bidst the mighty ocean deep
Its own appointed limits keep,
 O hear us when we cry to thee,
 For those in peril on the sea.</p> | <p>3 O holy Spirit, who didst brood
Upon the chaos dark and rude,
And bid its angry tumult cease,
And give, for wild confusion, peace;
 O hear us when we cry to thee
 For those in peril on the sea!</p> |
| <p>2 O Christ! whose voice the waters heard
And hushed their raging at thy word,
Who walkèdst on the foaming deep,
And calm amidst its rage didst sleep;
 O hear us when we cry to thee
 For those in peril on the sea!</p> | <p>4 O source divine of love and power!
Our brethren shield in danger's hour;
From rock and tempest, fire and foe,
Protect them wheresoe'er they go;
 Thus evermore shall rise to thee
 Glad hymns of praise from land and
 sea.</p> |

William Whiting, 1825

OCCASIONAL

HILDERSTONE L. M.

P. Hart

499

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>1 Rocked in the cradle of the deep,
I lay me down in peace to sleep;
Secure I rest upon the wave,
For thou, O Lord! hast power to save.</p> | <p>3 And such the trust that still were mine,
Tho' stormy winds swept o'er the brine,
Or tho' the tempest's fiery breath
Roused me from sleep to wreck and death!</p> |
| <p>2 I know thou wilt not slight my call;
For thou dost mark the sparrow's fall!
And calm and peaceful is my sleep,
Rocked in the cradle of the deep.</p> | <p>4 In ocean caves still safe with thee
The germs of immortality:
So, calm and peaceful is my sleep,
Rocked in the cradle of the deep.</p> |

Mrs. Emma C. Willard, 1787

FEDERAL STREET L. M. (Second Tune)

H. K. Oliver

OCCASIONAL

PARK STREET L. M.

F. M. A. Verdu

500

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>1 O God of love, O King of peace,
Make wars throughout the world to cease;
The wrath of sinful man restrain,
Give peace, O God, give peace again.</p> | <p>3 Whom shall we trust but thee, O Lord?
Where rest but on thy faithful word?
None ever called on thee in vain,
Give peace, O God, give peace again.</p> |
| <p>2 Remember, Lord, thy works of old,
The wonders that our fathers told,
Remember not our sin's dark stain,
Give peace, O God, give peace again.</p> | <p>4 Where saints and angels dwell above,
All hearts are knit in holy love;
O bind us in that heavenly chain,
Give peace, O God, give peace again.</p> |

Sir Henry W. Baker, 1821

SWEDEN L. M. (Second Tune)

H. Hiles.

BENEDICTION

GALILEE 8. 7.

A. Lowe

501

1 Part in peace! is day before us?
Praise his name for life and light:
Are the shadows lengthening o'er us?
Bless his care who guards the night.

2 Part in peace! with deep thanksgiving,
Rendering, as we homeward tread,

Gracious service to the living,
Tranquil memory to the dead.

3 Part in peace! such are the praises
God our maker loveth best;
Such the worship that upraises
Human hearts to heavenly rest.

Mrs. Sarah F. Adams, 1805

CARTER 8. 7. (Second Tune)

E. S. Carter

A - MEN.

BENEDICTION

OLD HUNDRED L. M.

Goudimel

A - MEN.

502

- 1 From all that dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise;
Let the Redeemer's name be sung
Through every land, by every tongue.
- 2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord;
Eternal truth attends thy word;
Thy praise shall sound from shore to
shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1674

DUKE STREET L. M. (Second Tune)

J. Hatten

A - MEN.

503

- 1 Be thou, O God! exalted high;
And, as thy glory fills the sky,
So let it be on earth displayed,
Till thou art here, as there, obeyed.

Tate and Brady, 1652

504

- 1 Come, Christians, brethren, ere we part,
Join every voice and every heart;
One solemn hymn to God we raise,
One final song of grateful praise.
- 2 Christians! we here may meet no more,
But there is yet a happier shore;
And there, released from toil and pain,
Soon, brethren! we may meet again.

Henry K. White, 1785

BENEDICTION

CROSS OF JESUS 8. 7.

J. Stainer

505

1 Father, give thy benediction,
Give thy peace, before we part;
Still our minds with truth's conviction,
Calm with trust each anxious heart.

506

1 Worship, honor, glory, blessing,
Lord, we offer to thy name:
Young and old, their praise expressing,
Join their goodness to proclaim.

2 Let thy voice, with sweet commanding,
Bid our griefs and struggles end:
Peace which passeth understanding
On our waiting spirits send.

Rev. Samuel Longfellow, 1819

2 As the saints in heaven adore thee,
We would bow before thy throne;
As the angels serve before thee,
So on earth thy will be done!

Edward Oaker, 1798

DUNDEE C. M. (Hymn 509)

Scotch Psalter

BENEDICTION

SICILY 8. 7. 6l.

Sicilian Melody

507

- 1 Lord, dismiss us with thy blessing,
Hope and comfort from above;
Let us each thy peace possessing,
Triumph in redeeming love;
Still support us,
While in duty's path we move.

- 2 Thanks we give, and adoration,
For the gospel's joyful sound;
May the fruits of thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound:
May thy presence
With us evermore be found!

Rev. Walter Shirley, 1725

508

- 1 Lead us, heavenly Father, lead us
O'er the world's tempestuous sea:
Guard us, guide us, keep us, feed us;
For we have no help but thee.
Still possessing every blessing,
If our God our Father be.

- 2 Spirit of our God, descending,
Fill our hearts with heavenly joy;
Love with kind affections blending,—
Pleasures time can never cloy.
Thus provided, pardoned, guided,
Nothing shall our peace destroy.

James Edmeston, 1791

509

Tune, **DUNDEE** (See opposite page)

- 1 Help us to read our Master's will
Through every darkening stain
That clouds his sacred image still,
And see him once again.

- 2 Our prayers accept, our sins forgive,
Our youthful zeal renew;
Shape for us holier lives to live,
And nobler work to do.

Oliver Wendell Holmes, 1809

PATRIOTIC

AMERICA 6. 4.

H. Carey



510

- 1 My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty, —
Of thee I sing:
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the pilgrim's pride,
From every mountain side
Let freedom ring!
- 2 My native country, thee, —
Land of the noble free, —
Thy name I love:
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills;
My heart with rapture thrills
Like that above.
- 3 Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song!
Let mortal tongues awake;
Let all that breathe partake;
Let rocks their silence break, —
The sound prolong!
- 4 Our fathers' God, to thee,
Author of liberty, —
To thee we sing:
Long may our land be bright

With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by thy might,
Great God, our King.

Rev. Samuel F. Smith, 1808 .

511

- 1 God bless our native land!
Firm may she ever stand
Through storm and night!
When the wild tempests rave,
Ruler of wind and wave,
Do thou our country save,
By thy great might!
- 2 For her our prayers shall be,
Our fathers' God, to thee,
On thee we wait!
Be her walls holiness;
Her rulers, righteousness;
Her officers be peace;
God save the state.
- 3 Lord of all truth and right,
In whom alone is might,
On thee we call!
Give us prosperity;
Give us true liberty;
May all the oppressed go free;
God save us all!

Hymns of the Spirit

PATRIOTIC

ST. MATTHIAS L. M. 61.

W. H. Monk



512

1 The kings of old have shrine and tomb
In many a minster's haughty gloom;
And green along the ocean-side,
The mounds arise where heroes died;
But show me on thy flowery breast,
Earth! where thy nameless martyrs
rest:

2 The thousands that, uncheered by
praise,
Have made one offering of their days;
For truth, for heaven, for freedom's
sake,

Resigned the bitter cup to take;
And silently, in fearless faith,
Have bowed their noble souls to death!

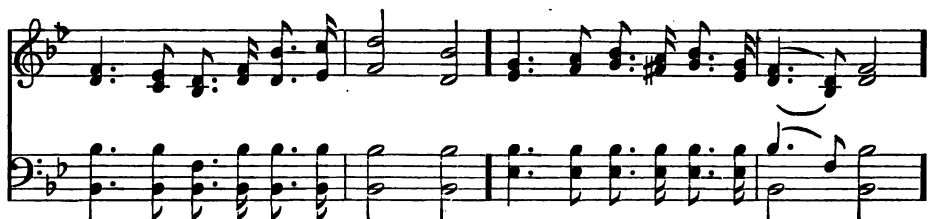
3 What though no stone the record bears
Of their deep thoughts and lonely
prayers,
May not our inmost hearts be stilled,
With knowledge of their presence filled,
And by their lives be taught to prize
The meekness of self-sacrifice?

Mrs. Felicia D. Hemans, 1794

PATRIOTIC

BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC P. M.

From a Southern Folksong



A-MEN.

- 1 Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord;
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored!
He hath loosed the fateful lightning of his terrible swift sword;
His truth is marching on.
Glory, glory, hallelujah!
Glory, glory, hallelujah!
Glory, glory, hallelujah!
His truth is marching on.
- 2 I have seen him in the watch-fires of a hundred circling camps;
They have builded him an altar in the evening dews and damps;
I have read his righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps,
His day is marching on.
Glory, glory, hallelujah, etc.
- 3 I have read a fiery gospel writ in burnished rows of steel;
"As ye deal with my contemners, so with you my grace shall deal;
Let the hero born of woman crush the serpent with his heel,
Since God is marching on."
Glory, glory, hallelujah, etc.
- 4 He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat;
He is sifting out the hearts of men before his judgment-seat:
O be swift, my soul, to answer him! be jubilant, my feet!
Our God is marching on.
Glory, glory, hallelujah, etc.
- 5 In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,
With a glory in his bosom that transfigures you and me;
As he died to make men holy, let us die to make men free,
While God is marching on.
Glory, glory, hallelujah!
Glory, glory, hallelujah!
Glory, glory, hallelujah!
While God is marching on.

Julia Ward Howe, 1839

PATRIOTIC

ST. GERTRUDE 6. 5. D. With Refrain

A. S. Sullivan

514

- 1 Onward, Christian soldiers,
 Marching as to war,
 With the cross of Jesus
 Going on before!
 Christ the royal master,
 Leads against the foe;
 Forward into battle,
 See, his banners go.
 Onward Christian soldiers,
 Marching as to war,
 With the cross of Jesus
 Going on before!
- 2 At the sign of triumph
 Satan's host doth flee;
 On, then, Christian soldiers,
 On to victory!

Hell's foundations quiver
 At the shout of praise;
 Brothers, lift your voices,
 Loud your anthems raise!
 Onward, etc.

- 3 Like a mighty army
 Moves the church of God;
 Brothers, we are treading
 Where the saints have trod;
 We are not divided.
 All one body we,
 One in hope and doctrine,
 One in charity.
 Onward, etc.

Stanzas 4 and 5 on opposite page

PATRIOTIC

DARWELL P. M.

J. Darwell



AMEN.

515

1 To thee our God we fly
For mercy and for grace;
O hear our lowly cry,
And hide not thou thy face.
O Lord, stretch forth thy mighty hand,
And guard and bless our fatherland.

2 Arise, O Lord of hosts,
Be jealous for thy name,
And drive from out our coasts
The sins that put to shame.
O Lord, stretch forth thy mighty hand,
And guard and bless our fatherland.

3 The powers ordained by thee
With heavenly wisdom bless;
May they thy servants be,
And rule in righteousness.
O Lord, stretch forth thy mighty hand,
And guard and bless our fatherland.

4 The church of thy dear Son
Inflame with love's pure fire,
Bind her once more in one,
And life and truth inspire.
O Lord, stretch forth thy mighty hand,
And guard and bless our fatherland.

5 Give peace, Lord, in our time;
O let no foe draw nigh,
Nor lawless deed of crime
Insult thy majesty.
O Lord, stretch forth thy mighty hand,
And guard and bless our fatherland.

Bishop William W. How, 1823

Hymn 514, continued

4 Crowns and thrones may perish,
Kingdoms rise and wane,
But the church of Jesus
Constant will remain;
Gates of hell can never
'Gainst that church prevail;
We have Christ's own promise,
And that cannot fail.
Onward, etc.

5 Onward, then, ye people!
Join our happy throng!
Blend with ours your voices
In the triumph song!
Glory, laud, and honor,
Unto Christ the King;
This through countless ages
Men and angels sing.
Onward, etc.

Rev. Sabine Baring-Gould, 1834

PATRIOTIC

EISENACH L. M.

J. H. Schein

516

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>1 When, driven by oppression's rod,
Our fathers fled beyond the sea,
Their care was first to honor God,
And next to leave their children free.</p> <p>2 Above the forest's gloomy shade
The altar and the school appeared:
On that, the gifts of faith were laid;
In this, their precious hopes were
reared.</p> | <p>3 The altar and the schools shall stand,
The sacred pillars of our trust;
And freedom's sons shall fill the land
When we are sleeping in the dust.</p> <p>4 Before thine altar, Lord, we bend,
With grateful song and fervent
prayer;
For thou, who wast our fathers' friend,
Wilt make our offspring still thy care.</p> |
|---|--|

Rev. William P. Lunt, 1805

FEDERAL STREET L. M. (Second Tune)

H. K. Oliver

PATRIOTIC

NATIONAL HYMN 10.

G. W. Warren

Voices alone f

ff Trumpets, before each verse

With organ

cres

ff

A-MEN.

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517

- 1 God of our fathers, whose almighty hand
Leads forth in beauty all the starry band
Of shining worlds in splendor through the skies,
Our grateful songs before thy throne arise.
- 2 Thy love divine hath led us in the past,
In this free land by thee our lot is cast;
Be thou our ruler, guardian, guide and stay;
Thy word our law, thy paths our chosen way.
- 3 From war's alarms, from deadly pestilence,
Be thy strong arm our ever sure defence;
Thy true religion in our hearts increase,
Thy bounteous goodness nourish us in peace.
- 4 Refresh thy people on their toilsome way,
Lead us from night to never-ending day;
Fill all our lives with love and grace divine,
And glory, laud and praise be ever thine.

Rev. Daniel C. Roberts, 1841

PATRIOTIC

HOMELAND 7. 6. D.

A. S. Sullivan



A-MEN.

518

1 O beautiful my country !
 Be thine a nobler care
 Than all thy wealth of commerce,
 Thy harvests waving fair :
 Be it thy pride to uplift
 The manhood of the poor ;
 Be thou to the oppressed
 Fair freedom's open door !

2 For thee our fathers suffered,—
 For thee they toiled and prayed ;
 Upon thy holy altar
 Their willing lives they laid :

Thou hast no common birthright,
 Grand mem'ries on thee shine ;
 The blood of pilgrim nations
 Commingled flows in thine.

3 O beautiful our country !
 Round thee in love we draw ;
 Thine is the grace of freedom,
 The majesty of law :
 Be righteousness thy scepter,
 Justice thy diadem ;
 And on thy shining forehead
 Be peace the crowning gem !

Rev. Frederick L. Hosmer, 1840

FOR CHILDREN

519 CASWALL 6. 5.

Filitz's Choralbuch

1. Je - sus, meek and gen - tle, Son of God most high,
 2. Give us ho - ly free - dom, Fill our hearts with love;
 3. Je - sus, meek and gen - tle, Son of God most high,

Pity - ing, lov - ing Sav - iour, Hear thy chil - dren's cry.
 Draw us, ho - ly Je - sus, To the realms a - bove.
 Pity - ing, lov - ing Sav - iour, Hear thy chil - dren's cry. A - MEN.

Rev. George R. Prynn, 1818

520 (Tune, CASWALL)

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>1 Do no sinful action,
 Speak no angry word;
 Ye belong to Jesus,
 Children of the Lord.</p> <p>2 Christ is kind and gentle,
 Christ is pure and true;
 And his little children
 Must be holy too.</p> <p>3 There's a wicked spirit
 Watching round you still,
 And he tries to tempt you
 To all harm and ill;</p> | <p>4 But you must not hear him,
 Though 'tis hard for you
 To resist the evil,
 And the good to do.</p> <p>5 You are new-born Christians;
 You must learn to fight
 With the bad within you,
 And to do the right.</p> <p>6 Christ is your own Master,
 He is good and true;
 And his little children
 Must be holy too.</p> |
|--|--|

Mrs. Cecil F. Alexander, 1823

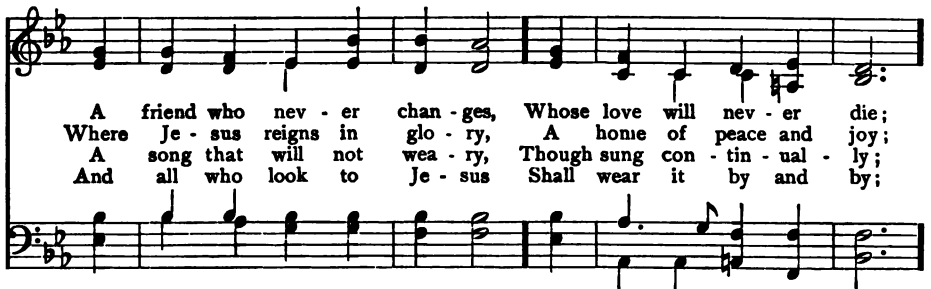
FOR CHILDREN

521 EDENGROVE P. M.

S. Smith



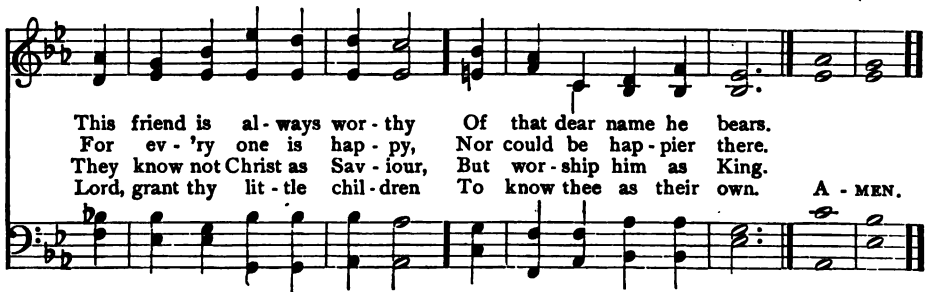
1. There's a friend for lit - tle chil - dren A - bove the bright blue sky,
 2. There's a home for lit - tle chil - dren A - bove the bright blue sky,
 3. There's a song for lit - tle chil - dren A - bove the bright blue sky,
 4. There's a crown for lit - tle chil - dren A - bove the bright blue sky,



A friend who nev - er chan - ges, Whose love will nev - er die;
 Where Je - sus reigns in glo - ry, A home of peace and joy;
 A song that will not wea - ry, Though sung con - tin - ual - ly;
 And all who look to Je - sus Shall wear it by and by;



Our earth - ly friends may fail us, And change with chang - ing years;
 No home on earth is like it, Nor can with it com - pare;
 A song which e - ven an - gels Can nev - er, nev - er sing;
 All, all a - bove is treas - ured, And found in Christ a - lone:

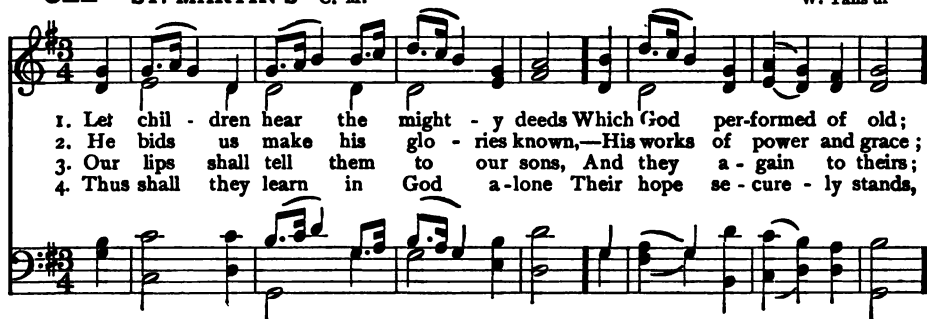


This friend is al - ways wor - thy Of that dear name he bears.
 For ev - 'ry one is hap - py, Nor could be hap - pier there.
 They know not Christ as Sav - iour, But wor - ship him as King.
 Lord, grant thy lit - tle chil - dren To know thee as their own. A - MEN.

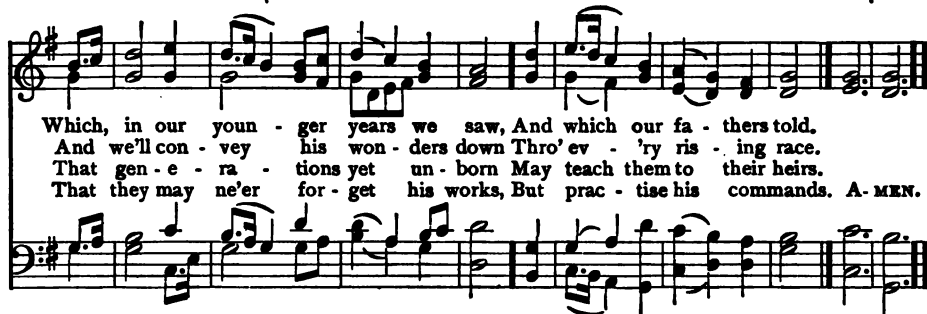
FOR CHILDREN

522 ST. MARTIN'S C. M.

W. Tans'ur



1. Let chil - dren hear the might - y deeds Which God per-formed of old;
 2. He bids us make his glo - ries known,—His works of power and grace;
 3. Our lips shall tell them to our sons, And they a - gain to theirs;
 4. Thus shall they learn in God a-lone Their hope se - cure - ly stands,

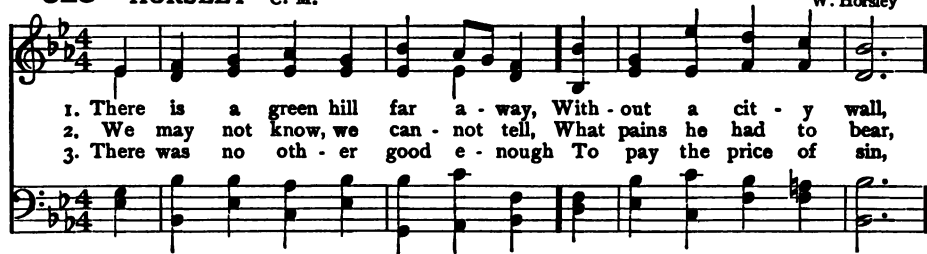


Which, in our youn - ger years we saw, And which our fa - thers told,
 And we'll con - vey his won - ders down Thro' ev - 'ry ris - ing race.
 That gen - e - ra - tions yet un - born May teach them to their heirs.
 That they may ne'er for - get his works, But prac - tise his commands. A - MEN.

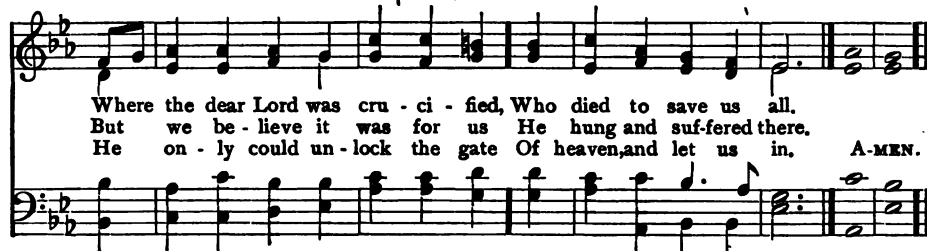
Rev. Isaac Watts, 1674

523 HORSLEY C. M.

W. Horsley



1. There is a green hill far a - way, With - out a cit - y wall,
 2. We may not know, we can - not tell, What pains he had to bear,
 3. There was no oth - er good e - nough To pay the price of sin,



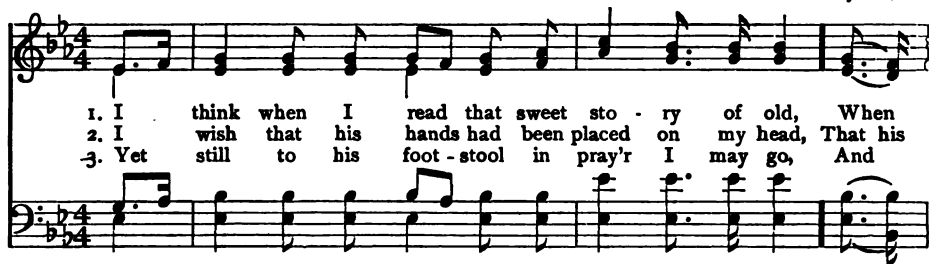
Where the dear Lord was cru - ci - fied, Who died to save us all,
 But we be - lieve it was for us He hung and suf-fered there.
 He on - ly could un - lock the gate Of heaven, and let us in. A - MEN.

Mrs. Cecil F. Alexander, 1823

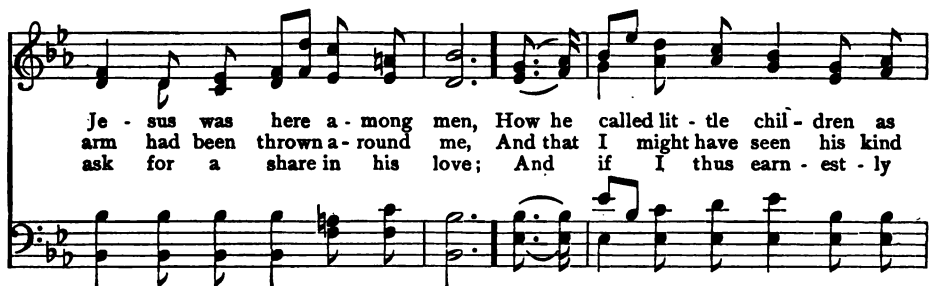
FOR CHILDREN

524 STORY OF OLD P. M.

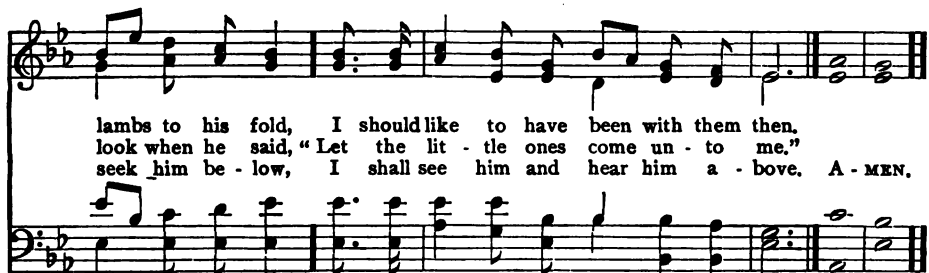
Anonymous



1. I think when I read that sweet sto - ry of old, When
 2. I wish that his hands had been placed on my head, That his
 3. Yet still to his foot - stool in pray'r I may go, And



Je - sus was here a - mong men, How he called lit - tle chil - dren as
 arm had been thrown a - round me, And that I might have seen his kind
 ask for a share in his love; And if I thus earn - est - ly

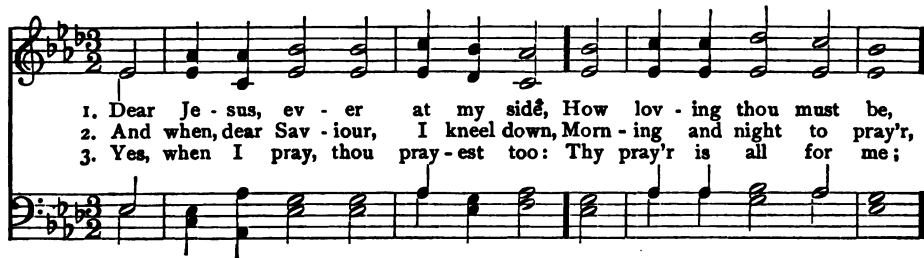


lambs to his fold, I should like to have been with them then,
 look when he said, "Let the lit - tle ones come un - to me,"
 seek him be - low, I shall see him and hear him a - bove. A - MEN,

Mrs. Jemima T. Luke, 1813

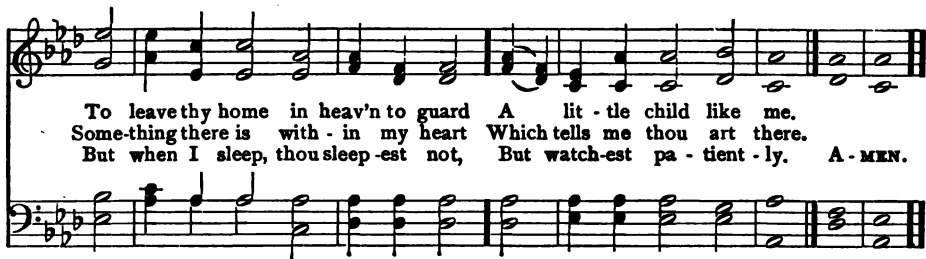
525 AZMON C. M.

Arranged from C. G. Gläser



1. Dear Je - sus, ev - er at my side, How lov - ing thou must be,
 2. And when, dear Sav - iour, I kneel down, Morn - ing and night to pray'r,
 3. Yes, when I pray, thou pray - est too: Thy pray'r is all for me;

FOR CHILDREN

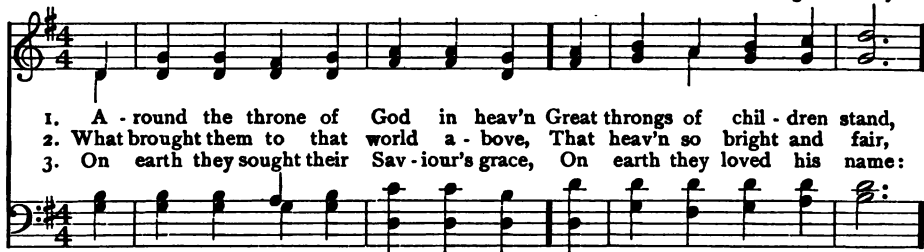


To leavethy home in heav'n to guard A lit - tle child like me.
Some-thing there is with - in my heart Which tells me thou art there.
But when I sleep, thousleep-est not, But watch-est pa - tient - ly. A - MEN.


Rev. Frederick W. Faber, 1814

526 AROUND THE THRONE C. M. With Refrain

English Melody



1. A - round the throne of God in heav'n Great throngs of chil - dren stand,
2. What brought them to that world a - bove, That heav'n so bright and fair,
3. On earth they sought their Sav - iour's grace, On earth they loved his name:



Whose ev - 'ry sin has been for - giv'n, A ho - ly, hap - py band,
Where all is peace, and joy, and love? How came those chil - dren there?
So now they see his bless - ed face, And stand be - fore the Lamb.



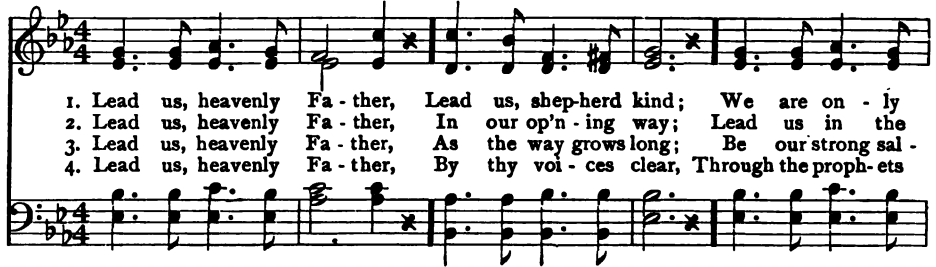
Sing - ing "Glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry be to God on high." A - MEN.

Mrs. Anne H. Shepherd, 1800

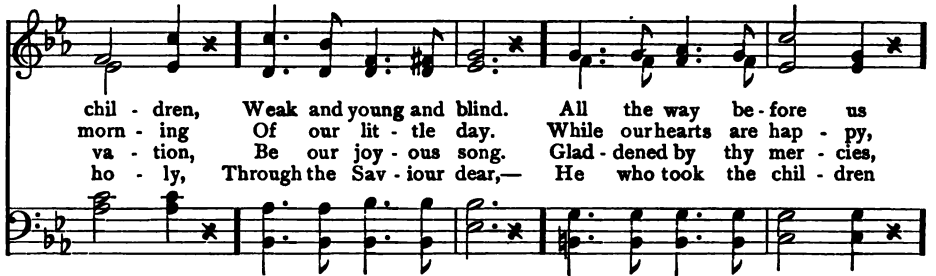
FOR CHILDREN

527 LEAD US, HEAVENLY FATHER 6. 5. D.

C. W. Wendt



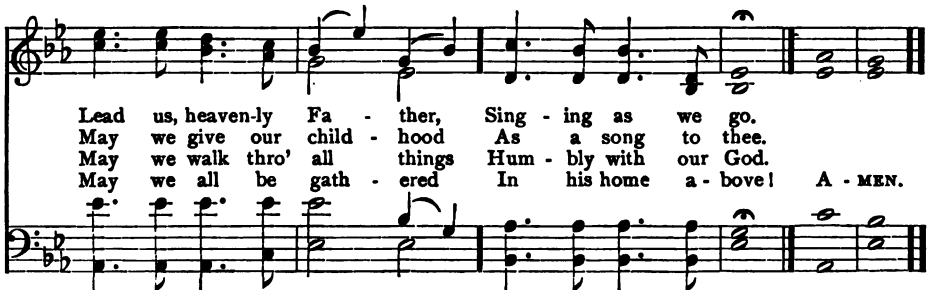
1. Lead us, heavenly Fa - ther, Lead us, shep-herd kind; We are on - ly
 2. Lead us, heavenly Fa - ther, In our op'n - ing way; Lead us in the
 3. Lead us, heavenly Fa - ther, As the way grows long; Be our strong sal -
 4. Lead us, heavenly Fa - ther, By thy voi - ces clear, Through the proph - ets



chil - dren, Weak and young and blind. All the way be - fore us
 morn - ing Of our lit - tle day. While our hearts are hap - py,
 va - tion, Be our joy - ous song. Glad - dened by thy mer - cies,
 ho - ly, Through the Sav - iour dear, — He who took the chil - dren



Thou a - lone dost know; Lead us, heavenly Fa - ther, Sing - ing as we go;
 While our souls are free, May we give our child - hood As a song to thee;
 Chastened by thy rod, May we walk thro' all things Hum - bly with our God;
 In his arm of love: May we all be gath - ered In his home a - bove,



Lead us, heav - en - ly Fa - ther, Sing - ing as we go.
 May we give our child - hood As a song to thee.
 May we walk thro' all things Hum - bly with our God.
 May we all be gath - ered In his home a - bove! A - MEN.

By permission of W. A. Ford & Co.

Rev. Brooke Herford, 1830

FOR CHILDREN

527

MARY MAGDALENE 6. 5. D. (Second Tune)

J. B. Dykes

1. Lead us, heaven - ly Fa - ther, Lead us, shep - herd kind;
 2. Lead us, heaven - ly Fa - ther, In our op'n - ing way;
 3. Lead us, heaven - ly Fa - ther, As the way grows long;
 4. Lead us, heaven - ly Fa - ther, By thy voi - ces clear,

We are on - ly chil - dren, Weak and young and blind.
 Lead us in the morn - ing Of our lit - tle day.
 Be our strong sal - va - tion, Be our joy - ous song.
 Through the proph - ets ho - ly, Through the Sav - iour dear,—

All the way be - fore us Thou a - lone dost know;
 While our hearts are hap - py, While our souls are free,
 Glad - dened by thy mer - cies, Chas - tened by thy rod,
 He who took the chil - dren In his arms of love:

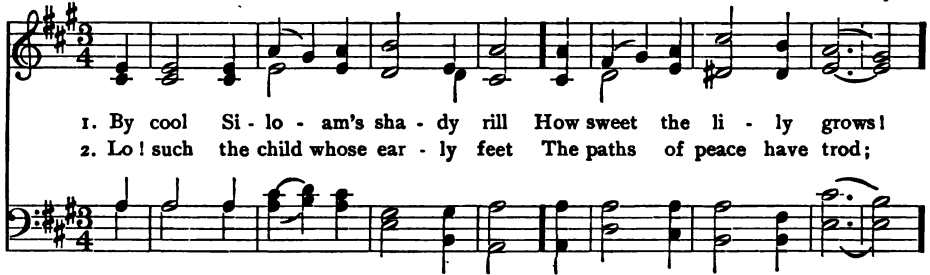
Lead us, heaven - ly Fa - ther, Sing - ing as we go.
 May we give our child - hood As a song to thee.
 May we walk thro' all things Hum - bly with our God.
 May we all be gath - ered In his home a - bove. A - MEN.

FOR CHILDREN

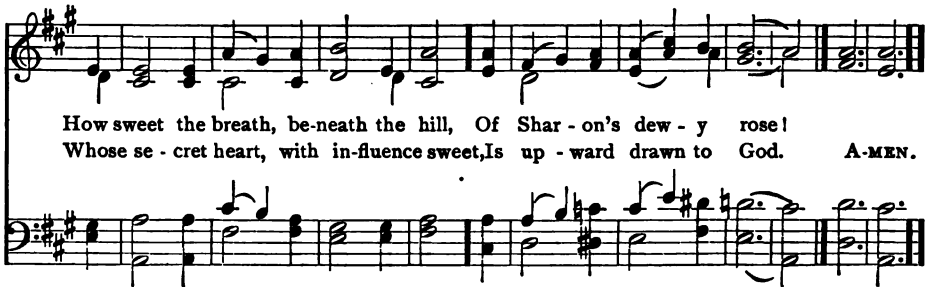
528

SILLOAM C. M.

H. F. Hemy



1. By cool Si - lo - am's sha - dy rill How sweet the li - ly grows!
2. Lo! such the child whose ear - ly feet The paths of peace have trod;



How sweet the breath, be-neath the hill, Of Shar - on's dew - y rose!
Whose se - cret heart, with in-fluence sweet, Is up - ward drawn to God. A-MEN.

Hymn 528, continued

- 3 By cool Siloam's shady rill
The lily must decay;
The rose that blooms beneath the hill
Must shortly fade away.
- 4 And soon, too soon, the wintry hour
Of man's maturer age
Will shake the soul with sorrow's power,
And stormy passion's rage.
- 5 O thóu whose infant feet were found
Within thy Father's shrine;
Whose years with changeless virtue
crowned,
Were all alike divine;
- 6 Dependent on thy bounteous breath,
We seek thy grace alone,
In childhood, manhood, age, and death,
To keep us still thine own.

Bishop Reginald Heber, 1783

529

- 1 How long, sometimes, a day appears!
And weeks, how long are they!
Months move as slow, as if the years
Would never pass away.
- 2 But even years are passing by,
And soon must all be gone;
For day by day, as minutes fly,
Eternity comes on.
- 3 Days, months, and years must have an
Eternity has none; [end;
'Twill always have as long to spend
As when it first begun.
- 4 Great God! an infant cannot tell
How such a thing can be,
I only pray that I may dwell
That long, long time, with thee.

Jane Taylor, 1783

FOR CHILDREN

CAMDEN L. M.

J. B. Calkin



530

531

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>1 Great God, and wilt thou condescend
To be my Father and my friend?
I but a child and thou so high,
The Lord of earth, and air, and sky?</p> <p>2 Art thou my Father? Canst thou bear
To hear my poor imperfect prayer?
Or wilt thou listen to the praise
That such a little one can raise?</p> <p>3 Art thou my Father? Let me be
A meek, obedient child to thee,
And try in every deed and thought
To serve and please thee as I ought.</p> <p>4 Art thou my Father? I'll depend
Upon the care of such a friend;
And only wish to do and be
Whatever seemeth good to thee.</p> <p>5 Art thou my Father? Then at last,
When all my days on earth are past,
Send down and take me in thy love
To be thy better child above.</p> | <p>1 We are but little children weak,
And he is King above the sky;
What can we do for Jesus' sake,
Who is so good, and great, and high?</p> <p>2 When deep within our swelling hearts
The thoughts of pride and anger rise,
When bitter words are on our tongues
And tears of passion in our eyes;</p> <p>3 Then we may stay the angry blow,
Then we may check the hasty word,
Give gentle answers back again,
And fight a battle for our Lord.</p> <p>4 With smiles of peace, and looks of love,
Light in our dwellings we may make,
Bid kind good humor brighten there,
And still do all for Jesus' sake.</p> <p>5 There's not a child so small and weak
But has his little cross to take,
His little work of love and praise
That he may do for Jesus' sake.</p> |
|---|--|

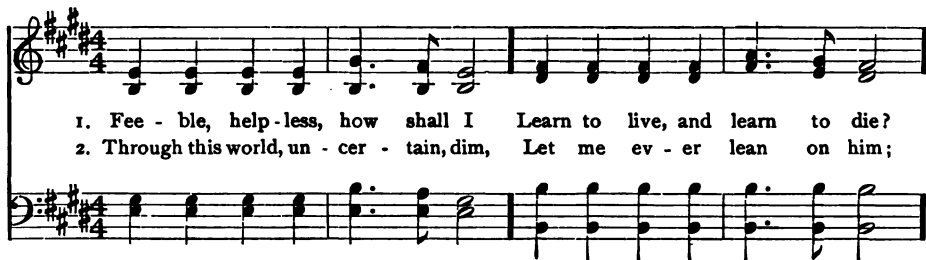
Mrs. Ann T. Gilbert, 1782

Mrs. Cecil F. Alexander, 1823

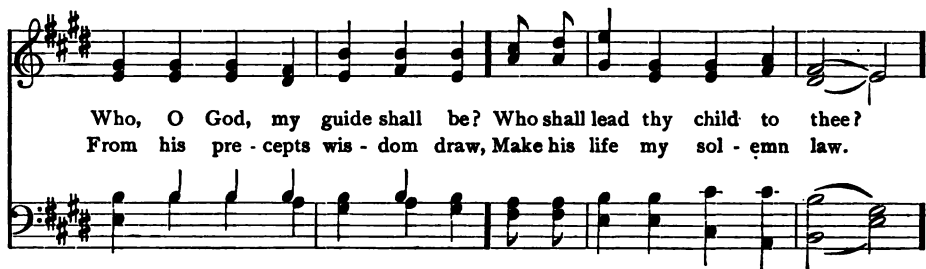
FOR CHILDREN

532 BENEVENTO 7. D.

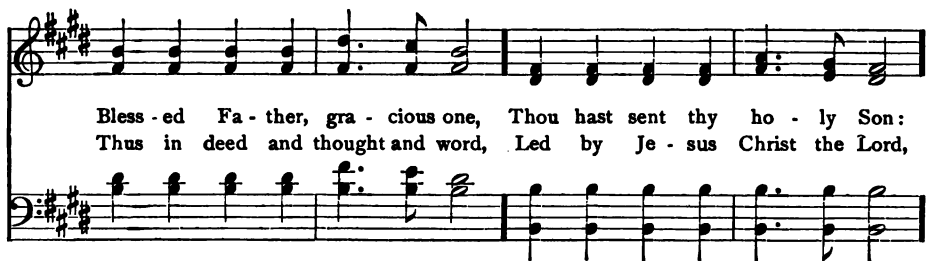
S. Webbe




1. Fee - ble, help - less, how shall I Learn to live, and learn to die?
2. Through this world, un - cer - tain, dim, Let me ev - er lean on him;



Who, O God, my guide shall be? Who shall lead thy child to thee?
From his pre - cepts wis - dom draw, Make his life my sol - emn law.



Bless - ed Fa - ther, gra - cious one, Thou hast sent thy ho - ly Son:
Thus in deed and thought and word, Led by Je - sus Christ the Lord,



He will give the light I need; He my trembling steps will lead.
In my weakness, thus shall I Learn to live, and learn to die. A - MEN.

Rev. William H. Furness, 1802

FOR CHILDREN

533 HE LEADETH ME L. M. With Refrain

W. B. Bradbury



1. He lead - eth me! O bless - ed thought! O words with heav'n-ly com-fort fraught!
2. Lord, I would clasp thy hand in mine, Nor ev - er mur - mur nor re - pine;
3. And when my task on earth is done, When, by thy grace, the vic - t'ry's won,



What-e'er I do, wher-e'er I be, Still 'tis God's hand that lead - eth me.
 Con-tent, what-ev - er lot I see, Since 'tis my God that lead - eth me.
 E'en death's cold wave I will not flee, Since 'tis my God that lead - eth me.



He lead-eth me, he lead - eth me! By his own hand he lead - eth me.



His faith-ful fol-l'wer I would be, For by his hand he lead - eth me. A-MEN.



Rev. Joseph H. Gilmore, 1834

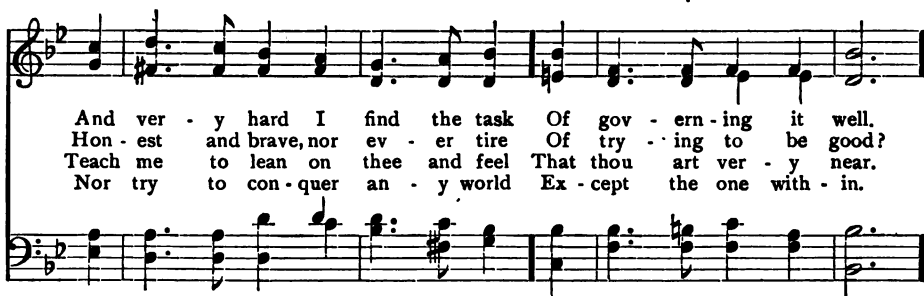
FOR CHILDREN

- 534 MY KINGDOM C. M. D.

A. P. Howard



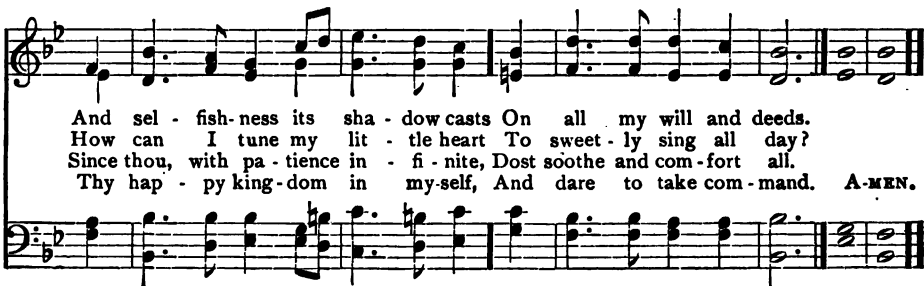
1. A lit - tle king - dom I pos - sess, Where thoughts and feel - ings dwell,
 2. How can I learn to rule my - self, To be the child I should,
 3. Dear Fa - ther, help me with the love That cast - eth out my fear!
 4. I do not ask for an - y crown But that which all may win;



And ver - y hard I find the task Of gov - ern - ing it well.
 Hon - est and brave, nor ev - er tire Of try - ing to be good?
 Teach me to lean on thee and feel That thou art ver - y near.
 Nor try to con - quer an - y world Ex - cept the one with - in.



For pas - sion tempts and trou - bles me, A way - ward will mis - leads,
 How can I keep a sun - ny soul To shine a - long life's way?
 That no temp - ta - tion is un - seen, No child - ish grief too small,
 Be thou my guide un - til I find, Led by a ten - der hand,



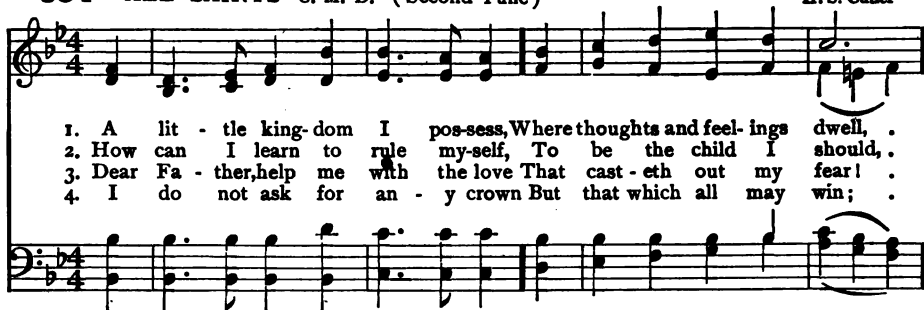
And sel - fish - ness its sha - dow casts On all my will and deeds.
 How can I tune my lit - tle heart To sweet - ly sing all day?
 Since thou, with pa - tience in - fi - nite, Dost soothe and com - fort all.
 Thy hap - py king - dom in my - self, And dare to take com - mand. A - MEN.

Louisa M. Alcott, 1833

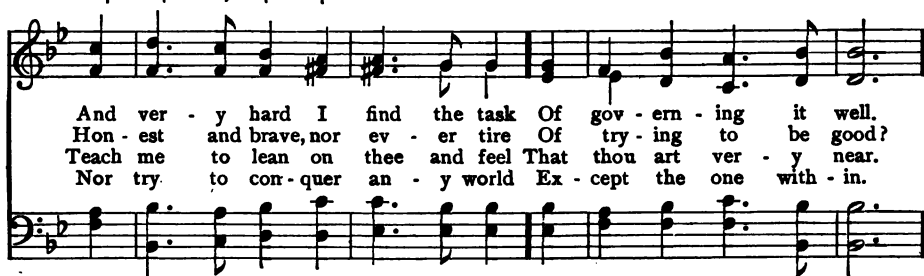
FOR CHILDREN

534 ALL SAINTS C. M. D. (Second Tune)

H. S. Catler



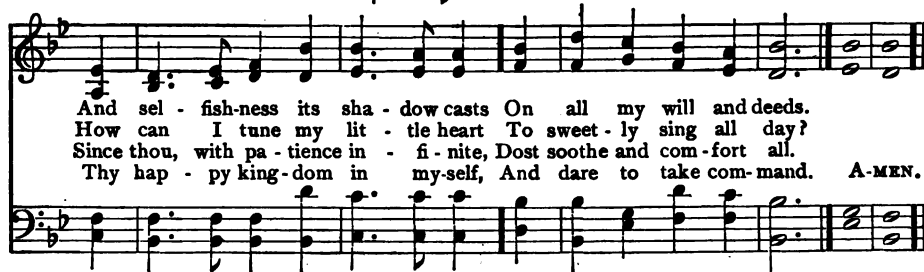
1. A lit - tle king - dom I pos - sess, Where thoughts and feel - ings dwell, .
 2. How can I learn to rule my - self, To be the child I should, .
 3. Dear Fa - ther, help me with the love That cast - eth out my fear! .
 4. I do not ask for an - y crown But that which all may win; .



And ver - y hard I find the task Of gov - ern - ing it well,
 Hon - est and brave, nor ev - er tire Of try - ing to be good?
 Teach me to lean on thee and feel That thou art ver - y near.
 Nor try to con - quer an - y world Ex - cept the one with - in.



For pas - sion tempts and trou - bles me, A way - ward will mis - leads, .
 How can I keep a sun - ny soul To shine a - long life's way? .
 That no temp - ta - tion is un - seen, No child - ish grief too small, .
 Be thou my guide un - til I find, Led by a ten - der hand, .



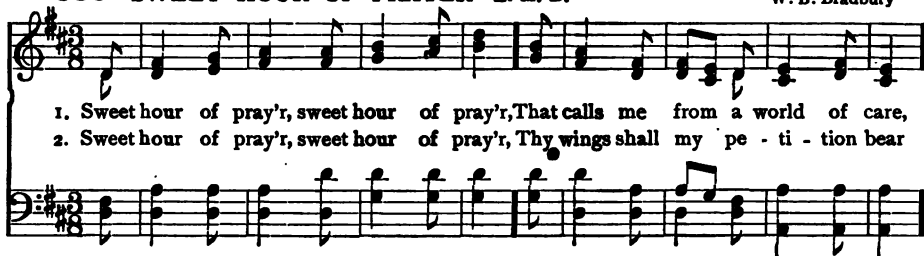
And sel - fish - ness its sha - dow casts On all my will and deeds.
 How can I tune my lit - tle heart To sweet - ly sing all day?
 Since thou, with pa - ti - ence in - fi - nite, Dost soothe and com - fort all.
 Thy hap - py king - dom in my - self, And dare to take com - mand. A - MEN.

Louisa M. Alcott, 1833

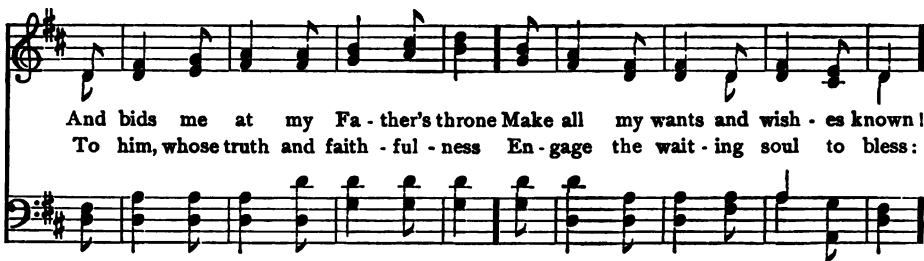
FOR CHILDREN

535 SWEET HOUR OF PRAYER L. M. D.

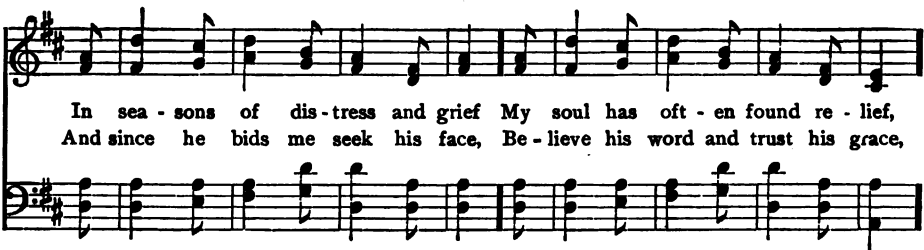
W. B. Bradbury



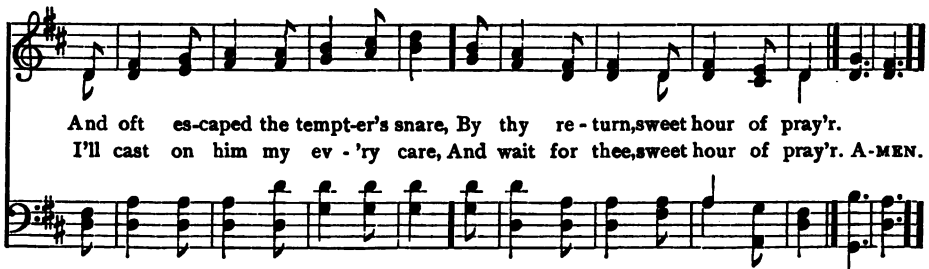
1. Sweet hour of pray'r, sweet hour of pray'r, That calls me from a world of care,
2. Sweet hour of pray'r, sweet hour of pray'r, Thy wings shall my pe - ti - tion bear



And bids me at my Fa - ther's throne Make all my wants and wish - es known!
To him, whose truth and faith - ful - ness En - gage the wait - ing soul to bless:



In sea - sons of dis - tress and grief My soul has oft - en found re - lief,
And since he bids me seek his face, Be - lieve his word and trust his grace,



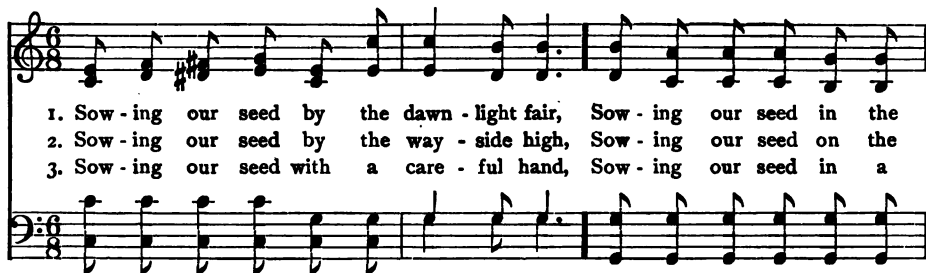
And oft es - caped the tempt - er's snare, By thy re - turn, sweet hour of pray'r.
I'll cast on him my ev - 'ry care, And wait for thee, sweet hour of pray'r. A - MEN.

Rev. William W. Walford, about 1800

FOR CHILDREN

536 WHAT SHALL THE HARVEST BE P. M.

P. P. Bliss



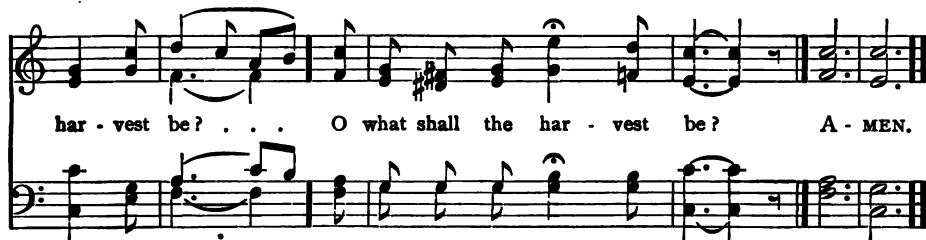
1. Sow - ing our seed by the dawn - light fair, Sow - ing our seed in the
 2. Sow - ing our seed by the way - side high, Sow - ing our seed on the
 3. Sow - ing our seed with a care - ful hand, Sow - ing our seed in a



noon - tide glare, Sow - ing our seed in the fad - ing light,
 rocks to die, Sow - ing our seed where the thorns will spoil,
 fruit - ful land, Sow - ing in faith till the reap - ers come,



Sow - ing our seed in the sol - emn night, O what shall the
 Sow - ing our seed in the fer - tile soil, O what shall the
 Glad - ly to gath - er the har - vest home, O what shall the

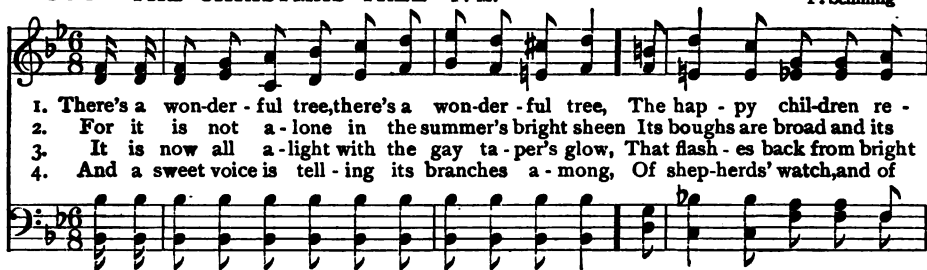


har - vest be? . . . O what shall the har - vest be? A - MEN.

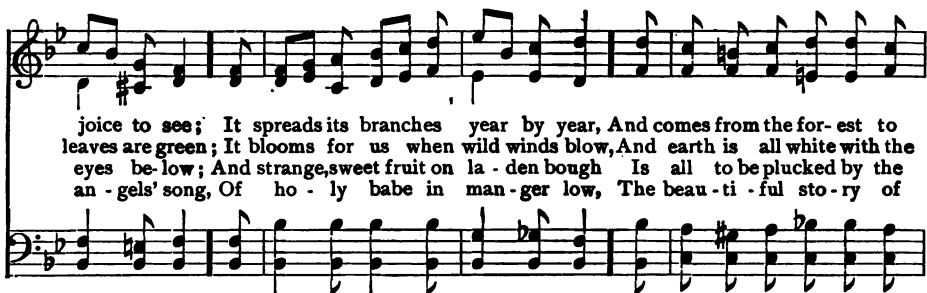
FOR CHILDREN

537 THE CHRISTMAS TREE P. M.

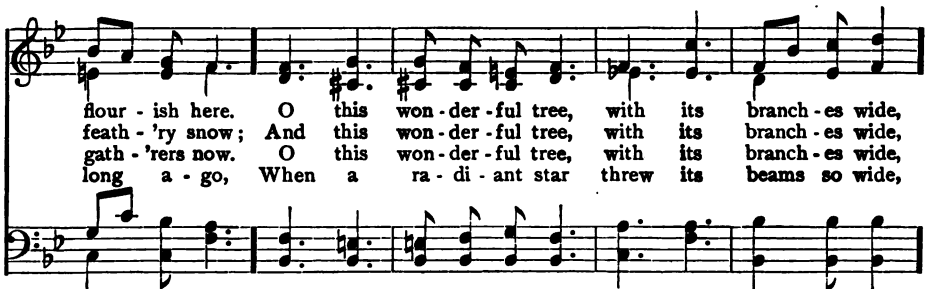
F. Schilling



1. There's a won-der - ful tree, there's a won-der - ful tree, The hap - py chil-dren re -
 2. For it is not a-lone in the summer's bright sheen Its boughs are broad and its
 3. It is now all a-light with the gay ta-per's glow, That flash - es back from bright
 4. And a sweet voice is tell - ing its branches a - mong, Of shep-herds' watch, and of



joice to see; It spreads its branches year by year, And comes from the for-est to
 leaves are green; It blooms for us when wild winds blow, And earth is all white with the
 eyes be-low; And strange, sweet fruit on la - den bough Is all to be plucked by the
 an - gels' song, Of ho - ly babe in man-ger low, The beau-ti - ful sto-ry of



flour - ish here. O this won - der - ful tree, with its branch - es wide,
 feath - 'ry snow; And this won - der - ful tree, with its branch - es wide,
 gath - 'rers now. O this won - der - ful tree, with its branch - es wide,
 long a - go, When a ra - di - ant star threw its beams so wide,



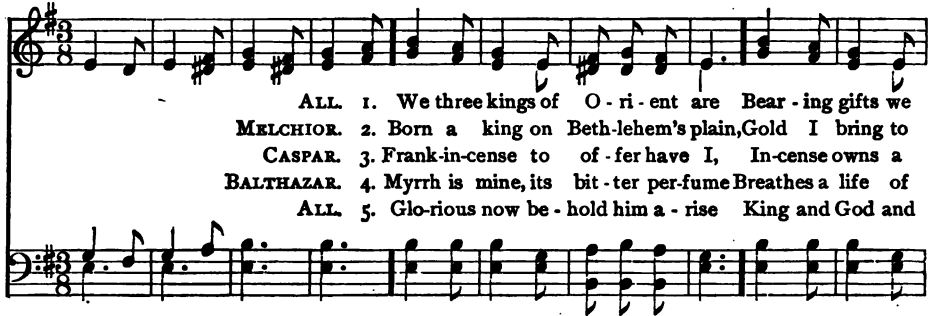
That al - ways is bloom - ing at Christ - mas, Christ-mas-tide.
 Bears man - y a gift for the Christ - mas, Christ-mas-tide.
 We hail it with joy at the Christ - mas, Christ-mas-tide.
 To her - ald the ear - li - est Christ - mas, Christ-mas-tide. A - MEN.

Bishop Phillips Brooks, 1835

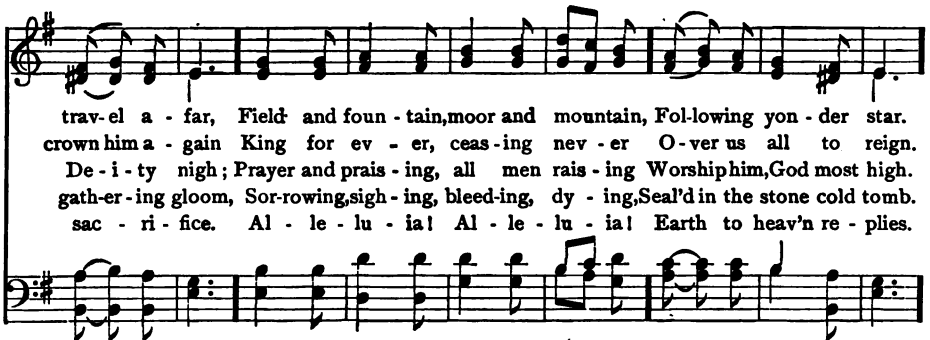
FOR CHILDREN

538 THREE KINGS OF ORIENT P. M.

J. H. Hopkins

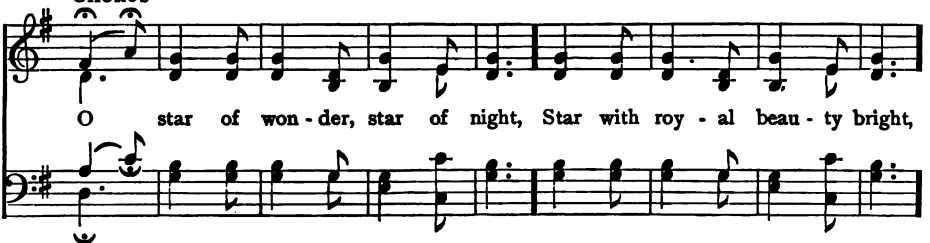


ALL. 1. We three kings of O - ri - ent are Bear - ing gifts we
 MELCHIOR. 2. Born a king on Beth-lehem's plain, Gold I bring to
 CASPAR. 3. Frank-in-cense to of - fer have I, In-cense owns a
 BALTHAZAR. 4. Myrrh is mine, its bit - ter per-fume Breathes a life of
 ALL. 5. Glo-rious now be - hold him a - rise King and God and

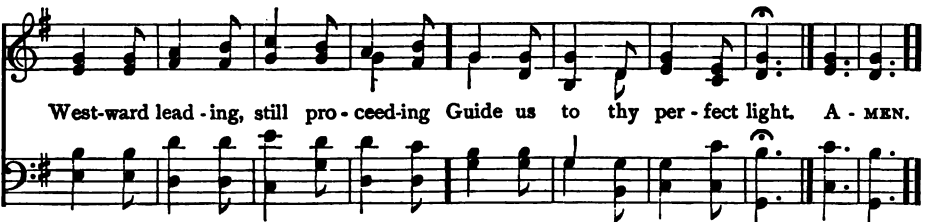


trav - el a - far, Field and foun - tain, moor and mountain, Fol - lowing yon - der star.
 crown him a - gain King for ev - er, ceas - ing nev - er O - ver us all to reign.
 De - i - ty nigh; Prayer and prais - ing, all men rais - ing Worship him, God most high.
 gath - er - ing gloom, Sor - rowing, sigh - ing, bleed - ing, dy - ing, Seal'd in the stone cold tomb.
 sac - ri - fice. Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Earth to heav'n re - plies.

CHORUS



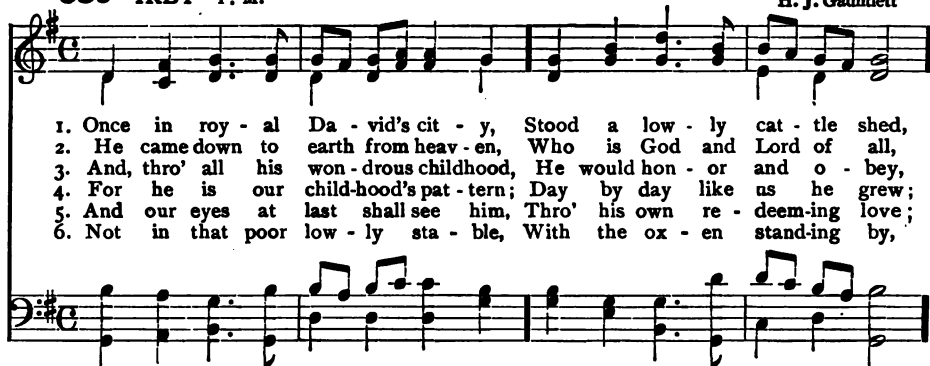
O star of won - der, star of night, Star with roy - al beau - ty bright,



West-ward lead - ing, still pro - ceed - ing Guide us to thy per - fect light. A - MEN.

539 IRBY P. M.

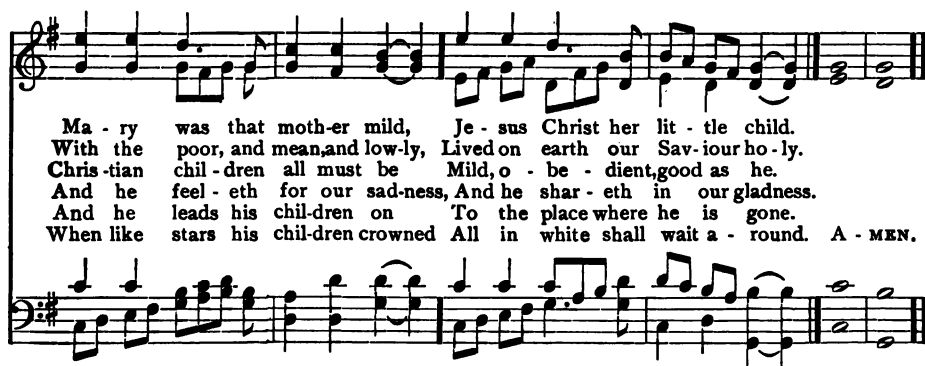
H. J. Gauntlett



1. Once in roy - al Da - vid's cit - y, Stood a low - ly cat - tle shed,
 2. He came down to earth from heav - en, Who is God and Lord of all;
 3. And, thro' all his won - drous childhood, He would hon - or and o - bey,
 4. For he is our child - hood's pat - tern; Day by day like us he grew;
 5. And our eyes at last shall see him, Thro' his own re - deem - ing love;
 6. Not in that poor low - ly sta - ble, With the ox - en stand - ing by,



Where a moth - er laid her ba - by, In a man - ger for his bed:
 And his shel - ter was a sta - ble, And his cra - dle was a stall;
 Love, and watch the low - ly maid - en In whose gen - tle arms he lay;
 He was lit - tle, weak and help - less, Tears and smiles like us he knew;
 For that child so dear and gen - tle Is our Lord in heav'n a - bove;
 We shall see him; but in heav - en, Set at God's right hand on high;



Ma - ry was that moth - er mild, Je - sus Christ her lit - tle child.
 With the poor, and mean, and low - ly, Lived on earth our Sav - iour ho - ly.
 Chris - tian chil - dren all must be Mild, o - be - dient, good as he.
 And he feel - eth for our sad - ness, And he shar - eth in our gladness.
 And he leads his chil - dren on To the place where he is gone.
 When like stars his chil - dren crowned All in white shall wait a - round. A - MEN.

Mrs. Cecil F. Alexander, 1823

FOR CHILDREN

540

ALL THINGS BRIGHT 7. 6. With Refrain

C. B. Rich

All things bright and beau - ti - ful, All crea - tures great and small,

All things wise and won - der - ful, The Lord God made them all. . .

1. Each lit - tle flow'r that o - pens, Each lit - tle bird that sings,
 2. The rich man in his cas - tle, The poor man at his gate,
 3. The pur - ple-head-ed moun - tain, The riv - er run - ning by,
 4. The cold wind in the win - ter, The pleas - ant sum - mer sun,
 5. He gave us eyes to see them, And lips that we might tell

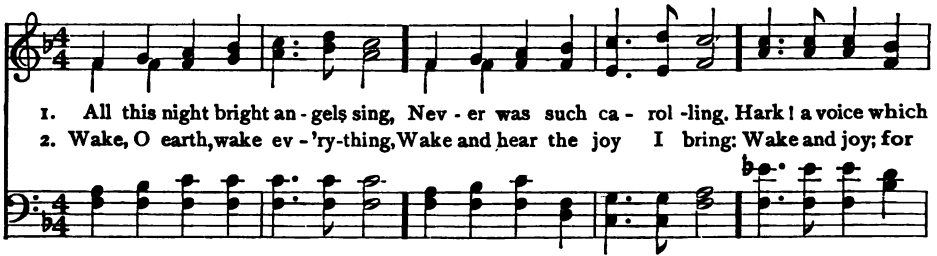
He made their glow - ing col - ors, He made their ti - ny wings.
 God made them high or low - ly, And or - der'd their es - tate.
 The sun - set and the morn - ing That bright - ens up the sky; —
 The ripe fruits in the gar - den, He made them ev - 'ry one;
 How great is God al - might - y, Who has made all things well.

Mrs. Cecil F. Alexander, 1823

FOR CHILDREN

541 CAROL No. I P. M.

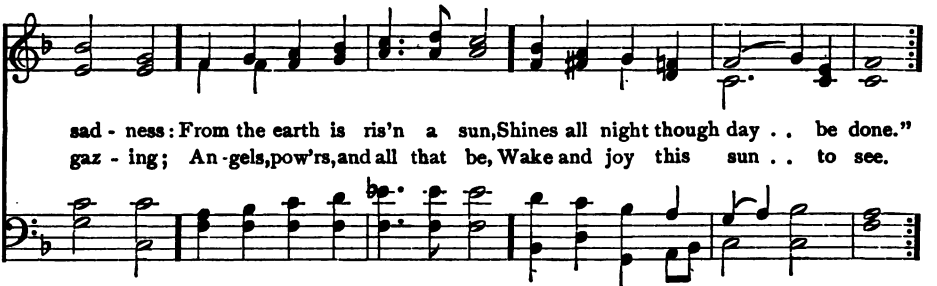
A. S. Sullivan



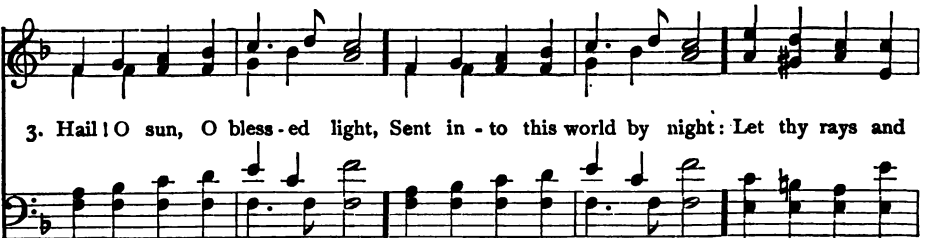
1. All this night bright an-gels sing, Nev-er was such ca-rol-ling. Hark! a voice which
2. Wake, O earth, wake ev-'ry-thing, Wake and hear the joy I bring: Wake and joy; for



loud-ly cries, "Mor-tals, mor-tals, wake and rise. Lo! to glad-ness Turns your
all this night, Heav'n and ev-'ry twink-ling light, All a-maz-ing, Still stand

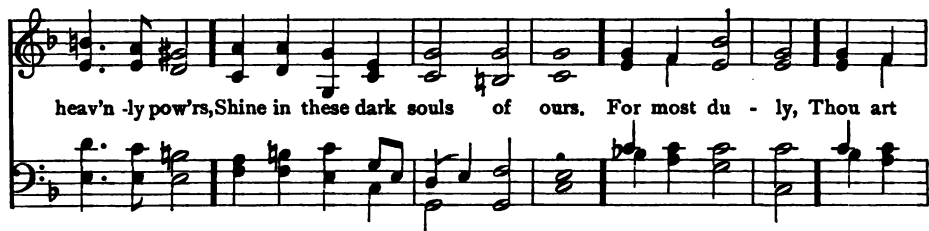


sad-ness: From the earth is ris'n a sun, Shines all night though day . . be done."
gaz-ing; An-gels, pow'rs, and all that be, Wake and joy this sun . . to see.

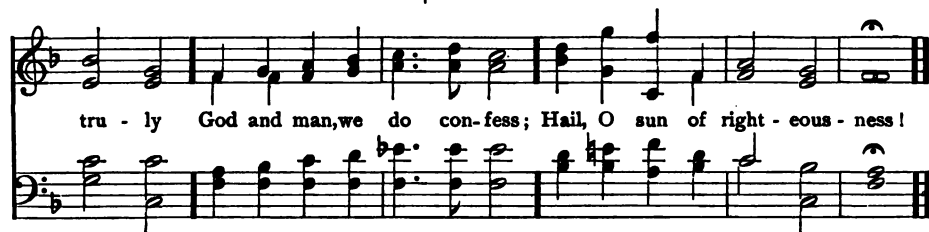


3. Hail! O sun, O bless-ed light, Sent in-to this world by night: Let thy rays and

FOR CHILDREN



heav'n - ly pow'rs, Shine in these dark souls of ours. For most du - ly, Thou art

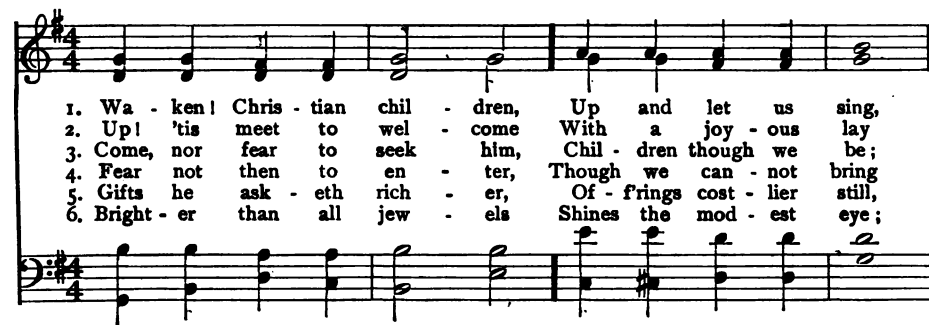


tru - ly God and man, we do con - fess; Hail, O sun of right - eous - ness!

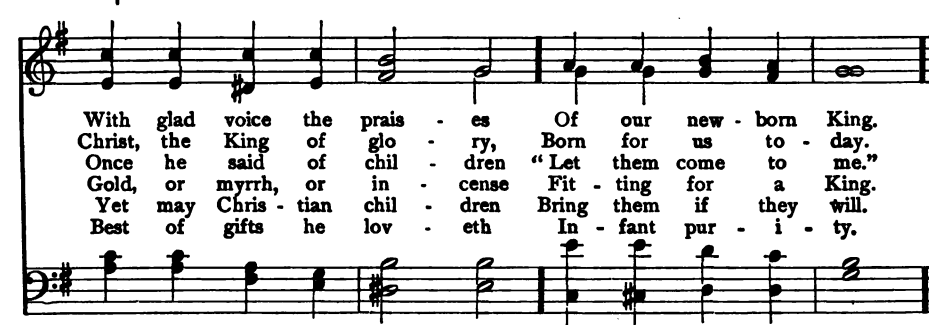
William Austin, about 1630

542 CAROL No. 2 6. 5.

S. C. Hamerton



1. Wa - ken! Chris - tian chil - dren, Up and let us sing,
2. Up! 'tis meet to wel - come With a joy - ous lay
3. Come, nor fear to seek - him, Chil - dren though we be;
4. Fear not then to en - ter, Though we can - not bring
5. Gifts he ask - eth rich - er, Of - frings cost - lier still,
6. Bright - er than all jew - els Shines the mod - est eye;



With glad voice the prais - es Of our new - born King.
Christ, the King of glo - ry, Born for us to - day.
Once he said of chil - dren "Let them come to me."
Gold, or myrrh, or in - cense Fit - ting for a King.
Yet may Chris - tian chil - dren Bring them if they will.
Best of gifts he lov - eth In - fant pur - i - ty.

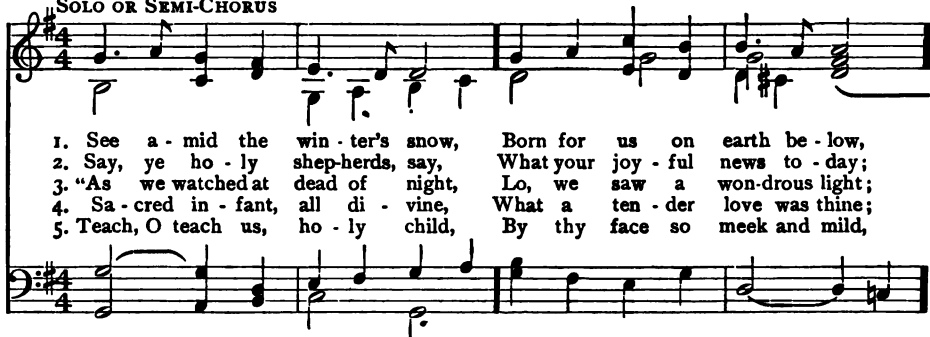
Rev. S. C. Hamerton, 1833

FOR CHILDREN

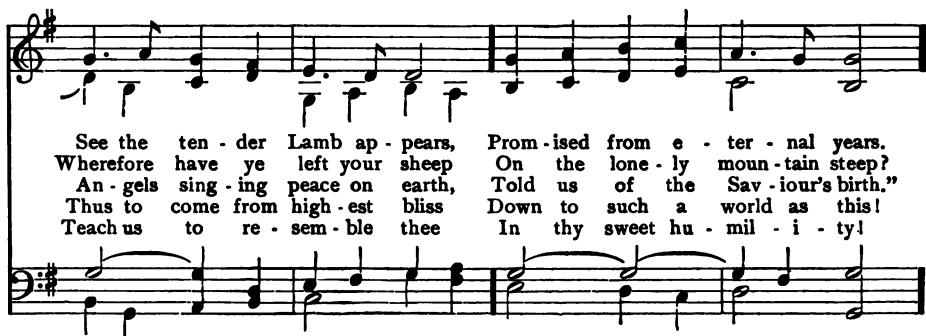
543 CAROL No. 3 7. D.

J. Goss

SOLO OR SEMI-CHORUS



1. See a - mid the win - ter's snow, Born for us on earth be - low,
 2. Say, ye ho - ly shep - herds, say, What your joy - ful news to - day;
 3. "As we watched at dead of night, Lo, we saw a won - drous light;
 4. Sa - cred in - fant, all di - vine, What a ten - der love was thine;
 5. Teach, O teach us, ho - ly child, By thy face so meek and mild,



See the ten - der Lamb ap - pears, Prom - ised from e - ter - nal years.
 Wherefore have ye left your sheep On the lone - ly moun - tain steep?
 An - gels sing - ing peace on earth, Told us of the Sav - iour's birth."
 Thus to come from high - est bliss Down to such a world as this!
 Teach us to re - sem - ble thee In thy sweet hu - mil - i - ty!

CHORUS



Hail, thou ev - er bless - ed morn! Hail, re - demp - tion's hap - py dawn!



Sing thro' all Je - ru - sa - lem, Christ is born in Beth - le - hem.

FOR CHILDREN

544 VENI EMMANUEL L. M. With Refrain

Ancient Plain Song

1. O come, O come, Em - man - - u - el, And ran - som cap - tive
 2. O come, thou day-spring, come . . and cheer Our spir - its by thine
 3. O come, thou key of Da - - vid, come, And o - pen wide our
 4. O come, O come, thou Lord . . of might! Who to thy tribes, on

Is - ra - el; That mourns in lone - ly ex - ile here,
 ad - vent here; Dis - perse the gloom - y clouds . . of night,
 heav'n - ly home; Make safe the way that leads . . on high,
 Si - nai's height, In an - cient times didst give . . the law,

Un - til the Son of God . . ap - pear. Re - joice! Re - joice! Em -
 And death's dark shad - ows put . . to flight. Re - joice! Re - joice! Em -
 And close the path to mis - er - y. Re - joice! Re - joice! Em -
 In cloud, and maj - es - ty, . . and awe. Re - joice! Re - joice! Em -

man - u - el Shall come to thee, O Is - ra - el! A - MEN.

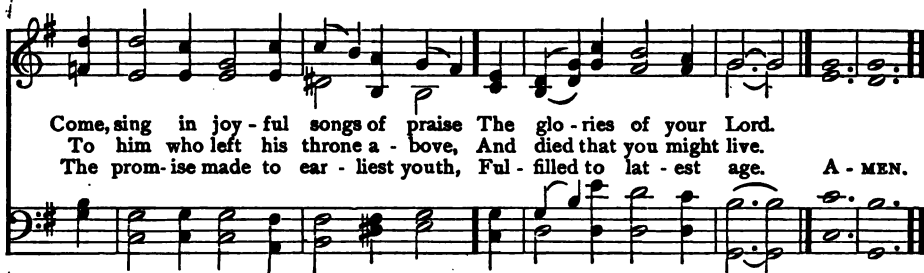
FOR CHILDREN

545 SOHO C. M.

J. Barnby



1. Come, Chris - tian chil - dren, come and raise Your voice with one ac - cord;
 2. Sing of the won - ders of his love, And loud - est prais - es give
 3. Sing of the won - ders of his truth, And read in ev - 'ry page




Come, sing in joy - ful songs of praise The glo - ries of your Lord.
 To him who left his throne a - bove, And died that you might live.
 The prom - ise made to ear - liest youth, Ful - filled to lat - est age. A - MEN.

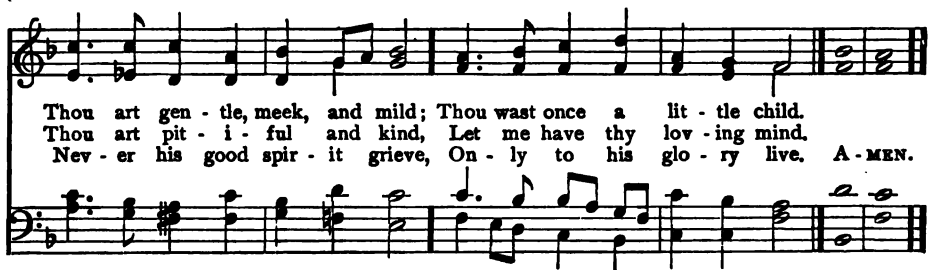
Dorothy A. Thrupp, 1779

546 GLEBE FIELD 7.

J. B. Dykes



1. Lamb of God, I look to thee: Thou shalt my ex - am - ple be;
 2. Fain I would be as thou art; Give me thy o - be - dient heart;
 3. Let me, a - bove all, ful - fil God my heav'n - ly Fa - ther's will,

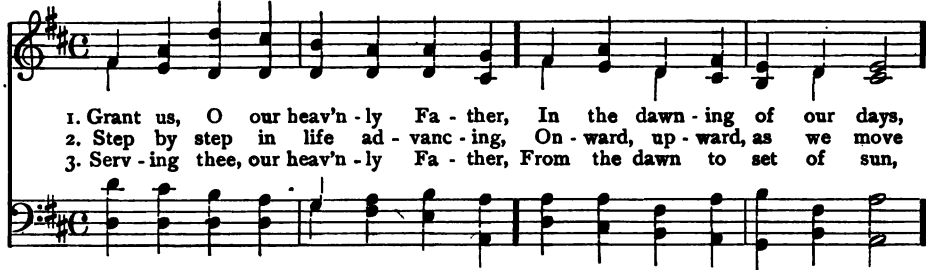


Thou art gen - tle, meek, and mild; Thou wast once a lit - tle child.
 Thou art pit - i - ful and kind, Let me have thy lov - ing mind.
 Nev - er his good spir - it grieve, On - ly to his glo - ry live. A - MEN.

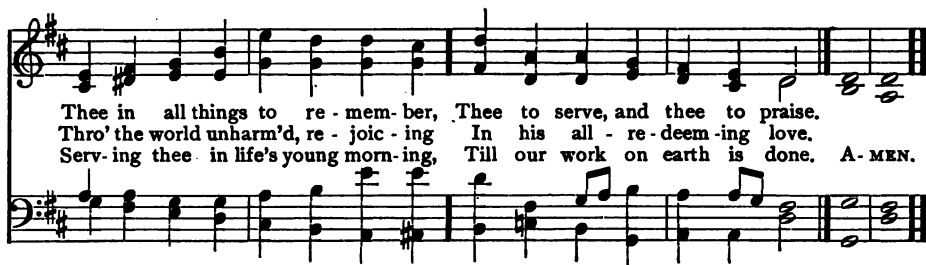
FOR CHILDREN

547 OXFORD 8. 7.

J. Stainer



1. Grant us, O our heav'n - ly Fa - ther, In the dawn - ing of our days,
2. Step by step in life ad - vanc - ing, On - ward, up - ward, as we move,
3. Serv - ing thee, our heav'n - ly Fa - ther, From the dawn to set of sun,

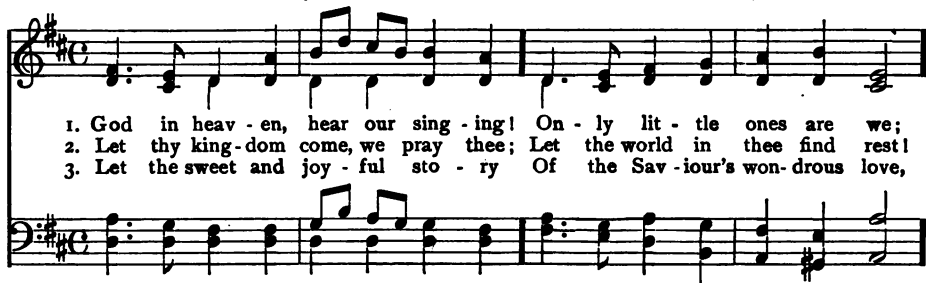


Thee in all things to re - mem - ber, Thee to serve, and thee to praise.
Thro' the world unharm'd, re - joic - ing In his all - re - deem - ing love.
Serv - ing thee in life's young morn - ing, Till our work on earth is done. A - MEN.

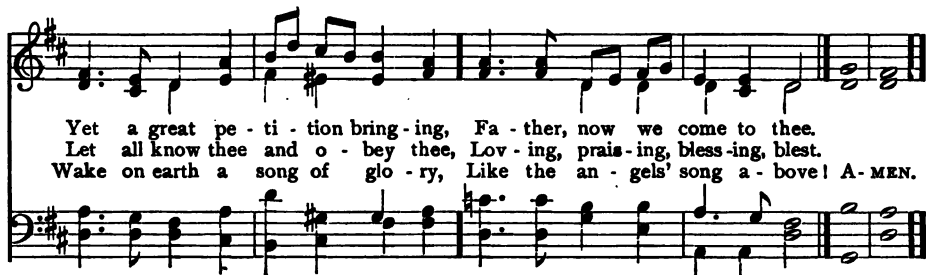
Rev. Godfrey Thring, 1823

548 HAVERGAL 8. 7.

H. R. Fuller



1. God in heav - en, hear our sing - ing! On - ly lit - tle ones are we;
2. Let thy king - dom come, we pray thee; Let the world in thee find rest!
3. Let the sweet and joy - ful sto - ry Of the Sav - iour's won - drous love,



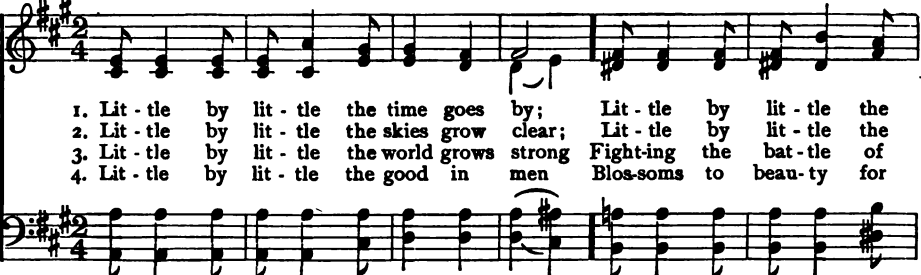
Yet a great pe - ti - tion bring - ing, Fa - ther, now we come to thee.
Let all know thee and o - bey thee, Lov - ing, prais - ing, bless - ing, blest.
Wake on earth a song of glo - ry, Like the an - gels' song a - bove! A - MEN.

Frances R. Havergal, 1836

FOR CHILDREN

549 LITTLE BY LITTLE P. M.

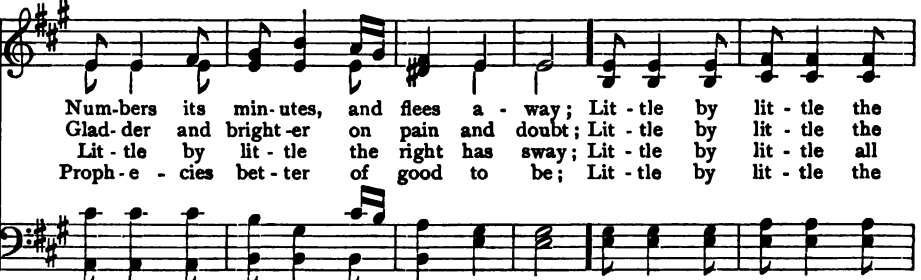
E. H. Bailey



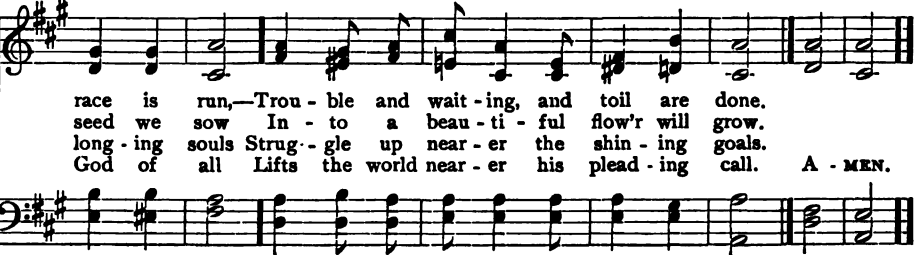
1. Lit - tle by lit - tle the time goes by; Lit - tle by lit - tle the
 2. Lit - tle by lit - tle the skies grow clear; Lit - tle by lit - tle the
 3. Lit - tle by lit - tle the world grows strong Fight-ing the bat-tle of
 4. Lit - tle by lit - tle the good in men Bloss-oms to beau-ty for



mo - ments fly; Lit - tle by lit - tle, an hour, a day,
 sun comes near; Lit - tle by lit - tle the days smile out
 right and wrong; Lit - tle by lit - tle the wrong gives way,
 hu - man ken; Lit - tle by lit - tle the an - gels see



Num-bers its min-utes, and flees a - way; Lit - tle by lit - tle the
 Glad-der and bright-er on pain and doubt; Lit - tle by lit - tle the
 Lit - tle by lit - tle the right has sway; Lit - tle by lit - tle all
 Proph-e - cies bet-ter of good to be; Lit - tle by lit - tle the



race is run,—Trou - ble and wait-ing, and toil are done.
 seed we sow In - to a beau-ti - ful flow'r will grow.
 long-ing souls Strug - gle up near-er the shin - ing goals.
 God of all Lifts the world near-er his plead - ing call. A - MEN.

Leon Herbert

FOR CHILDREN

550 ARMOR OF LIGHT II.

G.F. Root

1. We're sol - diers on du - ty, the foe is at hand,
 2. O let us ne'er fal - ter, or faint in the strife,
 3. The march may be wea - ry, and rug - ged the way,

We wait from our cap - tain the word of com - mand;
 The term of our ser - vice shall end but with life;
 That leads to the glo - ri - ous por - tals of day;

We'll wage a stout war - fare for truth and the right,
 Then on - ward and up - ward we'll win thro' his might,
 But faith - ful is he who hath prom - ised to write

But first we must put on the ar - mor of light.
 Who loved us and gave us his ar - mor of light.
 Those bless - ed who bear on his ar - mor of light. A - MEN.

Appendix B

HYMNS TO BE READ

1

Father of all! in every age,
In every clime adored,
By saint, by savage, or by sage,
The universal Lord!

Thou great first cause! least understood,
Who all my sense confined
To know but this, — that thou art good,
And that myself am blind.

What conscience dictates to be done,
Or warns me not to do,
This teach me, more than hell, to shun,
That, more than heaven, pursue.

If I am right, thy grace impart
Still in the right to stay;
If I am wrong, O teach my heart
To find that better way.

Save me alike from foolish pride
Or impious discontent
At aught thy wisdom has denied,
Or aught thy goodness lent.

Teach me to feel another's woe,
To hide the fault I see;
That mercy I to others show,
That mercy show to me.

Mean though I am (not wholly so,
Since quickened by thy breath),
O lead me, wheresoe'er I go,
Through this day's life or death.

This day be bread and peace my lot;
But all beneath the sun
Thou know'st if best bestowed or not;
And let thy will be done.

To thee, whose temple is all space,
Whose altar, earth, sea, skies,
One chorus let all beings raise,
All nature's incense rise.

Alexander Pope, 1688

2

The harp at nature's advent strung
Has never ceased to play;
The song the stars of morning sung
Has never died away.

And prayer is made, and praise is given
By all things near and far:
The ocean looketh up to heaven
And mirrors every star.

The green earth sends her incense up
From many a mountain shrine:
From folded leaf and dewy cup
She pours her sacred wine.

The blue sky is the temple's arch;
Its transept, earth and air;
The music of its starry march,
The chorus of a prayer.

So nature keeps the reverent frame
With which her years began;
And all her signs and voices shame
The prayerless heart of man.

John G. Whittier, 1807

8

O love! O life! our faith and sight
 Thy presence maketh one:
 As, through tranfigured clouds of white,
 We trace the noon-day sun.

•We faintly hear, we dimly see,
 In differing phrase we pray;
 But, dim or clear, we own in thee
 The light, the truth, the way.

The homage that we render thee
 Is still our Father's own;
 Nor jealous claim or rivalry
 Divides the cross and throne.

To do thy will is more than praise,
 As words are less than deeds;
 And simple trust can find thy ways
 We miss with chart of creeds.

Our friend, our brother, and our Lord,
 What may thy service be?
 Nor name, nor form, nor ritual word,
 But simply following thee.

John G. Whittier, 1807

4 (ETERNAL GOODNESS)

I bow my forehead to the dust,
 I veil mine eyes for shame,
 And urge, in trembling self-distrust,
 A prayer without a claim.

No offering of mine own I have,
 Nor works my faith to prove;
 I can but give the gifts he gave,
 And plead his love for love.

I dimly guess, from blessings known,
 Of greater out of sight;
 And, with the chastened psalmist, own
 His judgments too are right.

And if my heart and flesh are weak
 To bear an untried pain,
 The bruised reed he will not break,
 But strengthen and sustain.

I know not what the future hath
 Of marvel or surprise,
 Assured alone that life and death
 His mercy underlies.

And so beside the silent sea
 I wait the muffled oar:
 No harm from him can come to me
 On ocean or on shore.

I know not where his islands lift
 Their fronded palms in air;
 I only know I cannot drift
 Beyond his love and care.

And thou, O Lord, by whom are seen
 Thy creatures as they be,
 Forgive me if too close I lean
 My human heart on thee.

John G. Whittier, 1807

5

God hides himself within the love
 Of those whom we love best;
 The smiles and tones that make our homes
 Are shrines by him possessed.
 He tents within the lonely heart
 And shepherds every thought;
 We find him not by seeking long,
 We lose him not, unsought.

Rev. William C. Gannett, 1840

6

At anchor laid, remote from home,
 Toiling I cry, sweet spirit, come,
 Celestial breeze, no longer stay,
 But swell my sails and speed my way.

Fain would I mount, fain would I glow
 And loose my cable from below;
 But I can only spread my sail,
 Thou, thou must breathe the auspicious gale!

Rev. Augustus M. Toplady, 1740

7

It is not what my hands have done
 That weighs my spirit down,
 That casts a shadow o'er the sun,
 And over earth a frown.
 It is not any heinous guilt,
 Or vice by men abhorred,
 For fair the fame that I have built,
 A fair life's just reward.
 And men would wonder if they knew
 How sad I feel with sins so few.

Alas, they only know in part!
 While thus they judge the whole;
 They cannot look upon the heart,
 They cannot read the soul;
 But I survey myself within
 And mournfully I feel
 How deep the principle of sin
 Its root may there conceal,
 And spread its poison thro' the frame
 Without a deed that men can blame.

They judge by actions which they see
 Brought out before the sun,
 But conscience brings reproach to me
 For that I've left undone:
 For opportunities of good
 In folly thrown away;
 For hours misspent in solitude,
 Forgetfulness to pray;
 And thousands more omitted things
 Whose memory fills my breast with stings.

And therefore is my heart oppressed
 With thoughtfulness and gloom,
 Nor can I hope for perfect rest
 'Till I escape this doom.
 Help me, thou merciful and just,
 This fearful gloom to fly:
 Thou art my help, my hope, my trust,
 O help me lest I die;
 And let my full obedience prove
 My perfect powers of faith and love.

Rev. Henry Ware, Jr., 1794

8 (THANKSGIVING)

Praise to God, and thanksgiving!
 Hearts bow down; and voices sing
 Praises to the glorious one,
 All his year of wonder done!
 Praise him for his budding green,
 April's resurrection-scene;
 Praise him for his shining hours,
 Starring all the land with flowers!

Praise him for his summer rain,
 Feeding, day and night, the grain;
 Praise him for his tiny seed,
 Holding all his world shall need;
 Praise him for his garden root,
 Meadow grass and orchard fruit;
 Praise for hills and valleys broad, —
 Each the table of the Lord!

Praise him now for snowy rest,
 Falling soft on nature's breast;
 Praise for happy dreams of birth,
 Brooding in the quiet earth;
 For his year of wonder done,
 Praise to the all-glorious one;
 Hearts bow down, and voices ring,
 Praise and love and thanksgiving!

Rev. William C. Gannett, 1840

9

Out from the heart of nature rolled
 The burdens of the Bible old:
 The litanies of nations came,
 Like the volcano's tongue of flame,
 Up from the burning core below,
 The canticles of love and woe.

The word unto the prophet spoken
 Was writ on tables yet unbroken;
 Still floats upon the morning wind,
 Still whispers to the willing mind:
 One accent of the Holy Ghost
 The heedless world has never lost.

Ralph Waldo Emerson, 1803

10

Every day hath toil and trouble,
 Every heart hath care:
 Meekly bear thine own full measure,
 And thy brother's share.
 Fear not, shrink not, though the burden
 Heavy to thee prove:
 God shall fill thy mouth with gladness,
 And thy heart with love.

Patiently enduring, ever
 Let thy spirit be
 Bound, by links that cannot sever,
 To humanity.
 Labor! wait! thy Master perished
 Ere his task was done:
 Count not lost thy fleeting moments;
 Life hath but begun.

Labor! wait! though midnight shadows
 Gather round thee here,
 And the storm above thee lowering
 Fill thy heart with fear, —
 Wait in hope! the morning dawneth
 When the night is gone,
 And a peaceful rest awaits thee
 When thy work is done.

Bailey

11 (AFFLICTION)

It ingeth low in every heart,
 We hear it, each and all, —
 A song of those who answer not,
 However we may call.
 They throng the silence of the breast;
 We see them as of yore, —
 The kind, the true, the brave, the sweet,
 Who walk with us no more.

'Tis hard to take the burden up
 When these have laid it down:
 They brightened all the joy of life,
 They softened every frown.

But O 'tis good to think of them
 When we are troubled sore;
 Thanks be to God that such have been,
 Although they are no more!

More homelike seems the vast unknown,
 Since they have entered there;
 To follow them were not so hard,
 Wherever they may fare.
 They cannot be where God is not,
 On any sea or shore;
 Whate'er betides, thy love abides,
 Our God for evermore!

Rev. John W. Chadwick, 1840

12

What thou wilt, O Father, give!
 All is gain that I receive.
 Let the lowliest task be mine,
 Grateful, so the work be thine.

Let me find the humblest place
 In the shadow of thy grace:
 Blest to me were any spot
 Where temptation whispers not.

If there be some weaker one,
 Give me strength to help him on;
 If a blinder soul there be,
 Let me guide him nearer thee.

Clothe with life the weak intent,
 Let me be the thing I meant;
 Let me find in thy employ
 Peace that dearer is than joy;

Out of self to love be led,
 And to heaven acclimated,
 Until all things sweet and good
 Seem my natural habitude.

John G. Whittier, 1807

13

How few who, from their youthful day,
 Look on to what their life may be,
 Painting the visions of the way
 In colors soft, and bright, and free!
 How few who to such paths have brought
 The hopes and dreams of early thought!

For God, through ways they have not
 known,
 Will lead his own.

The eager hearts, the souls of fire,
 Who pant to toil for God and man;
 And view with eyes of keen desire
 The upland way of toil and pain;
 Almost with scorn they think of rest,
 Of holy calm, of tranquil breast;
 But God, through ways they have not
 known,
 Will lead his own.

A lowlier task on them is laid, —
 With love to make the labor light;
 And there their beauty they must shed
 On quiet homes and lost to sight.
 Changed are their visions high and fair,
 Yet, calm and still, they labor there;
 For God, through ways they have not
 known,
 Will lead his own.

The gentle heart that thinks with pain,
 It scarce can lowliest tasks fulfil;
 And, if it dared its life to scan,
 Would ask but pathway low and still, —
 Often such lowly heart is brought
 To act with power beyond its thought;
 For God, through ways they have not
 known,
 Will lead his own.

And they, the bright, who long to prove,
 In joyous path, in cloudless lot,
 How fresh from earth their grateful love
 Can spring without a stain or spot, —

Often such youthful heart is given
 The path of grief, to walk in heaven;
 For God, through ways they have not
 known,
 Will lead his own.

What matter what the path shall be?
 The end is clear and bright to view;
 We know that we a strength shall see,
 Whate'er the day may bring to do,
 We see the end, the house of God;
 But not the path to that abode;
 For God, through ways they have not
 known,
 Will lead his own.

Anonymous

14 (BURIAL OF THE DEAD)

How blest the righteous when he dies!
 When sinks a weary soul to rest,
 How mildly beam the closing eyes,
 How gently heaves the expiring breast!

So fades a summer cloud away,
 So sinks the gale when storms are o'er,
 So gently shuts the eye of day,
 So dies a wave along the shore.

A holy quiet reigns around, —
 A calm which life nor death destroys:
 Nothing disturbs that peace profound
 Which his unfettered soul enjoys.

Farewell, conflicting hopes and fears,
 Where lights and shades alternate
 dwell:
 How bright the unchanging morn appears!
 Farewell, inconstant world, farewell.

Life's duty done, as sinks the clay,
 Light from its load the spirit flies;
 While heaven and earth combine to say,
 "How blest the righteous when he
 dies!"

Mrs. Anna L. Barbauld, 1743

15 (RESIGNATION)

Vital spark of heavenly flame,
Quit, O quit this mortal frame!
Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying,
O the pain, the bliss of dying!
Cease, fond nature, cease thy strife,
And let me languish into life.

Hark! they whisper! angels say
"Sister spirit, come away."
What is this absorbs me quite,
Steals my senses, shuts my sight,
Drowns my spirit, draws my breath?
Tell me, my soul, can this be death?

The world recedes; it disappears.
Heaven opens on my eyes; my ears
With sounds seraphic ring.
Lend, lend your wings; I mount, I fly!
O grave, where is thy victory?
O death, where is thy sting?

Alexander Pope, 1688

16 (AFFLICTION)

O thou who driest the mourner's tear,
How dark this world would be,
If, when deceived and wounded here,
We could not fly to thee!

When joy no longer soothes or cheers,
And e'en the hope that threw
A moment's sparkle o'er our tears,
Is dimmed and vanished too:—

O who would bear life's stormy doom,
Did not thy wing of love
Come, brightly wafting through the gloom
Our peace-branch from above?

Then sorrow, touched by thee, grows
bright
With more than rapture's ray;
As darkness shows us worlds of light
We never saw by day.

Thomas Moore, 1779

17

The Lord is come. On Syrian soil
The child of poverty and toil,
The man of sorrows, born to know
Each varying shade of human woe;
His joy, his glory, to fulfill
In earth and heaven his Father's will,
On lonely mount, by festive board,
On bitter cross, — despised, adored.

The Lord is come. Dull hearts to wake,
He speaks, as never man yet spake,
The truth which makes his servants free,
The royal law of liberty.
Though heaven and earth shall pass away,
His living words our spirits stay,
And from his treasures, new and old,
The eternal mysteries unfold.

The Lord is come. In him we trace
The fulness of God's truth and grace;
Throughout those words and acts divine,
Gleams of the eternal splendor shine;
And from his inmost spirit flow,
As from a height of sunlit snow,
The rivers of perennial life,
To heal and sweeten nature's strife.

The Lord is come. In every heart
Where truth and mercy claim a part,
In every land where right is might,
And deeds of darkness shun the light,
In every church where faith and love
Lift earthward thoughts to things above,
In every holy, happy home, —
We bless thee, Lord, that thou hast come.

Dean Arthur P. Stanley, 1815

18 (CHRISTMAS)

"What means this glory round our feet,"
The magi mused, "more bright than
morn?"
And voices chanted clear and sweet,
"To-day the Prince of peace is born."

"What means that star," the shepherds
said,
"That brightens through the rocky
glen?"
And angels, answering overhead,
Sang, "Peace on earth, good will to men."

'Tis eighteen hundred years and more
Since those sweet oracles were dumb;
We wait for him like them of yore;
Alas, he seems so slow to come.

But it was said in words of gold,
No time or sorrow e'er shall dim,
That little children might be bold,
In perfect trust to come to him.

All round about our feet shall shine
A light like that the wise men saw,
If we our loving wills incline
To that sweet life which is the law.

So shall we learn to understand
The simple faith of shepherds then,
And clasping kindly hand in hand,
Sing, "Peace on earth, good will to
men."

And they who do their souls no wrong,
But keep at eve the faith of morn,
Shall daily hear the angel-song,
"To-day the Prince of peace is born."

James Russell Lowell, 1813

21 (BURIAL OF THE DEAD)

Forget not the dead, who have loved, who have left us,
Who bend o'er us now from their bright homes above;
But believe, never doubt, that the God who bereft us
Permits them to mingle with friends they still love.

Repeat their fond words, all their noble deeds cherish;
Speak pleasantly of them who left us in tears:
Other joys may be lost, but their names should not perish,
While time bears our feet through the valley of tears.

James T. Fields, 1816

19 (Dedication of the Arlington Street Church, Boston)
Thou great invisible — whose power
Calls countless worlds from realms of
night,
A humble temple in this hour
Baptize into thy living light.

Here teach the youthful heart to fling
Its tendrils 'round the sacred vine;
Redeemer, Lord, to thee we cling,
In the soul's temple make us thine.

Here joy a hope unchanging seek,
And faith the heart of love sustain,
And cloistered sorrow's sunless cheek
Warm with the hues of heaven again.

O dazzling star of Judah's night,
Here thy untiring vigil keep,
To Christian pilgrims lend the light
Which beacons o'er the eternal deep.

Miss Sarah H. Adams, 1823

20 (FOR CHILDREN)

How pleasant is Saturday night,
When I've tried all the week to be good;
Not spoken a word that was bad,
And obliged every one that I could.

To-morrow the holy day comes,
Which a merciful Father has given
That we may have rest from our toil
And prepare for the joys of his heaven

Anonymous

22 (BURIAL OF THE DEAD)

The shadow of the rock!
 Stay, pilgrim, stay!
 Night treads upon the heels of day;
 There is no other resting-place this way.
 The rock is near,
 The well is clear,
 Rest in the shadow of the rock.

The shadow of the rock!
 Abide, abide!
 This rock moves ever at thy side,
 Pausing to welcome thee at eventide.
 Ages are laid
 Beneath its shade,
 Rest in the shadow of the rock.

The shadow of the rock!
 To angel's eyes
 This rock its shadow multiplies,
 And at this hour in countless places lies.
 One rock, one shade,
 O'er thousands laid,
 Rest in the shadow of the rock.

The shadow of the rock!
 To weary feet
 That have been diligent and fleet,
 The sleep is deeper and the shade more sweet.
 O weary, rest,
 Thou art sore pressed,
 Rest in the shadow of the rock.

The shadow of the rock!
 Thy bed is made;
 Crowds of tired souls like thine are laid
 This night beneath the self-same placid shade.
 They who rest here
 Wake with heaven near,
 Rest in the shadow of the rock.

Rev. Frederick W. Faber, 1824

23 (ORDINATION)

Christ to the young man said: " Yet one thing more
 If thou wouldst perfect be,
 Sell all thou hast and give it to the poor,
 And come and follow me! "

Within this temple Christ again, unseen,
 Those sacred words hath said,
 And his invisible hands to-day have been
 Laid on a young man's head.

And evermore beside him on his way
 The unseen Christ shall move,
 That he may lean upon his arm and say,
 " Dost thou, dear Lord, approve? "

Beside him at the marriage feast shall be
 To make the scene more fair;
 Beside him in the dark Gethsemane
 Of pain and midnight prayer.

O holy trust! O endless sense of rest!
 Like the belovèd John
 To lay his head upon the Saviour's breast,
 And thus to journey on!

Henry W. Longfellow, 1807
 (For his brother's ordination)

24 (THANKSGIVING)

O would, my God, that I could praise thee
 With thousand tongues, by day and night!
 How many a song my lips should raise thee,
 Who orderest all things here aright;
 My thankful heart would ever be
 Telling what God hath done for me.

O all ye powers that he implanted,
 Arise! keep silence thus no more;
 Put forth the strength that he hath granted;
 Your noblest work is to adore.
 O soul and body, make ye meet
 With heartfelt praise your Lord to greet.

Ye forest-leaves so green and tender,
 That dance for joy in summer air;
 Ye meadow-grasses bright and slender;
 Ye flowers so wondrous sweet and fair:
 Ye live to show his praise alone;
 Help me to make his glory known.

O all things that have breath and motion,
 That throng with life, earth, sea, and sky,
 Now join me in my heart's devotion,
 Help me to raise his praises high.
 My utmost powers can ne'er aright
 Declare the wonders of his might.

But I will tell, while I am living,
 His goodness forth with every breath,
 And greet each morning with thanksgiving,
 Until my heart is still in death.
 Nay, when at last my lips grow cold,
 His praise shall in my sighs be told.

O Father, deign thou, I beseech thee,
 To listen to my earthly lays;
 A nobler strain in heaven shall reach thee,
 When I with angels hymn thy praise;
 And learn amid their choirs to sing
 Loud alleluias to my King.

Rev. Johann Mentzer, 1658

Tr. Catherine Winkworth, 1829

25

Sow in the morn thy seed,
 At eve hold not thy hand;
 To doubt and fear give thou no heed,
 Broadcast it o'er the land.

Beside all waters sow,
 The highway furrows stock,
 Drop it where thorns and thistles grow,
 Scatter it on the rock.

The good, the fruitful ground
 Expect not here nor there;
 O'er hill and dale by plots 't is found:
 Go forth, then, everywhere.

Thou know'st not which may thrive,
 The late or early sown;

Grace keeps the precious germs alive
 When and wherever strown.

And duly shall appear,
 In verdure, beauty, strength,
 The tender blade, the stalk, the ear,
 And the full corn at length.

Thou canst not toil in vain;
 Cold, heat, and moist, and dry,
 Shall foster and mature the grain
 For garner in the sky.

Then, when the glorious end,
 The day of God, shall come,
 The angel-reapers shall descend,
 And heav'n sing, "Harvest home!"

James Montgomery, 1771

26

Rise, God! judge thou the earth in might,
 This wicked earth redress!
 For thou art he who shall by right
 The nations all possess.

Before thee righteousness shall go,
 Thy royal harbinger.
 Then wilt thou come, and not be slow;
 Thy footsteps cannot err.

Truth from the earth, like to a flower,
 Shall bud and blossom then,
 And justice, from her heavenly bower,
 Look down on mortal men.

The nations all whom thou hast made
 Shall come, and all shall frame
 To bow them low before thee, Lord,
 And glorify thy name.

For great thou art, and wonders great
 By thy strong hand are done:
 Thou, in thy everlasting seat,
 Remainest God alone.

John Milton, 1608

27

Child, amidst the flowers at play,
 While the red light fades away;
 Mother, with thine earnest eye,
 Ever following silently;
 Father, by the breeze of eve
 Called thy harvest-work to leave; —
 Pray: ere yet the dark hours be,
 Lift the heart and bend the knee!

Traveller, in the stranger's land,
 Far from thine own household band;
 Mourner, haunted by the tone
 Of a voice from this world gone;

Captive, in whose narrow cell
 Sunshine hath not leave to dwell;
 Sailor, on the darkening sea; —
 Lift the heart and bend the knee!

Warrior, that from battle won
 Breathest now at set of sun;
 Woman, o'er the lowly slain
 Weeping on his burial-plain;
 Ye that triumph, ye that sigh,
 Kindred by one holy tie,
 Heaven's first star alike ye see; —
 Lift the heart and bend the knee!

Mrs. Felicia D. Hemans, 1794

28

O be not faithless! with the morn
 Cast thou abroad thy grain!
 At noontide faint not thou forlorn,
 At evening sow again!
 Blessed are they, whate'er betide,
 Who thus all waters sow beside.

Thou knowest not which seed shall
 grow,
 Or which may die or live;
 In faith and hope and patience sow!
 The increase God shall give,
 According to his gracious will, —
 As best his purpose may fulfil.

O could our inward eye but view,
 Our hearts but feel aright,
 What faith and love and hope can do,
 By their celestial might,
 We should not say, till these be dead,
 The power of miracle is fled!

Bernard Barton, 1784

29

O Lord, be with us when we sail
 Upon the lonely deep,
 Our guard, when on the silent deck
 The nightly watch we keep.

We need not fear, though all around,
 'Mid rising winds, we hear
 The multitude of waters surge;
 For thou, O God, art near.

The calm, the breeze, the gale, the storm,
 The ocean and the land,
 All, all are thine, and held within
 The hollow of thy hand.

As when on blue Gennesaret
 Rose high the angry wave,
 And thy disciples quailed in dread,
 One word of thine could save;

So when the fiercer storms arise
 From man's unbridled will,
 Be thou, Lord, present in our hearts
 To whisper, "Peace, be still."

If duty calls, from threatened strife
 To guard our native shore,
 And shot and shell are answering
 The booming cannon's roar;

Be thou the mainguard of our host
 Till war and dangers cease;
 Defend the right, put up the sword,
 And through the world make peace.

Rev. Edward A. Dayman, 1807

30 (Written during the war
of the Rebellion, 1864)

O Lord of hosts, almighty King,
 Behold the sacrifice we bring!
 To every arm thy strength impart,
 Thy spirit shed through every heart.

Wake in our breasts the living fires,
 The holy faith that warmed our sires!
 Thy hand hath made our nation free;
 To die for her is serving thee.

Be thou a pillared flame to show
 The midnight snare, the silent foe,
 And, when the battle thunders loud,
 Still guide us in its moving cloud!

God of all nations, sovereign Lord,
 In thy dread name we draw the sword;
 We lift the starry flag on high
 That fills with light our stormy sky.

From treason's rent, from murder's stain
 Guard thou its folds till peace shall reign,
 Till fort and field, till shore and sea
 Join our loud anthem, "Peace to thee."

Oliver Wendell Holmes, 1809

31

O stay thy tears! for they are blest
 Whose days are past, whose toil is done:
 Here midnight care disturbs our rest;
 Here sorrow dims the noonday sun.

How blest are they whose transient years
 Pass like an evening meteor's flight!
 Not dark with guilt, nor dim with tears;
 Whose course is short, unclouded,
 bright.

O cheerless were our lengthened way!
 But heaven's own light dispels the
 gloom,
 Streams downward from eternal day,
 And casts a glory round the tomb.

O stay thy tears! the blest above
 Have hailed a spirit's heavenly birth,
 And sung a song of joy and love:
 Then why should anguish reign on
 earth?

Rev. Andrews Norton, 1786

82

Rejoice, believer, in the Lord,
 Who makes your cause his own:
 The hope that's built upon his word
 Can ne'er be overthrown.

Though many foes beset your road,
 And feeble is your arm,
 Your life is hid with Christ in God,
 Beyond the reach of harm.

Weak as you are, you shall not faint,
 Or, fainting, shall not die;
 For God, the strength of every saint,
 Will aid you from on high.

Though sometimes unperceived by sense,
 Faith sees him always near,
 A guide, a glory, a defence:
 Then what have you to fear?

As surely as Christ overcame,
 And triumphed once for you,
 So surely you that love his name
 Shall triumph in him too.

Rev. John Newton, 1725

83

Thou art, O God, the life and light
 Of all this wondrous world we see:
 Its glow by day, its smile by night,
 Are but reflections caught from thee.
 Where'er we turn, thy glories shine,
 And all things fair and bright are thine.

When day, with farewell beam, delays
 Among the opening clouds of even,
 And we can almost think we gaze
 Through golden vistas into heaven,—
 Those hues, that make the sun's decline
 So soft, so radiant, Lord, are thine.

When youthful spring around us breathes,
 Thy spirit warms her fragrant sigh;
 And every flower the summer wreathes
 Is born beneath thy kindling eye:
 Where'er we turn, thy glories shine,
 And all things fair and bright are
 thine.

Thomas Moore, 1779

84 BURIAL OF THE DEAD.

Asleep in Jesus! blessed sleep!
 From which none ever wakes to weep;
 A calm and undisturbed repose,
 Unbroken by the last of foes.

Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest,
 Whose waking is supremely blest;
 No fear, no woe, shall dim that hour
 That manifests the Saviour's power.

Asleep in Jesus! O for me
 May such a blissful refuge be!
 Securely shall my ashes lie,
 Waiting the summons from on high.

Asleep in Jesus! far from thee
 Thy kindred and their graves may be;
 But there is still a blessed sleep,
 From which none ever wakes to weep.

Margaret Mackay, 1802

Appendix B

MISCELLANEOUS TUNES

1 WEBB 7. 6. D.

G. J. Webb

Two systems of musical notation for the hymn 'WEBB 7. 6. D.' by G. J. Webb. The first system consists of a treble and bass staff in 4/4 time, both in the key of D major (one sharp). The melody in the treble staff features a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, while the bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and moving lines. The second system continues the piece, ending with a double bar line and the instruction 'A-MEN.' written to the right of the staff.

A-MEN.

2 JOY P. M.

Arranged from Beethoven

Two systems of musical notation for the hymn 'JOY P. M.' arranged from Beethoven. The first system consists of a treble and bass staff in 4/4 time, both in the key of D major (two sharps). The melody in the treble staff includes some notes marked with an 'x', possibly indicating a specific performance style or a correction. The bass staff provides a steady accompaniment. The second system continues the piece, ending with a double bar line and the instruction 'AMEN.' written to the right of the staff.

AMEN.

APPENDIX B

3 EVENING P. M.

W. H. Monk



4 WHITE IO.

T. B. White



5 CALANUS P. M.

The Shawm



APPENDIX B

A-MEN.

6 ALMSGIVING 8. 4.

J. B. Dykes

A - MEN.

7 REDCLIFF 8. 4.

E. J. Hopkins

A - MEN.

APPENDIX B

8 MOUNT AUBURN 7.

Anonymous

Two systems of musical notation for 'Mount Auburn'. The first system consists of a treble and bass staff in 4/4 time, key of B-flat major (two flats). The melody in the treble staff features eighth and sixteenth notes, while the bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and moving lines. The second system continues the piece, ending with a double bar line and the text 'A-MEN.' written above the treble staff.

9 NUREMBERG 7.

J. R. Ahle

Two systems of musical notation for 'Nuremberg'. The first system consists of a treble and bass staff in 4/4 time, key of D major (two sharps). The melody in the treble staff is composed of eighth and sixteenth notes. The second system continues the piece, ending with a double bar line and the text 'A-MEN.' written above the treble staff.

10 DALLAS 7.

Arranged from Cherubini

Two systems of musical notation for 'Dallas'. The first system consists of a treble and bass staff in 4/4 time, key of D major (two sharps). The melody in the treble staff includes some rests marked with an 'x'. The second system continues the piece, also featuring rests marked with an 'x' in the treble staff.

APPENDIX B

A-MEN.

11 LANESBORO P. M.

W. Dixon

A-MEN.

12 ARUNDEL C. M.

Williams Collection

A-MEN.

APPENDIX B

13 EFFINGHAM L. M.

English Air

A-MEN.

14 ELLENTHORPE L. M.

F. Linley

A-MEN.

15 FLEMMING II. 5.

F. F. Flemming

APPENDIX B

Two staves of music in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The melody is in the treble clef, and the bass line is in the bass clef. The piece concludes with a double bar line and repeat dots.

A-MEN.

16 BARTHOLDY L. M.

Arranged from Mendelssohn

Two staves of music in G major (one sharp) and 3/4 time. The melody is in the treble clef, and the bass line is in the bass clef. The piece concludes with a double bar line and repeat dots.

Two staves of music in G major (one sharp) and 3/4 time. The melody is in the treble clef, and the bass line is in the bass clef. The piece concludes with a double bar line and repeat dots.

A-MEN.

17 GILEAD L. M.

E. H. Mchul

Two staves of music in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The melody is in the treble clef, and the bass line is in the bass clef. The piece concludes with a double bar line and repeat dots.

Two staves of music in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The melody is in the treble clef, and the bass line is in the bass clef. The piece concludes with a double bar line and repeat dots.

A-MEN.

18 COMMUNION L. M.

A musical score for the song 'The Rose Tree'. It consists of two staves: a treble staff for the melody and a bass staff for the accompaniment. The key signature is one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is 3/2. The melody is written in a simple, folk-like style with eighth and quarter notes. The accompaniment features a steady bass line with chords and some melodic movement in the right hand.

A musical score for the song 'The Rose Tree'. It features a treble and bass staff. The treble staff contains a melody with eighth and sixteenth notes, and the bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes. The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The melody is in English, and the lyrics are written below the bass staff.

A - MEN.

H. K. Oliver

A - MEN.

APPENDIX B

20 WHITAKER 10.

J. Whitaker

O thou, O thou whose pow'r o'er mov-ing worlds pre-sides, Whose

voice, whose voice cre-a-ted, and whose wis-dom guides On dark-ling man, on

dark-ling man, in full, in full ef-ful-gence shine, And cheer, and cheer his

cloud-ed mind with light, with light di-vine; On dark-ling man, on

dark-ling man, in full, in full ef-ful-gence shine, And cheer, and cheer his

APPENDIX B

cloud - ed mind with light, with light di - vine. 'Tis thine, 'tis thine a -

lone to calm the pi - ous - breast With si - lent, si - lent con - fi - dence and

ho - ly, ho - ly rest: From thee, from thee, great God, we

spring, to thee we tend, — Path, mo - tive, guide, o - rig - i - nal, o -

rig - i - nal and end, Path, mo - tive, guide, o - rig - i - nal and end.

APPENDIX B

PALESTRINA 8. 4.

Arranged from Palestrina



A - MEN.

21

- 1 Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!
The strife is o'er, the battle done!
The victory of life is won;
The song of triumph has begun.
Alleluia!
- 2 Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!
The powers of death have done their worst,
But Christ their legions hath dispersed;
Let shouts of holy joy outburst.
Alleluia!
- 3 Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!
The three sad days are quickly sped,
He rises glorious from the dead;
All glory to our risen Head!
Alleluia!
- 4 Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!
Lord, by the stripes which wounded thee,
From death's dread sting thy servants free,
That we may live and sing to thee.
Alleluia!

Latin Hymn, 12th Century. Tr. Rev. Francis Pott, 1832.

GENERAL

NO.	FIRST LINE OF HYMN	AUTHOR OR SOURCE	NO.
344	A charge to keep I have	C. Wesley	344
497	A few more years shall roll	Bonar	497
212	A holy air is breathing round	Livermore	212
534	A little kingdom I possess	Alcott	534
108	A mighty fortress is our God	Luther	108
324	A voice from the desert comes awful	Drummond	324
408	A voice upon the midnight air	J. Martineau	408
304	Abide with me! fast falls the eventide	Lyte	304
215	According to thy gracious word	Montgomery	215
208	Again, as evening's shadow falls	S. Longfellow	208
282	Again the Lord of life and light	Barbauld	282
242	All as God wills! who wisely heeds	Whittier	242
150	All hail the power of Jesus' name	Perronet	150
345	All men are equal in their birth	H. Martineau	345
463	All things are thine: no gift have we	Whittier	463
540	All things bright and beautiful	Alexander	540
541	All this night bright angels sing	Austin	541
189	All ye nations, praise the Lord	Montgomery	189
58	Almighty Father, bless the word	Anonymous	58
137	Almighty former of creation's plan	de la Motte-Guyon	137
201	Almighty God, in humble prayer	Montgomery	201
194	Amidst a world of hopes and fears	H. Moore	194
316	Ancient of days, who sittest, throned in glory	W. Doane	316
375	Angel, roll the rock away	T. Scott	375
359	Angels from the realms of glory	Montgomery	359
299	Another day its course hath run	Pierpont	299
284	Another fleeting day is gone	W. Collyer	284
449	Another hand is beckoning us	Whittier	449
26	Another six days' work is done	Stennett	26
485	Another year! another year	Norton	485
490	Another year is dawning	Havergal	490
526	Around the throne of God in heaven	Shepherd	526
456	Art thou weary, art thou languid	Neale	456
321	As body when the soul has fled	Drummond	321
295	As darker, darker fall around	Hymns of the Spirit	295
388	As pants the hart for cooling streams	Tate and Brady	388
224	As shadows, cast by cloud and sun	Bryant	224
134	As the hart, with eager looks	Montgomery	134
*A34	Asleep in Jesus! blessed sleep	Mackay	*A34
A6	At anchor laid, remote from home	Toplady	A6
207	Author of life divine	C. Wesley	207
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- 299 Another day its course hath run
- 284 Another fleeting day is gone
- 295 As darker, darker, fall around
- 300 Father, breathe an evening blessing
- 285 Glory to thee, my God, this night
- 290 God that madest earth and heaven
- 301 Now, on sea and land descending
- 292 Now the day is over
- 287 O light of life, O Saviour dear
- 296 Saviour, again to thy dear name we raise
- 294 Slowly, by God's hand unfurled
- 293 Softly now the light of day
- 286 Sun of my soul! thou Saviour dear
- 303 Tarry with me, O my Saviour
- 280 The day thou gavest, Lord
- 302 The radiant morn hath passed away
- 288 The shadows of the evening hours
- 291 Through the day thy love has spared us
- 297 Thus far the Lord has led me on

GENERAL

- 344 A charge to keep I have
- 324 A voice from the desert comes awful
- 345 All men are equal in their birth
- 316 Ancient of days, who sittest throned in glory
- 321 As body when the soul has fled
- 343 Blest are the pure in heart
- 333 Crown him with many crowns
- 348 Father, to thy kind love we owe
- 329 Fight the good fight with all thy might
- 342 For all thy saints, O God
- 341 Forward! be our watchword
- 351 Glorious things of thee are spoken
- 313 Go forth to life, O child of earth
- 308 Go, labor on! spend and be spent
- 340 Guide us, Lord, a pilgrim band
- 318 Holy spirit, light divine
- 315 I cannot find thee. Still on restless pinion
- 354 I heard a sound of voices
- 334 I heard the voice of Jesus say
- 337 I need thee every hour

NO.

- 306 I want a principle within
- 325 I'm but a stranger here
- 323 Jerusalem the golden
- 320 Just as I am, — without one plea
- 332 Like Noah's weary dove
- 352 Lord and Father, great and holy
- 338 Lord, with glowing heart I'll praise thee
- 311 Make channels for the streams of love
- 330 Not only for some task sublime
- 310 O for a closer walk with God
- 305 O it is hard to work for God
- 322 O Jesus, thou art standing
- 312 O life that maketh all things new
- 307 O Lord, our strength in weakness
- 350 O mother dear, Jerusalem
- 331 O thou who hast thy servants taught
- 326 One by one the sands are flowing
- 339 Pleasant are thy courts above
- 309 Press on, press on! ye sons of light
- 314 Rise, crowned with light, imperial Salem
- 349 Rock of ages, cleft for me
- 346 Salvation! O the joyful sound
- 353 Ten thousand times ten thousand
- 327 The church's one foundation
- 317 The perfect way is hard to flesh
- 328 The Son of God goes forth to war
- 347 The spacious firmament on high
- 319 When I survey the wondrous cross
- 333 Who are these in bright array
- 336 Ye golden lamps of heaven! farewell

GOD THE FATHER

- 108 A mighty fortress is our God
- 137 Almighty former of creation's plan
- 134 As the hart, with eager looks
- 98 Ere mountains reared their forms sublime
- 135 Eternal and immortal King
- 87 Father and friend, thy light, thy love
- 138 Father, at thy footstool see
- 106 Father, in thy mysterious presence kneeling
- 114 Father of lights, we sing thy name
- 111 Father of me and all mankind
- 121 Father! the dearest, holiest name
- 73 Father, thy paternal care!
- 119 Father, thy wonders do not singly stand
- 77 Give to the winds thy fears
- 83 Go not, my soul, in search of him
- 75 God is love: his mercy brightens
- 81 God is my strong salvation
- 125 God moves in a mysterious way
- 133 God of mercy, God of grace
- 136 God of our fathers! in whose sight
- 88 God of the earth, the sky, the sea
- 127 Great ruler of all nature's frame
- 74 Guide me, O thou great Jehovah
- 107 Hear what God, the Lord, hath spoken
- 84 Heavenly Father, God of love
- 115 High in the heavens, eternal God
- 76 How gentle God's commands
- 130 How large the promise, how divine
- 123 I cannot always trace the way
- 124 I sing th' almighty power of God
- 95 Leave God to order all thy ways
- 85 Let my life be hid in thee
- 105 Lord of our life, and God of our salvation

CLASSIFIED INDEX

NO.

- 112 Lord, when I quit this earthly stage
 92 My God, accept my heart
 116 My God, how endless is thy love
 122 My God, my Father, while I stray
 129 My soul, praise the Lord
 109 My times are in thy hand
 86 Mysterious presence, source of all
 100 O love divine, whose constant beam
 128 O thou, in all thy might so far
 113 O thou, to whose all-searching sight
 117 O thou who hast at thy command
 94 Our Father, God! thy gracious power
 105 Praise to thee, thou great creator
 91 Since all the varying scenes
 104 Take my heart, O Father! take it
 80 The heavens declare thy glory
 110 The heavens declare thy glory, Lord
 90 The Lord descended from above
 96 The Lord my pasture shall prepare
 132 The Lord our God is full of might
 79 There seems a voice in every gale
 97 There's a wideness in God's mercy
 99 There's nothing bright, above, below
 93 Thou grace divine, encircling all
 126 Thou one in all, thou all in one
 80 Through all the various shifting scene
 103 To thee, my God, whose presence fills
 118 To thine eternal arms, O God
 78 Up to the hills I lift mine eyes
 101 Wait on the Lord, ye heirs of hope
 131 Walk with your God, along the road
 120 When I survey life's varied scene
 82 Yet in the maddening maze of things

INVOCATION

- 11 Before Jehovah's awful throne
 10 Come, blessed spirit, source of light
 17 Come, thou almighty King
 23 Far from mortal cares retreating
 9 Great God, the followers of thy Son
 21 How sweet, upon this sacred day
 20 I look to thee in every need
 8 Lo, God is here! let us adore
 13 Lord, before thy presence come
 7 Lord of all being, throned afar
 18 Lord of all power and might
 19 Lord of my life, whose tender care
 15 O God, whose presence glows in all
 25 O source divine, and life of all
 16 O source of uncreated light
 14 O thou whose power o'er moving worlds
 12 Sovereign and transforming grace
 24 Spirit of truth, that maketh bright
 22 The spirit breathes upon the word

LIFE EVERLASTING

- 449 Another hand is beckoning us
 450 Forever with the Lord
 446 God of eternity! from thee
 448 Lord, we believe a rest remains
 453 No seas again shall sever
 451 O Jesus, I have promised
 447 O what the joy and the glory must be

NO.

- 445 One sweetly solemn thought
 452 There is a land of pure delight
 444 There is an hour of peaceful rest

MARRIAGE

- 437 How welcome was the call
 434 Lord, who at Cana's wedding feast
 432 O Father all creating
 431 O perfect love, all human thought
 436 Rejoice, ye pure in heart
 433 The voice that breathed o'er Eden
 435 When morning gilds the skies

MISSIONS

- 442 Fling out the banner
 438 From Greenland's icy mountains
 440 Look from thy sphere of endless day
 441 O spirit of the living God
 443 Thou, whose glad summer yields
 439 Ye Christian heralds, go, proclaim

MORNING

- 282 Again the Lord of life and light
 272 Awake, my soul, and with the sun
 279 Behold the morning sun
 271 Come, my soul, thou must be waking
 283 For the dear love that kept us
 268 God of the morning, at whose voice
 276 In the morning I will raise
 273 New every morning is the love
 275 Now the shades of night are gone
 277 Now when the dusky shades of night
 274 O God, I thank thee for each sight
 270 O God, I thank thee that the night
 281 Once more, my soul, the rising day
 278 Still, still with thee, when purple morning
 269 The dawn is sprinkling in the east
 280 What secret hand, at morning light

NEW YEAR

- 485 Another year! another year
 490 Another year is dawning
 491 Backward looking o'er the past
 492 Bless, O Lord, the opening year
 487 Break, new-born year, on glad eyes break
 489 God of the changing year
 488 Great God, we sing that mighty hand
 482 Lord God, by whom all change is wrought
 486 O God, to thee our hearts would pay
 483 Sunlight of the heavenly day
 484 While with ceaseless course the sun

OCCASIONAL

- 497 A few more years shall roll
 494 Blest are the souls that hear and know
 498 Eternal Father, strong to save
 500 O God of love, O King of peace
 499 Rocked in the cradle of the deep
 495 Spirit of mercy, truth, and love
 493 The breaking waves dashed high
 496 When winds are raging o'er the upper ocean

CLASSIFIED INDEX

NO.

ORDINATION

- 462 O Father of the living Christ
- 460 O God, thy children gathered here
- 461 Thou only living, only true

PATRIOTIC

- 511 God bless our native land
- 517 God of our fathers, whose almighty hand
- 513 Mine eyes have seen the glory of the
- 510 My country, 'tis of thee
- 518 O beautiful my country
- 514 Onward, Christian soldiers
- 512 The kings of old have shrine and tomb
- 515 To thee our God we fly
- 516 When, driven by oppression's rod

PRAYER AND PRAISE

- 201 Almighty God, in humble prayer
- 189 All ye nations, praise the Lord
- 194 Amidst a world of hopes and fears
- 184 Come to the house of prayer
- 186 Day by day the manna fell
- 185 Father, hear the prayer we offer
- 179 Father, to us thy children, humbly kneeling
- 182 Forth from the dark and stormy sky
- 193 From the recesses of a lowly spirit
- 197 God of our fathers, by whose hand
- 202 I love to steal awhile away
- 195 Kingdoms and thrones to God belong
- 192 Let every creature join
- 200 Light of life, seraphic fire
- 190 Lord, teach us how to pray aright
- 191 My Maker and my King
- 198 Now that the day-star glimmers bright
- 205 O bless the Lord, my soul
- 181 O draw me, Father, after thee
- 187 One prayer I have, all prayers in one
- 183 Our heavenly Father, hear
- 199 Praise the Lord! his glories show
- 188 Praise the Lord! ye heavens, adore him
- 196 Prayer is the soul's sincere desire
- 204 The fountain in its source
- 180 To prayer, to prayer! for the morning breaks
- 203 While thee I seek, protecting power

RESIGNATION

- 456 Art thou weary, art thou languid
- 455 Jerusalem, my happy home
- 457 My God, I rather look to thee
- 454 Only waiting, till the shadows
- 458 Thy way, not mine, O Lord
- 459 Your harps, ye trembling saints

THANKSGIVING

- 481 Come, ye thankful people, come
- 475 For the beauty of the earth

NO.

- 477 Gone are those great and good
- 480 How rich thy gifts, almighty King
- 472 O God, the rock of ages
- 474 O Lord of heaven, and earth, and sea
- 473 Praise, O praise our God and King
- 479 Praise to God, immortal praise
- 478 The God of harvest praise
- 476 We plough the fields, and scatter

WORSHIP

- 58 Almighty Father, bless the word
- 26 Another six days' work is done
- 38 Blest day of God, most calm, most bright
- 44 Come, let us join in one accord
- 37 Come, sound his praise abroad
- 45 Come, we that love the Lord
- 31 Early, my God, without delay
- 40 Eternal life, whose love divine
- 55 Eternal source of life and light
- 57 Far from my thoughts, vain world, begone
- 50 Father divine! before thy view
- 43 Father of light, conduct my feet
- 61 Father of our feeble race
- 67 From every stormy wind that blows
- 51 Give to our God immortal praise
- 27 Glory be to God on high
- 30 God is in his holy temple
- 42 Great God, how infinite art thou
- 48 How lovely are thy dwellings fair
- 35 How sweet to be allowed to pray
- 54 I worship thee, sweet will of God
- 28 Let us, with a gladsome mind
- 29 Life of ages, richly poured
- 65 Lord of the worlds above
- 71 My soul, repeat his praise
- 64 Now to the Lord a noble song
- 56 O come, loud anthems let us sing
- 62 O day of rest and gladness
- 32 O God, our help in ages past
- 33 O God, we praise thee, and confess
- 60 O render thanks to God above
- 53 O worship the King, all-glorious above
- 49 Safely through another week
- 41 Sleep, sleep to-day, tormenting cares
- 39 Soldiers of Christ, arise
- 36 Teach me, my God and King
- 69 The ocean looketh up to heaven
- 72 This is the day of light
- 63 Thou Lord of hosts, whose guiding hand
- 46 To-morrow, Lord, is thine
- 52 We bless thee for this sacred day
- 70 We pray no more, made lowly wise
- 47 Welcome, sweet day of rest
- 34 When all thy mercies, O my God
- 66 When, as returns this solemn day
- 68 When before thy throne we kneel
- 59 When Israel, of the Lord beloved

For HYMNS TO BE READ, see Appendix A.

ALPHABETICAL INDEX OF TUNES

The first use of a tune is in the marginal columns; others in brackets. B refers to Appendix B.

NO.	NAME AND METRE	COMPOSER OR SOURCE	NO.
109	Aldersgate, S. M.	G. P. Merrick	109
353	Alford, P. M.	J. B. Dykes	353
328	All Saints, C. M. D. [534]	H. S. Cutler	328
540	All Things Bright, P. M.	C. B. Rich	540
263	Allington, S. M.	J. Hopkins	263
B6	Almsgiving, 8. 4.	J. B. Dykes	B6
510	America, 6. 4.	H. Carey	510
241	Amerton, S. M.	W. Haynes	241
236	Amsterdam, P. M.	J. Nares	236
316	Ancient of Days, 11. 10.	J. A. Jeffery	316
194	Angelus, L. M. [409, 428, 488]	J. G. W. Scheffler	194
366	Antioch, C. M.	Arranged from Händel	366
166	Ariel, 88, 6. [482]	Arranged from Mozart	166
48	Arlington, C. M. [330]	Dr. Arne	48
550	Armor of Light, 11.	G. F. Root	550
526	Around the Throne, C. M. Ref.	English Melody	526
B12	Arundel, C. M.	William's Collection	B12
176	Aurelia, 7. 6. D. [228, 327, 472]	S. S. Wesley	176
107	Austria, 8. 7. D. [351]	F. J. Haydn	107
74	Autumn, 8. 7. D.	F. H. Barthelémon	74
370	Avison, P. M. [381]	C. Avison	370
525	Azmon, C. M.	Arranged from C. G. Gläser	525
262	Badea, S. M. [430]	German Melody	262
B16	Bartholdy, L. M.	Arranged from Mendelssohn	B16
513	Battle Hymn of the Republic, P. M.	From a Southern Folksong	513
42	Beatitudo, C. M. [130, 197, 310]	J. B. Dykes	42
273	Beethoven, L. M.	Arranged from Beethoven	273
38	Belmont, C. M. [393]	W. Gardiner	38
483	Benevento, 7. D. [532]	S. Webbe	483
395	Bera, L. M. [463]	J. E. Gould	395
179	Berlin, 11. 10. [315]	Arranged from Mendelssohn	179
415	Bethany, P. M.	L. Mason	415
357	Bethlehem, P. M.	J. Barnby	357
404	Birkdale, P. M.	J. Barnby	404
464	Bishopsgate, L. M.	Anonymous	464
432	Blairgowrie, 7. 6. D.	J. B. Dykes	432
458	Blessed Home, 6. D.	J. Stainer	458
237	Boardman, C. M.	Fr. Devereux by Kingsley	237
191	Boylston, S. M. [394, 417]	L. Mason	191
203	Brattle Street, C. M. D.	Arranged from Pleyel	203
30	Brocklesbury, 8. 7.	C. A. Barnard	30
B5	Calanus, P. M.	The Shawm	B5
332	Cambridge, S. M.	R. Harrison	332
272	Camden, L. M. [308, 442, 530]	J. B. Calkin	272
437	Cana, S. M.	C. B. Rich	437
88	Canonbury, L. M.	R. Schumann	88
371	Carol, C. M. D.	R. S. Willis	371
541	Carol No. 1, P. M.	A. S. Sullivan	541
542	Carol No. 2, 6. 5.	S. C. Hamerton	542
543	Carol No. 3, 7. D.	J. Goss	543
501	Carter, 8. 7.	E. S. Carter	501
371	Castle Rising, C. M. D. [460]	F. A. J. Hervey	371
519	Caswall, 6. 5.	Filitz's Choralbuch	519

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NO.	NAME AND METRE	COMPOSER OR SOURCE	NO.
239	Chalvey, S. M. D. [497]	L. G. Hayne	239
193	Chant	L. Mason	193
400	Chant No. 1	A. H. D. Troyte	400
401	Chant No. 2	L. Mason	401
356	Charity, P. M.	J. Stainer	356
68	Chatham, 7. [186]	Arranged from Weber	68
44	Chesterfield, C. M. [243, 281, 345]	T. Haweis	44
452	Chestnut Ridge, C. M.	W. H. Walter	452
B19	Chestnut Street, C. M.	H. K. Oliver	B19
90	Christmas, C. M. [158, 305]	G. F. Händel	90
110	Church Triumphant, L. M.	J. W. Elliott	110
102	Cloisters, 11. 5. [193]	J. Barnby	102
427	Coena Domini, P. M.	A. S. Sullivan	427
4	Colchester, C. M. [220]	H. Purcell	4
B18	Communion, L. M.	Arranged from Beethoven	B18
54	Coniston, C. M. [127, 355, 462, 470]	J. Barnby	54
150	Coronation, C. M.	O. Holden	150
266	Cross of Jesus, 8. 7. [505]	J. Stainer	266
425	Crossing the Bar, P. M.	J. Barnby	425
B10	Dallas, 7.	Arranged from Cherubini	B10
65	Darwell, P. M. [515]	J. Darwell	65
45	Day of Praise, S. M.	H. W. Parker	45
62	Day of Rest, 7. 6. D. [451]	J. W. Elliott	62
120	Dedham, C. M.	W. Gardiner	120
11	Denmark, L. M. [411]	M. Madan	11
76	Dennis, S. M. [342]	Arranged by L. Mason	76
335	Diademata, S. M. D.	G. J. Elvey	335
461	Dismissal, L. M.	H. W. Baker	461
133	Dix, 7. 61. [475]	C. Kocher	133
141	Dominus Regit Me, 8. 7.	J. B. Dykes	141
8	Duke Street, L. M. [78, 347, 469, 502]	J. Hutton	8
509	Dundee, C. M.	Scotch Psalter	509
50	Eagley, C. M.	J. Walch	50
379	Easter, P. M.	German	379
31	Eckhardtsheim, C. M.	C. Zeuner	31
521	Edengrove, P. M.	S. Smith	521
324	Edinburgh, 11.	Modern Harp	324
B13	Effingham, L. M.	English Air	B13
108	Ein' Feste Burg, P. M.	Martin Luther	108
260	Eisenach, L. M. [384, 516]	J. H. Schein	260
B14	Ellenthorne, L. M.	F. Linley	B14
69	Elmhurst, C. M. [212, 462]	J. Stainer	69
444	Elton, P. M.	F. C. Maker	444
98	Elven, L. M.	St. Alban's Tune-Book	98
250	Elvet, C. M.	J. B. Dykes	250
170	Ely, L. M.	T. Turton	170
224	Evan, C. M. [256]	W. H. Havergal	224
B3	Evening, P. M.	W. H. Monk	B3
304	Eventide, 10	W. H. Monk	304
323	Ewing, 7. 6. D.	A. Ewing	323
338	Faben, 8. 7. D.	J. H. Willcox	338
156	Faith, C. M. [198, 280, 494]	J. B. Dykes	156
51	Federal Street, L. M. [135, 144, 258, 407, 446, 499, 516]	H. K. Oliver	51
B15	Flemming, 11. 5.	F. F. Flemming	B15
450	Forever with the Lord, S. M. D. Ref.	I. B. Woodbury	450
363	Gabriel, C. M. D.	Folksong	363
501	Galilee, 8. 7.	A. Lowe	501
24	Germany, L. M.	Arranged from Beethoven	24

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NO.	NAME AND METRE	COMPOSER OR SOURCE	NO.
B17	Gilead, L. M.	E. H. Mähul	B17
546	Glebe Field, 7.	J. B. Dykes	546
413	God Be With You, P. M.	W. G. Tomer	413
12	Gottschalk, 7.	L. M. Gottschalk	12
355	Gould, C. M.	J. E. Gould	355
101	Grace Church, L. M. [466]	I. Pleyel	101
207	Gweedore, P. M.	S. S. Wesley	207
166	Habakkuk, 88. 6.	E. Hodges	166
140	Hamburg, L. M. [195, 409]	Arranged by L. Mason	140
378	Hamilton, P. M.	C. B. Rich	378
122	Hanford, 8. 4. [159]	A. S. Sullivan	122
455	Happy Home, C. M.	Anonymous	455
467	Harmony Grove, L. M.	H. K. Oliver	467
476	Harvest Hymn, 7. 6. D. Ref.	Arranged by J. B. Dykes	476
548	Havergal, 8. 7.	H. R. Fuller	548
271	Haydn, P. M.	Arranged from Haydn	271
533	He Leadeth Me, L. M. Ref.	W. B. Bradbury	533
151	Heath, S. M.	R. Shumann	151
297	Hebron, L. M.	L. Mason	297
106	Henley, 11. 10.	L. Mason	106
369	Herald Angels, 7. D. Ref.	F. Mendelssohn	369
233	Hervey, 7. D.	F. A. J. Hervey	233
499	Hilderstone, L. M.	P. Hart	499
293	Holley, 7.	G. Hews	293
177	Hollingside, 7. D.	J. B. Dykes	177
160	Holy Cross, P. M.	J. E. West	160
360	Holy Night, Peaceful Night, P. M	German Folksong	360
361	Holy Voices, 8. 7.	G. J. Geer	361
414	Homeland, P. M. [518, 7. 6. D.]	A. S. Sullivan	414
445	Hope, P. M.	W. Jacobs	445
523	Horsley, C. M.	W. Horsley	523
175	Horton, 7.	Arranged by L. Mason	175
114	Humility, L. M. [254, 418]	S. P. Tuckerman	114
124	Hummel, C. M. [187, 376]	C. Zeuner	124
206	Huntingdon, C. M.	J. Barnby	206
86	Hursley, L. M. [286]	P. Ritter	86
364	Innocents, 7. [465]	Arranged by W. H. Monk	364
539	Irby, P. M.	H. J. Gauntlett	539
17	Italy, 6. 4. [477]	F. Giardini	17
468	Johannes, L. M. 6l.	J. Stainer	468
452	Jordan, C. M. D.	W. Billings	452
B2	Joy, P. M.	Arranged from Beethoven	B2
7	Keble, L. M.	J. B. Dykes	7
383	Laban, S. M.	L. Mason	383
307	Lancashire, 7. 6. D. [382]	H. Smart	307
261	Lancaster, C. M. [457]	S. Howard	261
B11	Lanesboro, P. M.	W. Dixon	B11
219	Langran, 10. [489]	J. Langran	219
280	Laud, C. M.	J. B. Dykes	280
435	Laudes Domini, 6. 6l.	J. Barnby	435
527	Lead Us, Heavenly Father, 6. 5. D.	C. W. Wendt	527
204	Leighton, S. M. [443]	H. W. Greatorex	204
362	Leonard, C. M.	H. Smart	362
549	Little by Little, P. M.	E. H. Bailey	549
283	Livorno, P. M.	A. S. Sullivan	283
10	Louvan, L. M.	V. C. Taylor	10
104	Love Divine, 8. 7. D. [234]	G. F. Le Jeune	104
480	Luther, L. M. 6l.	Martin Luther	480
485	Luther's Chant, L. M.	C. Zeuner	485

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NO.	NAME AND METRE	COMPOSER OR SOURCE	NO.
398	Lux Benigna, P. M.	J. B. Dykes	398
454	Lux Eoi, 8. 7. D.	A. S. Sullivan	454
153	Lux Prima, 7. 6l.	C. Gounod	153
53	Lyons, P. M. [129]	Arranged from Haydn	53
392	Lyte, S. M.	J. P. Wilkes	392
255	Magdalen College, 88. 6.	W. Haynes	255
34	Manoah, C. M. [93, 212, 410, 448]	Arranged from Rossini	34
436	Marion, S. M. Ref.	A. H. Messiter	436
527	Mary Magdalene, 6. 5. D.	J. B. Dykes	527
350	Materna, C. M. D.	S. A. Ward	350
442	Melanesia, L. M.	S. Smith	442
126	Melcombe, L. M. [226, 441, 461]	S. Webbe	126
95	Melita, L. M. 6l. [229, 498]	J. B. Dykes	95
292	Merrial, 6. 5.	J. Barnby	292
336	Merton, C. M.	H. K. Oliver	336
59	Missionary Chant, L. M. [312, 439]	C. Zeuner	59
438	Missionary Hymn, 7. 6. D.	L. Mason	438
279	Monsell, S. M.	J. Barnby	279
178	Morning Star, 11. 10.	J. P. Harding	178
222	Mornington, S. M. [443]	Lord Mornington	222
B8	Mount Auburn, 7.	Anonymous	B8
21	Mount Calvary, C. M. [405]	R. P. Stewart	21
459	Mount Olivet, S. M. D.	J. B. Dykes	459
491	Munns, 7.	J. B. Calkin	491
534	My Kingdom, C. M. D.	A. P. Howard	534
517	National Hymn, 10.	G. W. Warren	517
173	Nativity, C. M.	H. Lahee	173
337	Need, P. M.	R. Lowry	337
493	New England Hymn, P. M.	Miss Browne	493
1	Nicaea, P. M.	J. B. Dykes	1
242	Northampton, C. M.	W. Croft	242
190	Nox Precessit, C. M. [346, 368]	J. B. Calkin	190
B9	Nuremberg, 7.	J. R. Ahle	B9
447	O Quanta Qualia, 10.	Ancient	447
244	Oberlin, L. M.	F. Mendelssohn	244
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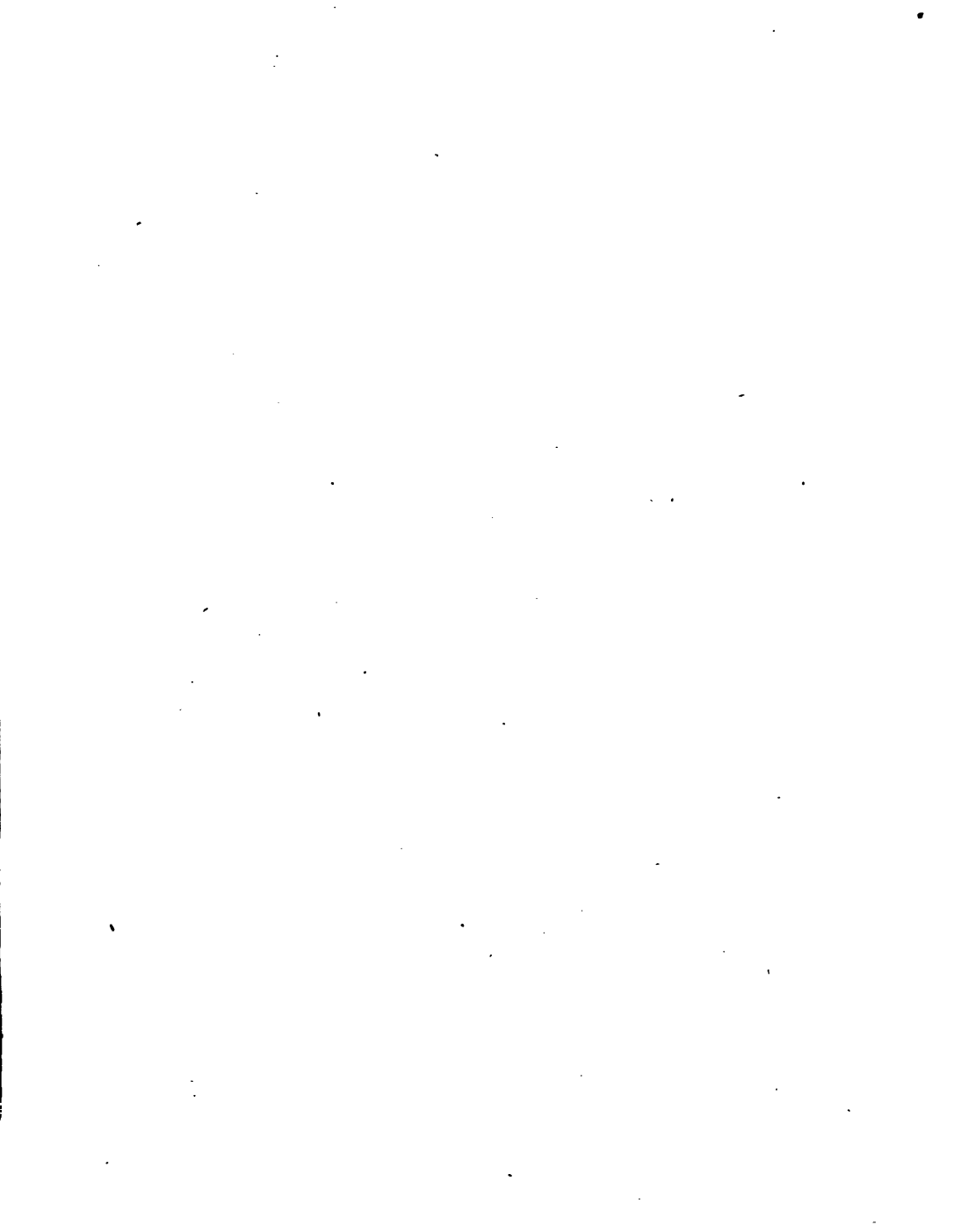
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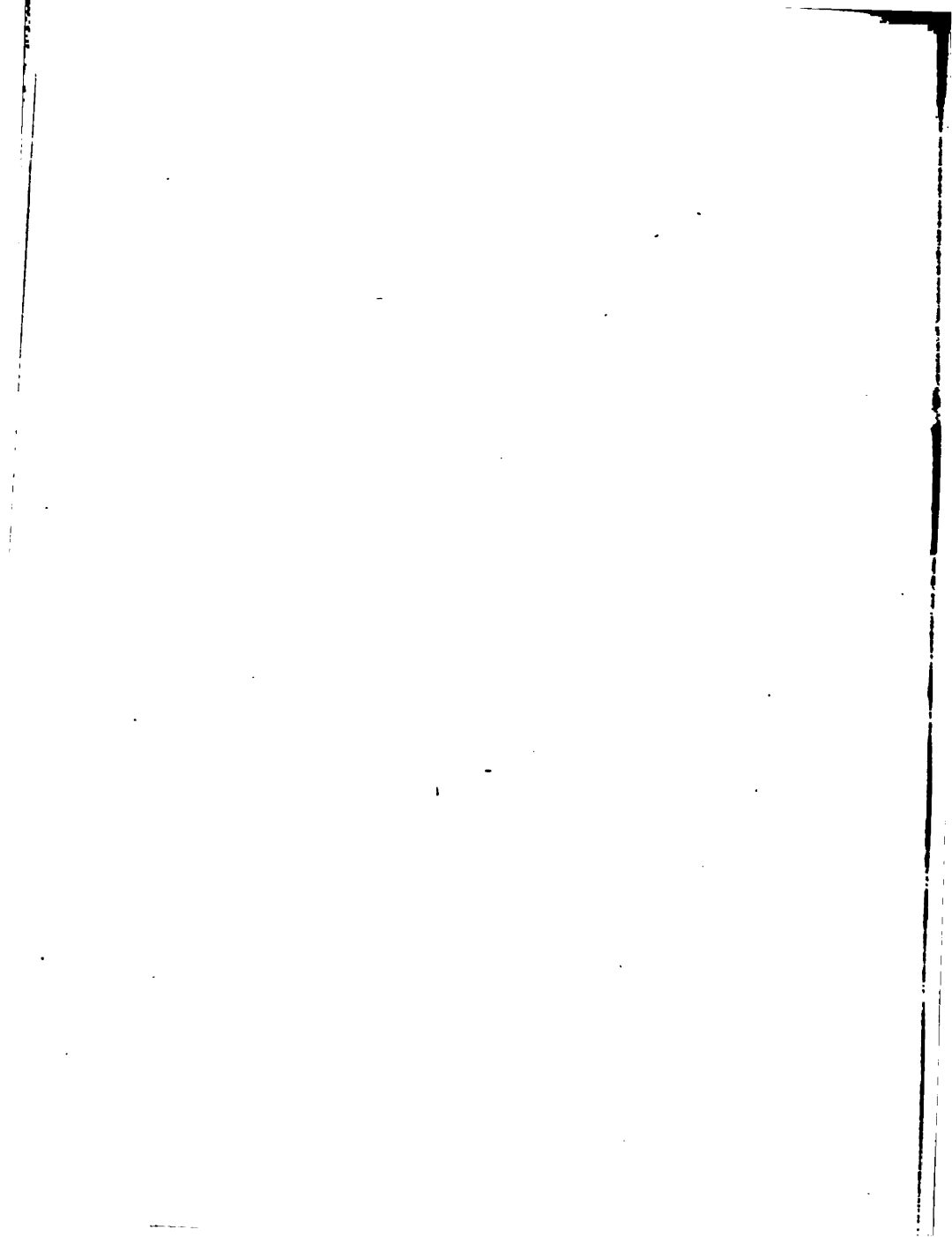
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